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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

RIPPING OFF
JOHN LENNON
A SPECIAL REPORT

DEEK IN LA:
WILL HE WIN?

HOW TO START
PLAYING THE
STOCK MARKET

WHY WOMEN
FAKE ORGASM

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW:
DERRYN
HINCH

RACHEL
WARD:
THOSE PHOTOS!

PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR
SPECIAL ISSUE

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It gives you the feeling that somebody did it right.

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TT116

PLAYBILL

FIVE YEARS of presenting the most glamorous girls in Australia has brought us to the reign of Lynn Eason. Yes folks, our fifth Playmate Of The Year show rolls this month with **Brent Melton**'s superb photography showcasing luscious Lynn. The crowning of Playmate Of The Year is quite an event for with it comes title to $100,000 worth of fabulous prizes including that glorious Alfa Romeo GTV 6 shown on the cover with Lynn as a bonnet decoration.

While on the subject of Aussie's finest, Robert de Castella is up for the marathon of his life in Los Angeles in August. How is the race likely to go and who are the runners who just might beat Deek for the gold? PLAYBOY's **Phil Jarratt,** a man who has tested himself in the Honolulu Marathon, has been surveying the course, conditions and the field and he's knocked together a simulated account of just what might transpire. **Frants Kantor** supplied the artwork.

If you thought *Picnic At Hanging Rock* was one helluva killer mystery, wait until you hear what's been happening in northern Queensland. Brisbane Correspondent **Frank Robson** travelled north to the tiny town of Babinda to learn about a local tourist spot called The Boulders that has the macabre knack of claiming the lives of young, single men. There is much more to the mystery than meets the eye and Robson's digging has unearthed some disturbing notions.

It is more than three years since John Lennon died but it is unlikely that he has been resting in peace. Lennon left a vast inheritance which, along with his often controversial relationship with Yoko Ono, has been the cause for much recrimination. In The Betrayal Of John Lennon, **David** and **Victoria Sheff** reveal the truth of Lennon's legacy.

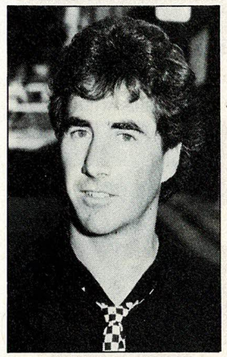
Out there in the land of the great sexual encounter there is a whole lot of shaking and faking going on. Freelance writer **Liz Lill** went down to the front line to learn just what compels ladies to lie about orgasm. In Why Women Fake Orgasm, Lill's research offers some mind-blowing conclusions about a sensitive sexual issue. **Mike Skelton**'s photography highlights the article.

Derryn Hinch — media guru, TV Beast, former gung-ho reporter and now the *enfant terrible* of Oz radio — is the subject of the April PLAYBOY Interview. **Peter Olszewski** and Hinch settled down over the tape machine and a few bottles of wine to record the man's thoughts on everything from Scrabble to squiring famous women.

Women feature highly in April with delightful Dona Speir on show as Playmate Of The Month, desiringly portrayed by the photography of **Arny Freytag**. Dana Kunath is an exotic Bird of Paradise and, as a bonus, we're offering a brief flash of the form that resulted in Rachel Ward being showered with accolades.

Turn to page 80 for a 20 Questions interview with Garry McDonald, the persona behind the Norman Gunston character and a man with quite a few strings to his acting bow. Associate editor **Paul Mann** crafted the questions.

One of the great mysteries of the decade just might be what happened to all those fabulous winners from the ABC-TV show *The Inventors*. **Steve Bunk** tracked down a collection of the winning inventors to learn just how they and their wonder toys have fared in the interim. **Martin Gillam** pursued a completely different trail for Champers, an idyll through France's Champagne district, home turf of the fabulous bubbly. Also with indulgence in mind, fashion editor **Vitek** has paced out the right steps to take in selecting quality footwear. Motoring editor **Rob Luck** unwraps an eye-catching Audi, **Bettina Arndt** offers her valuable advice on the subject of sex and **Chris Jackson** presents our grooming column appropriately titled Looking Good. And, you'll agree, this April PLAYBOY *is* looking pretty good.



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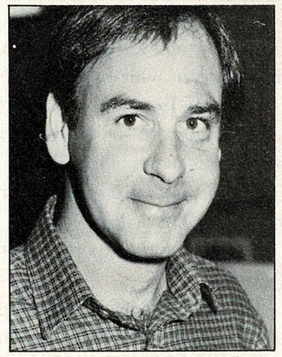

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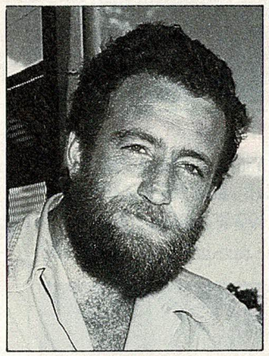

ROBSON

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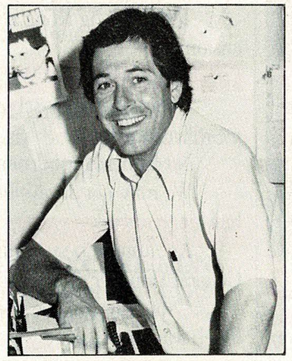

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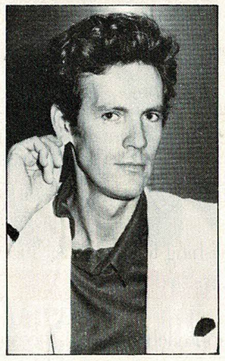

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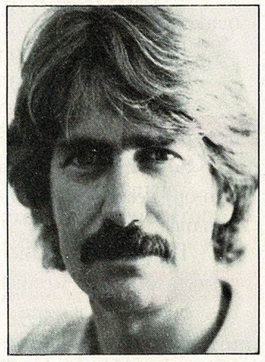
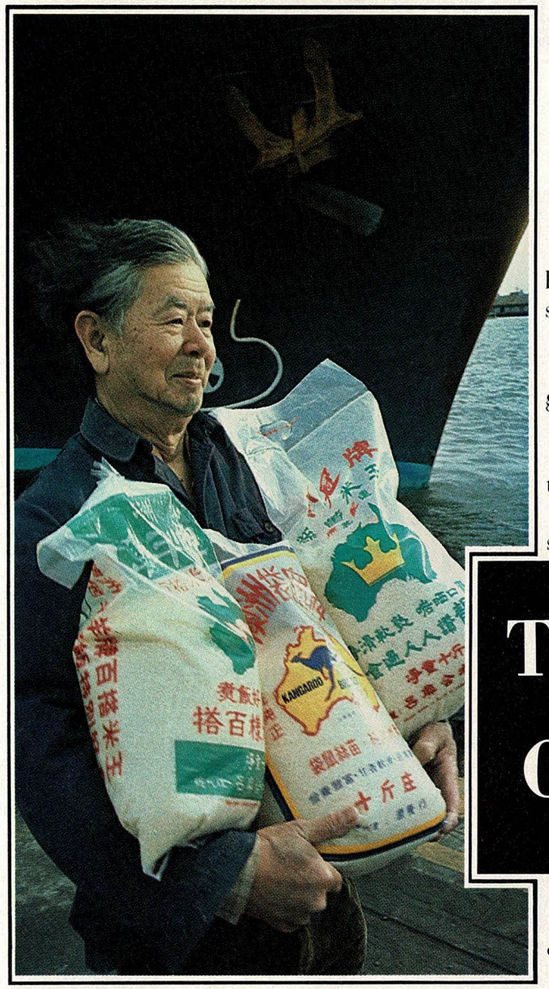


JARRATT



banks for a loan to finance their project they found to their surprise the money would not be forthcoming.

Down but not out.

The Ricegrowers' Co-op were damned if they were going to give in.

So they turned to what is now the State Bank for help.

After listening to their plans it was clear as daylight that they were on a winning wicket.

So we lent them the £50,000 they needed to build a small mill in Leeton.

The ingredients for a successful Chinese takeaway.

The opposition was broken.

The Co-op was then able to embark on a programme of rapid growth. With our assistance of course.

Between 1950 and 1965 three more mills were bought. Along with sophisticated rice storage silos and the most precious acquisition of all.

The people with the skills to run the whole operation smoothly and efficiently.

At long last, the export markets of the world lay at the Co-op's feet.

Country after country lined up to buy Australian rice.

Among them Hong Kong, home to the world's most discriminating consumers of the grain; the Chinese.

Today, Hong Kong is one of the Co-op's biggest customers.

Hungry for success? Talk to the State Bank.

If someone approaches us with a business proposition we will always listen.

No matter how big or small it is.

We may not always be able to help, but we try our hardest to say yes.

An attitude best summed up by Neil Donaldson, the General Manager of the Ricegrowers' Co-op.

"Not only was the door always open, the personal touch was always there."

You might find a story that has dinky-di Australian farmers selling rice to the Chinese a little hard to swallow.

However, read on and you'll discover what you can do with persistence and a little help when it's needed most.

The story has its roots in the rice-growing area of the Murrumbidgee basin.

Since 1924 (when the first paddy fields were sown) the farmers had been faced with an increasing problem from the privately owned mills that bought, processed and marketed their crop.

The problem, in a nutshell, was money.

Or rather the lack of it.

While the farmers struggled, the mills were reaping huge profits on a world market that was hungry for grain.

So in 1950 our heroes (who by now had banded into a co-op) decided to cut out the middlemen and start their own mill.

The private mills, not wishing to share their lucrative business with the newcomers, resisted the move.

Successfully it seems.

For when the farmers approached one of the major

SB0962

State Bank of New South Wales

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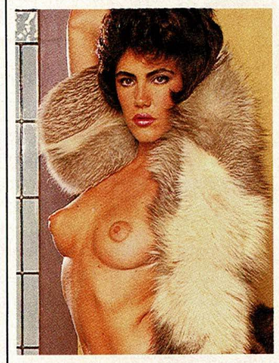

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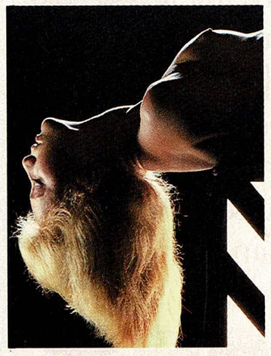

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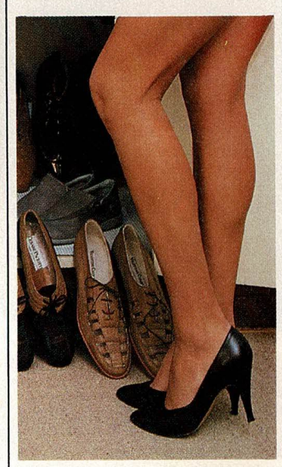

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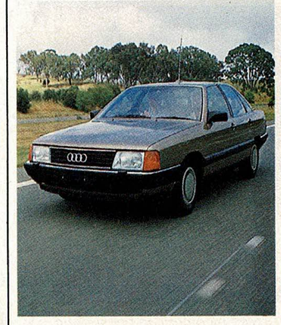

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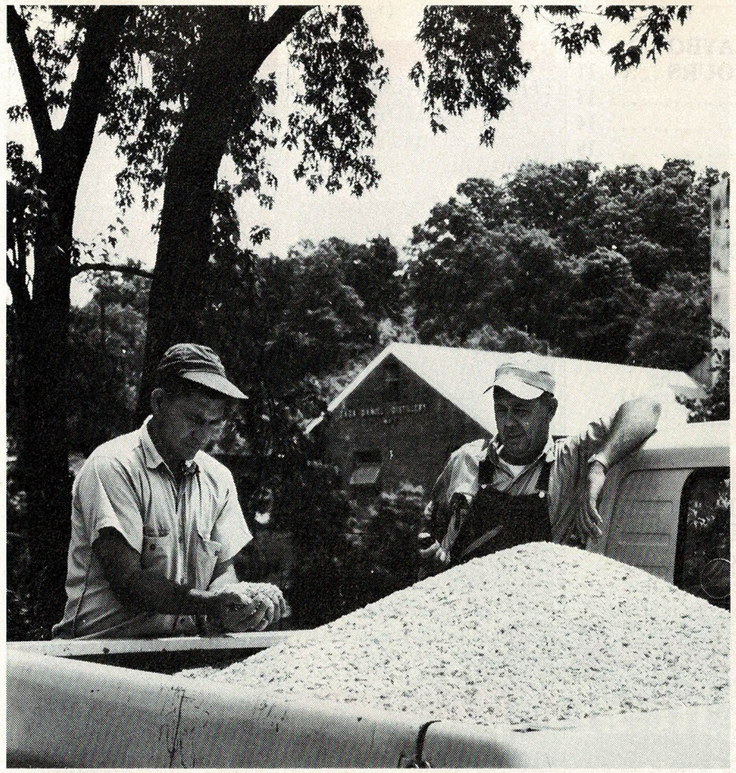
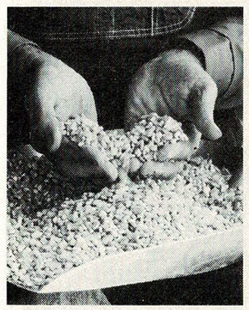
APRIL 1984 ● COVER: PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR: LYNN EASON ● PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENT MELTON



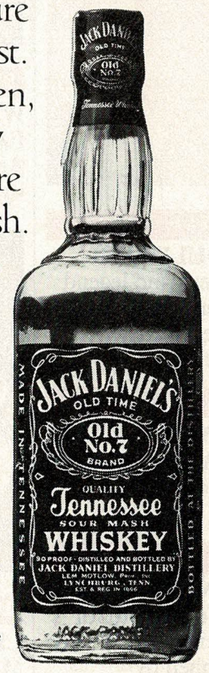
Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we use America's finest grain to make the world's smoothest whiskey.



Our miller inspects each delivery of grain to make sure he is buying the best. Then, and only then, he takes care to dry it and clean it before cooking it in a mash. Our choice grain is a good reason why Jack Daniel's has won taste competitions in London, Liège, Ghent, St. Louis, Amsterdam and Brussels. And why, we believe, it will gain your acclaim wherever you taste it.

Flavored by America's finest grain.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

AB/1794/82

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

PHILIP MASON
publisher and editor-in-chief

NEIL JAMESON, PAUL MANN
associate editors
KEITH DAVIS
creative director

EDITORIAL
SUSAN KUROSAWA copy editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; RICO METTBACH staff photographer; ALICIA LARRIERA editorial assistant; PHIL JARRATT senior contributing editor; RENNIE ELLIS chief melbourne correspondent; FRANK ROBSON brisbane correspondent; GRAHAM BARRY, IAN TONKIN proof readers;VITEK fashion editor; STEVEN SCHWARTZ, RUSSELL DEILEY, CHRIS PRITCHARD contributing editors.

ART
JACK JAGTENBERG art director;
GARY FLETCHER associate art director.

ADVERTISING
BARRY STEWART national sales director; NANCY GRAY nsw sales manager; RAY HARTLEY merchandising manager; GRIEG LYTHALL senior sales executive; WENDY HARVEY advertising production; MICHELLE SCOTT assistant to the sales director; AMANDA EYLES advertising assistant; queensland TED VINING (07 371 9997); south australia SYMONS MEDIA (08 315 135); western australia RAY BURNS (09 322 2066); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

PRODUCTION
MONIQUE PASILOW production co-ordinator.

FINANCE
PHILIPPA BRENNAN accountant; KARL GUBBAY accounts payable; ANGIE DASKALAKIS accounts receivable.

MARKETING
LYNDA PRINCE promotions manager; TRACEY INGRAM subscription manager.

PLAYBOY
HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher
NAT LEHRMAN
associate publisher
HARESH SHAH assistant director, international publishing; MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN CONNELL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

BEE-OOTIFUL!

Your November pin-up, Lucy Gill, is my vote for the Playmate of the Year. She is one hell of a woman with her beautiful blue eyes, beautiful breasts, beautiful body, beautiful bottom and lovely legs. She is an angel.

I must thank you, Australian PLAYBOY, for presenting Lucy and thank you, Rico Mettbach, for your excellent photography of such a lovely lady.

John West.
Glen Innes, NSW.

I just couldn't believe my eyes when I saw Lucy Gill, your ravishing Miss November. She gets a 10-plus on any scale from me. I think I'll move to Sydney to try and be her "sensitive and passionate man".

S.S.,
Townsville, Qld.

INSIDE STORY

What a talented person Candy Raymond turns out to be! I refer to her article in your December 1983 issue. Far from the stereotyped image of the sex symbol of *Number 96*, *Prisoner* and those other soapies, she is clearly a sensitive person with a delicious sense of humor and a genuine flair for writing.

She managed to bring out the plight of the actress between engagements with a casual, witty reference to the fact that toiletries supplied in jail were something she had been unable to afford herself all the previous week. And her concern for the humanity of her fellow prisoners is something we can all share — and may well have to if we can't pay the parking fines!

Incidentally, her lightness of touch was a fine contrast to an article you published in the middle of last year by a male undergoing the same ordeal but without anything like an actress's adaptability.

Barry Graham,
Paddington, NSW.

AMAZING GRACE PARR

I've always been an admirer of Filipino women and could never work out why magazines such as Australian PLAYBOY didn't ever feature more of these divine creatures. I can only ever recall seeing one Filipino pictorial in your publication — that is until I bought the March issue and discovered lovely Grace Parr.

She is a very graceful and feminine young lady and a natural for the centrefold position. I am sure you must have many other readers who, like myself, have a "thing" for Asian women and particularly those from the Philippines.

Hope to spot her on a Sydney street one day. Meanwhile, another look, please, on the letters page.

Graham Bloxham,
Hornsby, NSW.

Your March issue is a good one but has been made memorable by the appearance of Grace Parr. She is exquisitely feminine — something that is made even more apparent when she's compared to the Women Of Steel featured elsewhere in that issue. Maybe some guys are turned on by muscular women, but give me a delicate butterfly like Grace any day.

L.J. Carter,
Ringwood, Vic.

Hey, all you butterfly catchers, we've persuaded Grace to flutter in for a return appearance — Ed.

UP IN SMOKE

Is Chris Pritchard for real? I could hardly believe my eyes when I read his tacit endorsement of the weirdo views of Dr William Whitby, lightly camouflaged as "civil liberties", in the Health column of your February issue.

I would suggest that Australian PLAYBOY be made required reading for its own contributing editors. Since Pritchard evidently doesn't pay close attention to your magazine's contents, I would refer him to the truly excellent Michael Kirby interview (January) in which the Chairman of the Law Reform Commission enunciates what must be the last word on personal liberty vis-a-vis smoking: "If a smoker wants to smoke cigarettes at home . . . then I take the view that the state should not intervene. However, if he enters my space and intrudes into my world by smoking, then his action is no longer a self-regarding activity because it becomes my concern."

I don't think anyone has ever suggested actually preventing adults from smoking. That is their choice, their personal liberty. It would be amusing if it were not so irritating when self-appointed pundits like Pritchard choose to ignore smokers' infringement of the personal liberties of non-smokers, and make specious comparisons with the freedom to advertise the "paraphernalia" of illegal drugs such as marijuana. Has your contributing editor ever seen marijuana itself advertised?

As for Dr Whitby's anger at "fanatical campaigners" against smoking in public places, because the passive smoking argument is really groundless: even if this were so (and the statistics and expert opinion all belie the claim), the non-smoker chooses not to smoke; and there is no reason why he or she should be forced to do so.

Chris Leigh,
Artarmon, NSW.

LAUGH ON

Readers are always writing in to say how fantastic the girls are in Australian PLAYBOY (and rightly so) but the part of the magazine that I always turn to first (and I know my friends do as well) is the Party Jokes page.

All in all, you always manage to come up with a really good selection of funnies and although you occasionally use a few that I've heard before, they mostly seem to be original jokes and limericks.

I don't know of any other magazine in Australia that operates a section like this. Keep the laughs coming!

P. Farmer,
Townsville, Qld.

BOOBY TRAP

Who owns the lovely set of boobs on the opener to the White Wine Guide in your February issue? Amanda Dole? Lucy Gill?

F. Slattery,
Northam, WA.

Wrong! They belong to Gosford's loveliest export, Lynn Eason — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address and we'll give a 12-month subscription to Australian PLAYBOY for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

They say everything about America is larger than life. The drinks. The meals. The smiles.

So why fly with another airline and wait until the USA to enjoy it all?

Fly with Continental now and get everything America is famous for right away.

Friendly service in the great American tradition. Generous meals. Because your average American expects them.

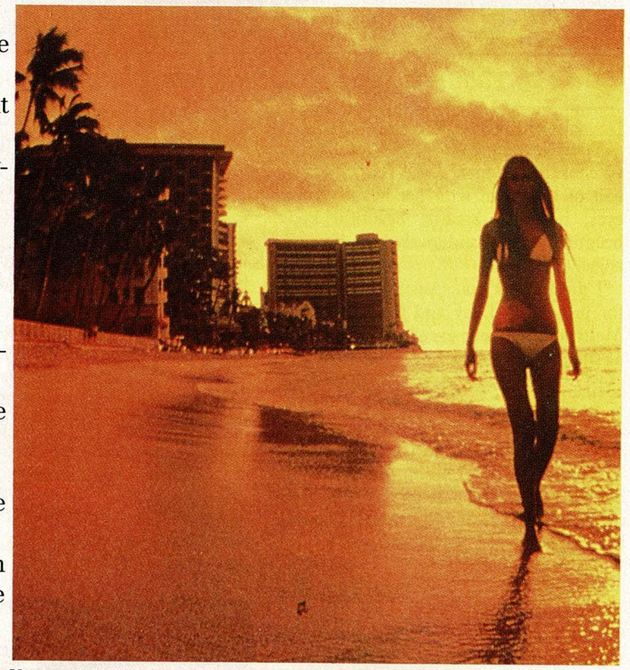
Innovative, money-saving fares and holiday packages. Because your average businessman and holiday-maker expect them.

Fares that let the whole family see the sights they've always wanted to see. From Disneyland to Broadway.

After all, Continental virtually re-wrote the book on fares across the Pacific.

You should check our latest offerings! An extensive network that covers 72 cities in the USA and ten more in Mexico. That's more than any other airline across the Pacific.

And big comfortable seats with enough legroom for a large-sized Texan.



You are obviously a nature lover. If you want to see more of Hawaii's natural beauty, ask us because we know the Hawaiian Islands best. Exclusive Budget Stretcher Holidays from Hotels at $73 per week to luxury condominiums.

If you can't fly Continental, try to have a nice trip anyway.

If all this is giving you itchy feet, you should see Continental now. We fly to the USA every day.

Get more than just a seat on a plane. Get a great time.

Just see your Travel Agent, any TAA Overseas Travel Consultant, or call Continental on Sydney (02) 232 8222, Melbourne (03) 602 4899, Brisbane (07) 221 7961. Country areas and other cities, WATS (008) 22 2122.

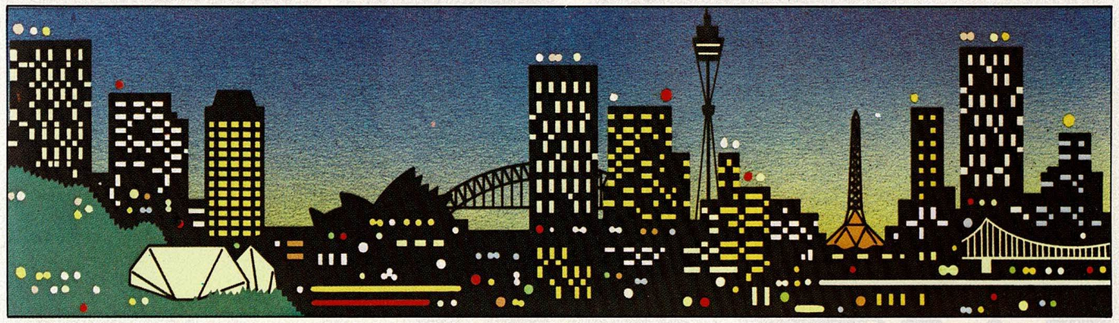
CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

If you can't fly Continental try to have a nice trip anyway.

PKBCON8162

Prices subject to change without notice.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT

We do our best but you can't beat the poms when it comes to sheer daftness. After all, they've been at it longer than us.

The Shardlow Parish Council in the West of England has been fretting over a suggestion to put a rubbish bin at a local beauty spot. Apparently they're afraid a rubbish bin will attract litter.

Yes, well. . . we know how they feel.

WISE CRACK

Diane Gadoury won the right to represent her native American state, New Hampshire, in this year's Miss USA pageant, by putting together a tasty little number sure to catch the judges' attention. She went dressed as a giant clam. Diane's costume consisted of a two metre purple shell, lined with white satin which opened to reveal Diane in a flesh-toned leotard.

No beard though.

HOT HEAD

A singapore hair salon run by Japanese stylist George Hasegawa offers a special cut performed with a blowtorch. It costs $95 excluding insurance.

MAFIA MANAGEMENT TIPS

Quote collectors will love The Bad Guys Quote Book, an armoury of tough talk from some of America's meanest mobsters. Just get a load of this lip:

"You see that fucking fish? If he'd kept his mouth shut he wouldn'ta got caught" — Sam Giancana.

"You can get much further with a kind word and a gun than you can with a kind word alone" — Al Capone.

"I never killed a man that didn't deserve it" — Mickey Cohen.

"This is virgin territory for whorehouses" — Al Capone on suburbia.

"The first guy that rats gets a bellyful of slugs in the head" — Joey Glimco.

"According to my best recollection I don't remember" — Jimmy Blue Eyes.

"I need another lawyer like I need another hole in my head" — Jimmy The Weasel.

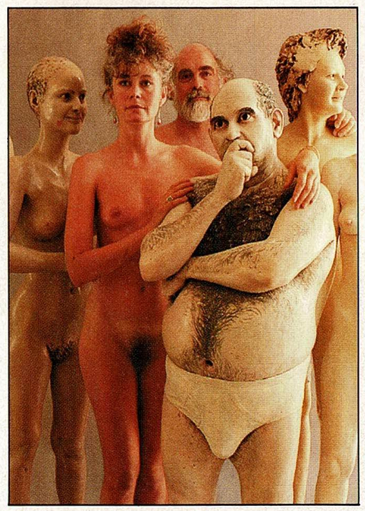
"Nobody shot me" — The last words of Frank Gusenburg, shot 14 times in the St. Valentines Day Massacre.

NAKED TRUTH

Amid the bevy of bodies stand the artist and the actress. What they are doing in this scene of naked glorification is soon to become apparent. "I discover people when I'm modelling them," says Melbourne sculptor Peter Corlett, whose provocative new exhibition of lifesize naked men and women can be seen at Realities Gallery in Melbourne's Toorak from April 9 to May 4.

Our Melbourne Correspondent Rennie Ellis reports that Corlett works from live models like actress Margot Duell, then sculpts in clay and casts his figures in fibreglass resin. "I'm dealing with how people project and present themselves to others," explains Corlett.

"I want my figures to be a portrait of their



identity. I like my models to be naked as people are more honest when they're disrobed. My favourite bodies are those which have matured and developed character like a good wine."

Actress Duell comments: "Posing for Peter demands some of the same disciplines I use when I'm acting. Also, I find I develop a strong bond with this other me. It really makes you think about how you see yourself."

BRAHMS AND LISZT STRIKE AGAIN

Two hooded men, one armed with a shotgun, the other with an axe, stole cash and valuables worth around $6,000 from employees and patrons of a south London pub. Police say the duo entered the pub near closing time and forced everybody to keep drinking.

Oddly, no-one resisted. When everyone was legless the two grabbed the loot and vanished. Pub patrons can't wait till they make a second visit.

POTENT POTION

Just how far some people will go to put their sex lives into gear might be gauged by the popularity and variety of sex potions available in Asia.

From Indonesia comes Jamu Sorga, a professed wonder drug for any woman game, crazy or just plain desperate enough to try it.

It can be purchased, looking not unlike a small deal of cocaine, in a psychedelic wrapper, and the instructions might leave you wondering if the contents are any less volatile.

"Mix one packet of Jamu Sorga with half a glass of warm water (100cc). Add a slice of lemon juice (sic) and sugar. Stir and drink with the ground. To be taken 2-3 times a week."

Among the claimed benefits it is supposed to be: "Very effective for women to make them youthful. It prevents vaginal discharge, strengthens the uterus and slims the stomach. It makes the body slim and maintains a close physical relationship with their husbands. Forty days after giving birth, women are recommended to take Jamu Sorga."

Needless to say it is available without a doctor's prescription and comes with no obvious health warnings apart from the tip that it is not to be taken by pregnant women.

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

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BOOZE

Port is one of the world's most unique drinks. A skilful marriage of man's ingenuity and nature's bounty, it has always been associated with the pleasures of the table, either as a dessert or after-dinner wine.

Although port is now made in such far-flung corners of the globe as California, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, "real" port, like genuine Cognac, comes only from a specific area. In the case of port, it's the countryside 90km above the town of Oporto in Portugal. A fortified wine with a higher alcoholic content than normal, it was first made for the English market and an Englishman and his port have become, both figuratively and literally, almost inseparable since the 18th century.

Most of the world's great wines or spirits started life as regional specialties. They evolved through lengthy periods of trial and error with the local inhabitants acting as willing guinea pigs. Then, after a respectable decade or even a century of popularity with the neighbors, the good word seeped into bordering areas and countries. Soon, a thriving export trade would spring up.

Port is the notable exception to the rule. It was created especially to cater for English tastes. British wine merchants scoured Europe looking for a wine to replace French varieties, which were frequently unavailable due to the almost habitual hostilities between the two countries. In the late 17th century, they came upon the wines of Douro in Portugal. The Douro river meanders through the scenic hillside of northern Portugal and finally blends into the Atlantic Ocean at Oporto. Until the 17th century, the local inhabitants of the area produced a harsh, strong wine noted mainly for its lack of finesse. But the English traders managed to discern that the bad quality of the wine was largely due to inexpert production techniques and suggested improvements to the peasant-farmers who manufactured it. Coopers were brought out from England to show the Portuguese how to construct wooden barrels. The end result of all this investment was a wine guaranteed to appeal to the robust English palates of the time.

This incipient port became the proverbial overnight success. But the changes that occurred in the 18th century were even more dramatic than the initial metamorphosis of a basically undrinkable wine into a connoisseur's delight. Many growers began adding brandy to the fermenting tanks, which halted the fermentation while the wine retained a considerable amount of sweetness.

In the century that followed this startling departure from the norm, considerable experimentation was carried out to determine the correct ratio of brandy to wine.

even connoisseurs declare any port in a storm

This fortifying procedure also became a widespread practice in the manufacture of sherry and madeira. By the mid-19th century, the formula for good port was widely acknowledged as being 29 gallons of brandy to 116 gallons of wine. The volume of the traditional port barrel, or pipe, is the sum of these two figures.

Most wines are made from a relatively small number of grape varieties; port is again the exception to the rule. Forty-eight different types of grape (20 white and 28 red) are allowed by law to be used in the manufacture of port. Of this figure, 33 are considered to be barely good enough and 15 are thought to be highly desirable. The scion of the reds is Tinta Francisca, which bears a strong resemblance to Pinot Noir. White port, virtually unknown in Australia, is largely made from Malvasia grapes.

Basically there are two main types of port — wood port and bottle port. As the name implies, wood port ages in a barrel until it is ready for bottling. Unlike Cognac, where the ageing barrels have to be made from a specific wood from a specific area, port can be matured in any type of wood. But, after ageing, wood port does have a parallel with Cognac, in that it does not age after bottling.

Wood ports come in three varieties — ruby, white and tawny. The deep, full-bodied ruby type is far and away the most popular. Usually a blend of three or four vintages varying from three to seven years of age, ruby ports are generally sweet and delightfully fruity.

Tawny ports can be made by two methods. The cheaper tawnies are made by blending red and white ports. The better tawnies, however, are made by combining mature ruby ports that have mellowed from a deep ruby color to a reddish amber. The older the ruby ports, the better the tawny. In comparison to ruby ports, tawnies are nutty in flavor rather than sweet.

White port is very popular in Portugal and France and is made using the same techniques employed in the production of red ports. It is usually drier than its red-hued cousins, but has the same rich, nutty-sweet taste. When served chilled it makes a great aperitif.

Unlike wood ports, bottle ports age in the bottle rather than in wood. The finest examples of this variety are the revered vintage ports. All the wine in a bottle of vintage port hails from the same year. Vintage port is the nirvana of ports because it is not a foregone conclusion: only when a producer decides that a wine is worthy of the sought-after designation does he "declare" a vintage.

A classic vintage port reaches its apogee about 15-25 years after bottling. This perfection is usually maintained for a further 10-15 years, and then it slowly fades and loses body. Unlike wine, however, port never becomes undrinkable; the high alcohol content of port not only adds to its taste, it prolongs its life.

Australians have been renowned port lovers since the 19th century. In the 1940s, before the spectacular rise of table wines, Australians consumed five or six bottles of port for every bottle of ordinary wine. Australian ports are made from relatively few grape types, a varietal basis that has led us away from a strict adherence to the classic Portuguese styles.

The best Australian tawnies generally hail from the Barossa Valley, and to a lesser degree from north-east Victoria. The Hunter Valley also once had a good reputation for port but all the favored regions have leaned toward more luscious ports that lack the characteristic dryness of their Portuguese relatives.

Port is usually consumed after dinner in small, stemmed glasses. It has a special affinity with Stilton and other blue-veined cheeses, but perhaps the final culinary word on the matter belongs to the Portuguese. Traditionally, if the cheese is served before dessert and fruit, it is accompanied by a dry red wine; if it is served either with or after these courses, the only correct partner is a *generoso*, the splendidly apt Portuguese name for port.

— CHRIS JACKSON

MUSIC

In its considerable back-lot of country and western talent, WEA accommodates (from left) Sissy Spacek, Emmylou Harris and Crystal Gayle. Spacek is notable as the Texan actress who showed the world how good she can sing when playing Loretta Lynn in *A Coalminer's Daughter*. Produced by the mighty Rodney Crowell and packaging 10 songs from a variety of writers and periods, *Hangin' Up My Heart* (Atlantic) is due testimony to the diverse talents of a gal who shocked 'em in *Carrie*, intrigued 'em in *Three Women* and choked 'em in *A Coalminer's Daughter*. Crowell emerges again to play acoustic guitar on Harris's *White Shoes* (Warners). It is a brilliantly produced set, calling on writing contributions from T-Bone Burnett and Billy Swan, Sandy Denny and Donna Summer-Giorgio Moroder. Less ethereal but equally competent in her delivery is Crystal Gayle, campaigning with *Cage The Songbird* (Warners). Loretta Lynn's kid sister has suffered marginally from a paucity of strong material but her producers have rectified it here.

To celebrate 25 glorious years of pure entertainment, America's NBC TV network went to air last year with *Motown 25*.

The tightly-produced special featured a gallery of Motown stars ranging from the Supremes, Temptations and Four Tops right on through to the contemporary classics like Michael Jackson and DeBarge.

By now, the special has been repeated in America and abroad and has been responsible for cranking up an impressive Motown revival. In addition to a show-stopping performance by MJ, there was a powerhouse face-off between the Tops and the Temps that worked so brilliantly that it is bound to be repeated as a live act. Meanwhile, the two all-male groups have released albums, with the Temptations reuniting with great Motown producer Norman Whitfield for *Back To Basics* and the Four Tops collaborating again with Motown's legendary writing team of Holland-Dozier-Holland on *Back Where I Belong*.

Not surprisingly, the Four Tops sing backing vocals on *Back To Basics* and the Temps have returned the favor by helping out on *Back Where I Belong* on which they are supported by Aretha Franklin.

The revived interest has created a second wave of Motown nostalgia with the Detroit stable reporting renewed demand for the earlier works of Gladys Knight and the Pips, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye and Smokey Robinson. Of all the great music genres, Motown was the one that embodied the best of everything. In its heyday it promoted the elements of rock, dance, romance and — with the ballads — the right atmosphere for making it to home base.

●

From the what-comes-around file we reproduce the thoughts of Ivan Doraschuek of Men Without Hats on the older rock generation: "God, I hope I'm not doing what they're doing 15 years on. Take Jagger and McCartney. . . they have millions and billions of people listening to them. They have such impact and they're saying nothing. McCartney's just singing silly love songs, and Jagger's trying to make us believe he's still 25. He's going to be the Mae West of rock'n'roll."

motown turns 25 and jagger makes out he is; oz rock hots up

Doraschuek is not the first. Three years ago it was the Police's Sting who said: "I don't want to be doing this when I'm 40. I mean, look at Jagger. Jagger's wasted his life."

For those with even longer memories we trace the time tunnel back another decade and a half to hear Mick say: "I'd rather be dead than singing Satisfaction when I'm 45."

From Jagger and McCartney's point of view, it has all become far too profitable to shut down. They simply can't afford to stop, and if you follow the theory that money attracts money you'll be heartened to hear that Mick's lady Jerry Hall was pulling a cool $100,000 per assignment modelling maternity clothes while waiting for the baby.

●

If Ray Charles knocked you dead with his outing on the Blues Brothers movie soundtrack, then you could be appalled to learn he's saddled up for his second country album. *Ray Charles And Friends* puts the great soul man in the company of Willie Nelson, Merle Haggard, Rosanne Cash and Hank Williams Jnr for a bout of Chicago - comes - to - Nashville.

Heading a list of albums to watch for is an Iggy Pop-David Bowie effort showcasing The Best Of Iggy. From the schlock-rock department comes new Foreigner, Air Supply and Journey albums.

Not to be outdone by his brother Ray's productive liaison with The Pretenders' Chrissie Hynde (their baby will soon be on solids), The Kinks' Dave Davies has fessed up about his membership of the Aetherius Society. For those not up on obscure cults, it's a Hollywood (wow!) based cult that believes Jesus lives on Venus. And silly old you thought he had a holiday weekender at Woy Woy!

On the home front, Sydney-based band Venetians impressed with their summer outings including their support for Split Enz. Fronted by English pair Rick Swinn and Dave Skeet, Venetians were signed to Parole records on the strength of a radio demo. Their follow-up single to Chinese Eyes should help pay rent for the winter. Of the established acts, a summer of frantic touring wound up with INXS, Midnight Oil, Jo Jo Zep and The Church in greater demand than ever.

While Scotland's Big Country have taken to pioneering their own particular style throughout the wastelands of North America, England's rockabilly rager, Dave Edmunds, has harnessed a considerable array of talent with a band called King Kurt. These lads have been signed by Stiff label on the strength of a wild live routine and their jumpy Destination Zululand single. Some audiences spit on bands but these lads have their own variation: they throw flour and eggs at the fans.

The soundtrack for '84 could be *Scarface*, the blockbuster, big-budget gangster movie starring Al Pacino. Debbie Harry sings the signature tune, Rush Rush, which she wrote in collaboration with Giorgio Moroder.

— NEIL JAMESON

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If you wish to order the magazine, place your YES! token in the slot. If you do not wish to subscribe, but would like to know whether you have won our sweepstakes, place your NO! token in the slot and return the card immediately. Remember, you do not have to subscribe to win.

It's a bit embarrassing to admit, but when this come-on for a well-known little magazine arrived in my mailbox, I couldn't resist placing my NO! token in the slot and sending it off. Since that day, I have been keeping an eye out for a registered letter informing me that — despite my unwillingness to subscribe to their magazine — the publishers have decided to make me rich anyway.

On second thought, perhaps it is just as well I haven't won. I've seen enough television shows to know that overnight riches can cause serious problems — living above one's station, a taste for fast women (and the loss of the sweet girl who loved you when you were poor), thieving servants and the need to make even more money to maintain an expensive new lifestyle.

Now I'm not saying it's better to be poor, I have little doubt that rich is better, but it is possible to be unhappy either way. When I finally win the magazine sweepstakes, I plan to arrange my life so that at least one source of unhappiness is eliminated. When it comes to investments, I plan to leave the worry to paid professionals. Actually, there is no need to wait until I strike it rich, this option is already available to me and other not-so-rich investors in the form of equity trusts.

Equity trusts pool money from many subscribers and invest this money on their behalf. Although equity trusts place their money in various areas, most of it is used to buy company shares. Unlike "debt investments" such as government bonds, cash management trusts and Telecom loans, shares do more than merely pay interest — they give their owners a "piece of the action." Shareholders are part-owners of companies. They can vote in company elections, share in company profits and, if they are lucky, sell their shares some day for a tax-free capital gain. Unlike bonds or bank accounts, shares at least have the capacity to keep up with inflation and sometimes they can do much better. In the second half of 1983, for example, share values increased about 50 percent.

There is, of course, nothing to stop even small investors from buying shares on their own. A call or visit to any stockbroker is all it takes. Of course, it helps if the investor knows what he wants to buy. Unfortunately, wise investment decisions require study and research and more than a little time — time that could be used for other things. Then there is also the matter of

equity trusts: low-budget entrēe to the stock market

commissions. Every $2000 transaction costs the investor about $60 in commissions and stamp duties. These are payable whether he is buying or selling. If the investor buys and sells frequently, these costs can quickly mount up. In fact, at the end of the year, it is not impossible for the stockbroker to make more in commissions than the average investor makes from dividends and capital gains.

This brings up another problem with going it alone — many people are self-destructive when it comes to money. They panic on bad news and sell too soon or they buy on a hot tip that is already old hat to insiders. It is also sad but true that many people cannot be trusted with their own money. Some invest because it gives them something to talk about at the pub, others because they like the challenge and intrigue. This is not investing, it's a form of amusement. There is nothing wrong with playing, but it shouldn't be done with money. For those tempted to get their kicks playing with investments, an equity trust may provide the necessary self-discipline.

When you invest in an equity trust, you are letting the trust's managers decide what to do with your money. They will buy and sell shares, hold the share certificates, make sure dividends are paid and keep a record of capital gains. Trusts invest in many different shares, more than any single investor could afford. The trusts ensure that you don't store all your financial eggs in a single basket (if one company falters, you always have the others to fall back on). Equity trusts, like any individual investor, must buy and sell shares through stockbrokers but they get better commissions than small investors because the trusts deal in larger amounts. (The commission rate on a $250,000 transaction is less than a third the rate on a $2000 one.)

There are several large equity trusts operating in Australia. The oldest of these is operated by AFT (Australian Fixed Trusts). The company has managed trusts for almost 50 years and currently oversees funds worth more than $130 million. Although the older trusts and trust managers have had a long while to build up their funds, some new ones are also quite large. The Growthlink Trust, for example, has managed to grow to $38 million in just two years. Although it is worthwhile looking at a trust's performance record, past performance is no guarantee of future success. Managers move to new jobs, the economic climate changes and other factors can make a successful trust lose steam.

It costs money to invest in an equity trust. Equitable, for instance, charges eight percent as an initial fee. This means that out of a $1000 investment (the typical minimum) only $920 gets invested. Actually, this is worse than it sounds. Since you are paying $80 to invest $920, the real fee is more than nine percent. This fee doesn't even go to the fund but to the salesman (usually a stockbroker) who put you into it; it is a sales commission paid by the fund to get new investors. Not all trusts charge the same fee. The Five Arrows Trust, run by the Rothschild merchant bank, charges only two and a half percent. Clearly, all other things being equal, the lower the sales fee the better.

Trust managers make their money by charging a small management fee. This usually amounts to around one percent per year calculated on your original investment. This is small compared to the services involved. For $10 per thousand invested, investors get someone to take care of all the research, paper work and so on of investing in shares.

Investments in equity trusts can be made through any stockbroker or by writing to the trusts directly (they advertise in the financial pages of most newspapers).

An equity trust investment is prudent and simple. Since most trusts are run conservatively, the investor gives up any hope of getting rich overnight by hitting one "high-flyer". But, the investor gains something in return — sleep untroubled by worrying over investments.

— SETH GREGORY

Life is a sexually transmitted terminal disease." No, that's not another piece of street wisdom from some suburban wall, though it's only a matter of time now. It is the candid comment of an American scientist who had been invited to comment on something called the F factor in human sexuality.

The news may have escaped you at the time but it is something you should be aware of now. In 1980, scientists startled the world by suggesting that some sets of genes are merely parasites. That's right, parasites. Chemical parasites which multiply in the cells of our bodies like germs and spread through our gene network in a way that bears no relation to the good of the whole organism.

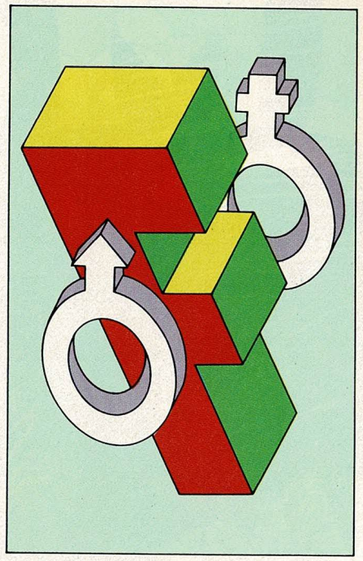
Such genes are said to be selfish. The selfish gene concept has become so trendy that perhaps it was inevitable that sooner or later someone would carry it to an extreme by suggesting that if sets of genes can be parasites, so can some of their creations — men, for example.

The idea that males are a kind of genetic bludger has been seriously put forward by Ford Doolittle — one of the scientists who proposed the idea of selfish DNA, the enzyme known as the building block of life. Doolittle bases much of this argument on the sexual behavior of bacteria. Bacteria indulge in an elementary form of sex. Some bacteria contain a small, independently reproducing ring of genes called the F for Fertility factor. Such bugs are males because they have the capacity to extrude a tube which can couple with sensitive (female) cells and thus permit transfer of the F factor from the donor to the recipient female.

After the transfer has taken place, the female cell undergoes a sex change and becomes a male. The point of this is that the only reason for bacterial sex is to ensure that the male F factor "gets around" and so optimises its survival chances. The F factor is, in fact, a genuinely promiscuous element and its behavior has caused more than one leading student of bugs to remark that "among bacteria, masculinity is an infectious form of VD".

Doolittle's latest idea is that *all* forms of maleness are versions of this phenomenon. Males are basically parasitic sets of genes trying to hitch a free ride on other forms of life. At first sight the notion seems silly but closer inspection gives it a depressing feeling of reality.

Consider praying mantises. When praying mantises copulate, it is common practice for the female to bite off her mate's head before he finishes performing his marital functions. After this she eats him. The male's ability to copulate does not seem to be affected by "losing his head"; indeed there is some evidence that decapitation actually improves his fertilising ability.



the implication is clear: men are genetic bludgers!

Unfortunately one cannot write off this kind of ritualised sex murder as the quirk of one particular species. For scorpions and for many kinds of spiders and insects, the male is not just a mate but a meal. While this may seem macabre to us humans, it makes biological sense. In the world of nature, the *only* thing that matters is that the genes of the species survive to form the next generation. Once the male mantis has transmitted his cargo of genes to the female, his body is dispensable. If, by eating her husband, the female mantis can build up her strength and so optimise the chances that her eggs will survive to maturity, then mantises may have a competitive advantage over other, more "considerate" forms of life in a world where food is a scarce resource.

Superficially, the mantis example seems to fly in the face of the argument that males are genetic parasites. After all, the male mantis seems to get the worst of a bad bargain. Not only is intercourse the terminal event of his existence, but his head is cut off before he can enjoy the pleasures of connubial bliss and his contribution to fertilisation has to be made posthumously. But why is the female not equally dispensable? Because the male's contribution to sex is relatively small. He can make millions of sperm for every one egg produced by the female.

This is the core of the selfish sex idea. The female always invests very much *more* in reproduction than the male. A normal human female, for example, only produces 400 or so eggs during the course of her whole life. By contrast a normal male ejaculates some 200-400 million sperm each time he has intercourse. The moral is obvious — eggs are costly but sperm are cheap. This fundamental imbalance means that nature has loaded the dice against females. And this generates many of the problems that make some kind of "sexual rivalry" inevitable in sexually reproducing creatures.

Females however have one vital card to play. They can refuse to copulate. This will deny all selfish male genes the chance to pass on into the future. Females in the animal world have evolved a number of "strategies" to compensate for their sexual handicap by making sex conditional on certain aspects of male behavior. Firstly, they can try what has been called the "domestic bliss" tactic. This means that females will tend to play "hard to get" and so sift out the relatively faithful males from the philanderers. Alternatively, females may force the male to undertake some laborious task like building a nest before agreeing to copulate. In this way, the male invests a considerable amount of his energy and time (which could otherwise be spent fertilising other females) on one mate and hence he is less likely to be unfaithful.

Doolittle does not mince words on this subject. In an article on selfish sex recently written in collaboration with another scientist, Michael Rose, Doolittle states, "It is difficult to explain how females benefit evolutionarily from their fertilisation by males so perhaps they normally do not benefit." And if that wasn't bad enough, he says elsewhere, "Sex, indeed, might reasonably be regarded as a form of disease that animals and plants have learned to live with."

While these comments may be valid in a scientific sense, when put into a popular context, they are little short of dynamite. When applied to the human species, what Doolittle seems to be implying is that woman is the true guardian of the genes while man is just there for the ride.

The selfish sex concept is new and so far has not become a target for newspaper gossip or media comment. But it will. And when it does, and when the feminists and female sociologists grasp the full implications of the idea, my advice to all male chauvinists is simple: run!

— D.C. REANNEY

The writer is the Senior Lecturer in Microbiology at La Trobe University, Melbourne.

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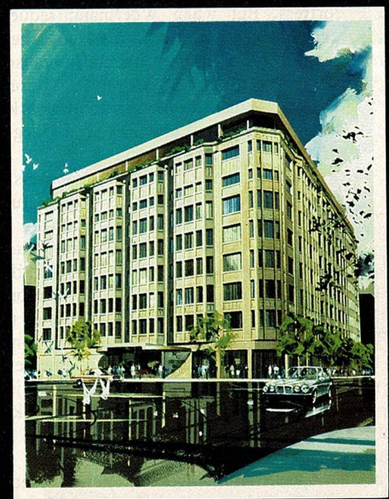

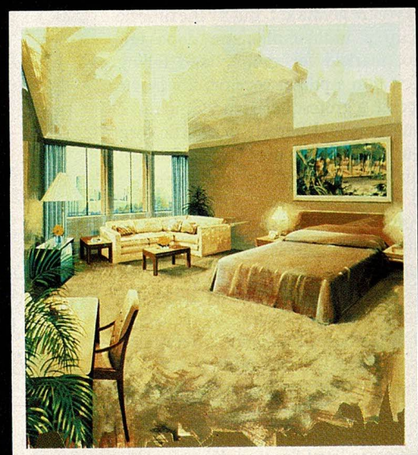

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MOVIES

The revamped, overwrought *Scarface* (Universal), directed by Brian De Palma from a screenplay by Oliver Stone, is nearly twice as long but not half as good as Howard Hawks's 1932 classic with Paul Muni in an unforgettable performance as a gang lord rather like Al Capone.

De Palma has Al Pacino gnashing the scenery as Tony Montana, one of those undesirables fleeing Castro's Cuba circa 1980. A vibrant actor, Pacino ignites the screen early on as an immigrant hustler-assassin whose meteoric rise and fall is all the plot you're gonna get. But by the time he winds up a multi-millionaire dope impresario, marked for murder and falling nose first into a pile of cocaine, the movie has become a grotesque Grand Guignol of guts, gunshots and fiercely moralistic corn about the evils of drug use ("Don't get high on your own supply" is the operative slogan).

It's impossible, at last, to take *Scarface* seriously, despite several stunning backup performances — by Steven Bauer as Pacino's closest *amigo,* by Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio as his sister, by Michelle Pfeiffer as the beautiful blonde cokehead he marries. Obviously, the intention here was to emulate the *Godfather* saga. Slim chance.

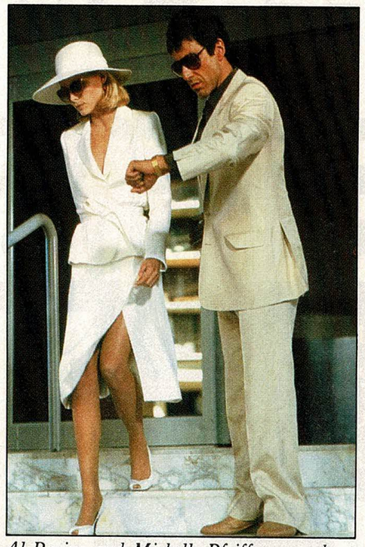
●

The villainous title character of *Christine* (Columbia), as loyal Stephen King readers already know, is a wicked and wilful 1958 Plymouth. John *(Halloween)* Carpenter directed this cunning adaptation of King's 1983 best seller and did a bang-up job on it, in every sense. With a little-known company of young actors, plus Harry Dean Stanton as the inevitable investigator who wonders how Christine survives all those fatal crashes, the movie has pop-rock music, edge-of-your-seat suspense and enough teen talk to captivate its target audience of wayward youth.

Reel by reel, cheap thrills and dandy special effects soon overtake simple plausibility, but credibility is hardly an issue here. While I much prefer *Carrie* as a flesh-and-blood shocker, the chromium-plated *Christine* generates some satirical thrust as a semi-classic caricature of a young American male (Keith Gordon) whose beloved car holds the key to his sexual and social identity. The money they'll make on this baby ought to put everyone concerned in mint condition. — BRUCE WILLIAMSON

●

The legendary Swedish director Ingmar Bergman calls *Fanny And Alexander* "the sum total of my life as a film-maker". This is his swan-song production in a career distinguished by such classics as *Wild Strawberries, The Virgin Spring* and *Through A Glass Darkly,* and the trademarks of wry wit and metaphysical morbidity are as prominent as ever.



Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer as mobster and moll in Scarface.

New Stephen King thriller and Bergman's swan-song

But this time, Bergman's world is not as black and despairing as we have known it. The texture of the counterpoint has changed from catching the odd wry observation glowing in the gloom to spotting the serious overtone lurking in some much lighter scenes. The opening is positively frivolous by Bergman standards. It is Christmas Day, 1907, and Helena Ekdahl (Gunn Wallgren) presides over the family festivities surrounded by an affectionate gathering of her three sons, their wives and their children. Bergman draws a fond caricature of a family at play and, just when we get to care about them, he strikes down the oldest son Oscar (Allan Edwall) with a fatal stroke, leaving the widowed Emilie (Ewa Froling) to raise their two children, Fanny and Alexander.

Bergman's other trademark, the gratuitous theology that he's carried with him since his childhood as the son of a clergyman, is also present. After seeking consolation from the family clergyman Bishop Vergerus (Jan Malmsjo), Emilie eventually marries him. But the change of status brings about a tragic transformation in their relationship and the bishop emerges as a puritanical tyrant intent on isolating Emilie and the children into an enclave of religious fanaticism.

●

Michael Mann's *The Keep* has just enough of the metaphysical about it to promote it from just another forces of evil epic to something quite stimulating and compelling.

The Keep takes us just as far back as 1941. Hitler is in an exterminating sort of mood and in the subterranean vaults of a grim black-stone fortress in German-occupied Rumania his fury unwittingly unleashes that of another, even less predictable, force. Mystery surrounds the background of the fortress and Captain Woermann (Jurgen Prochnow), the German army officer placed in command, is fascinated by its unique construction. The heaviest stones line the interior and as Woermann observes, "This place was not built to keep anything out, it was built to keep something in."

The "something" loses little time in manifesting itself by horrifically mutilating the bodies of two German soldiers who explore the crypt in the depths of the fortress. But when Woermann requests permission to withdraw his troops he is discredited for his "sentimental liberalism" and SS commander Kaempffer (Gabriel Byrne) assumes the deaths were the work of local partisans and executes a few villagers to settle the score.

The atrocities stir the consciousness of Glaeken (Scott Glenn), a supernatural figure who has lived among humans for centuries without being told of his mission. Suddenly it becomes apparent to him that he is the keeper of The Keep. The only chance of a human understanding of the powers of The Keep lies in the translation of a cryptic inscription and the medieval historian best equipped to crack it just happens to be a Jew poised on the brink of the holocaust.

●

Apart from the fact that they have lethal weapons where we have hands and feet, the disarming thing about martial arts exponents is that they're so damned reluctant to get involved. *Revenge Of The Ninja,* directed by Sam Firstenberg, slowly builds to a taut climax — as they say in the promos — because Cho Osaki (Sho Kosugi) spends more than half the movie insisting that he doesn't want to get involved in a police investigation.

Los Angeles Police Department detective Jack Dime (Virgil Frye) enlists Osaki's assistance after a series of brutal murders. The coroner's report shows that despite the massive injuries no weapon appeared to have been used, and Dime calls in Osaki, a master of the martial arts. Osaki quickly spots the unmistakable trademark of the Ninja, an ancient breed of hired Japanese assassins whose techniques are known only to themselves. Unmistakable to Osaki, however, because he just happens to be Ninja, too.

Unfortunately for Osaki, his contact with

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the Los Angeles Police Department is spotted, his mother murdered and his child abducted. Fortunately for sadistic audiences, honor must therefore be avenged and Osaki sets about the mysterious foe like a rogue Kitchen Wizz. Director Firstenberg allows himself the gratuity of some grisly aftermath scenes as well as concentrating on the artistry and technique of his star, Kosugi.

The honor among martial arts directors in balancing the discipline with the mayhem is almost as esoteric as the ancient arts themselves. *Revenge Of The Ninja* audiences will delight in Firstenberg's interpretation of the rules.

●

Why remake any movie that was done right the first time? The question persists even after one chuckles through parts of *To Be Or Not To Be,* produced by Mel Brooks and co-starring Mel and his wife, Anne Bancroft. Like Jack Benny and Carole Lombard in the 1942 version, they play a famous theatrical couple in Warsaw during the Nazi Occupation. The movie gets off to a swift, hilarious start with Mel and Anne onstage belting out Sweet Georgia Brown in Polish. All too soon, however, the movie becomes an obvious but over-extended series of Polish jokes and recycled scenes.

It's passably funny for audiences unable to tell the difference between Brooks's brashness and the legendary touch of Ernst Lubitsch who directed the far more sophisticated original. — ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

GOOD AS GOLD: With a couple of lucrative slices of Australian history — *Snowy River* and *Phar Lap* — under his belt, producer **Michael Edgley** has decided the time is ripe for something more contemporary. Michael Edgley International and Hoyts Theatres, partners in both the previous epics, were able to come up with a $5.4 million whiparound to back the new project, *The Coolangatta Gold.* The Queensland Government is one of the big investors, sparking speculation that maverick Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen was tickled by the notion of scoring a Federal Government tax incentive for film investment. The creative team — director **Igor Auzins** and writer **Peter Schreck** — is also an established partnership having been responsible for *We Of The Never Never.* That one was more of a critical than a box-office success, but *Coolangatta's* plot is very much shaped by box office appeal. There's a bit of *Staying Alive* and *Flashdance* in the ballet and disco scenes and lashings of *Rocky* and *Chariots Of Fire* in the strong spirit of competition. . . this time an Iron Man surf marathon. Based around the battle of two brothers for the attention of a young ballet star and for the affection of their father, the film stars **Nick Tate, Robyn Nevin, Colin Friels, Joss McWilliam** and **Josephine Smulders.**

NEVIN

KINSKI

MISS POPULARITY: In *Maria's Lovers,* small-town beauty Maria Bosic (**Nastassia Kinski**) is adored by three men: Clarence Butts (**Keith Carradine**), a handsome drifter with a mesmerising effect on women; Al Griselli (**Vincent Spano**), an air force colonel, and Ivan Bibic (**John Savage**), a former GI recently returned home after years in a Japanese POW camp during World War II. Of the three, Bibic is the most sensitive, having created a fantasy marriage to Maria during his tenure as a prisoner of war. The question is: who will Maria choose? *Maria's Lovers* co-stars **Robert Mitchum** as Bibic's father.

●

KNOCKOUT PLOT: The next Aussie legend to become a film epic looks like being boxing hero **Les Darcy.** The human equivalent of Phar Lap — they couldn't stop him winning until they nobbled him — Darcy had extraordinary public appeal which should still translate into box-office dollars. Young Melbourne writer **Frank Howson,** whose uncle sparred with Darcy, has produced a screenplay that benefited by a final polish from **Jonathan Hardy** who had a hand in *Breaker Morant's* success. There's apparently no shortage of interested producers.

●

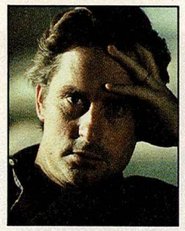
SELL-ULOID: **Paul Cox's** Australian Film Institute award-winning *Man Of Flowers* attracted plenty of interest at the MIFED film fair in Milan, but the big seller may well prove to be **Brian Trenchard-Smith's** *BMX Bandits.* The modestly-budgeted kids' adventure film chalked up good sales in Latin America, Central America, the United Kingdom, Thailand, Taiwan, the Netherlands, Israel, West Indies and Pakistan plus strong possibilities for the US, France, Germany, Italy and Japan.

●

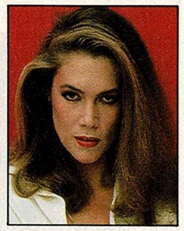
SEEING RED: Former Skyhooks rock star **Red Symons** is the latest to make the transition from the rock arena to the movie screen. He plays the colorful role of Pitt, a bent lawyer, in Chris Langman's new thriller, *Reunion.* "Pitt is a crim with no motive. . . a lawyer who just happens to find the wrong side of the law more fun," says Symons of his first screen role. "He's a real weasel, but give me the anti-hero over the hero anytime. It's a trap for actors to accept glamorous roles. I want roles which have a future." The lead roles in *Reunion* are filled by **Carmen Duncan** and **Michael Aitkens.** Symons figures the title of *Reunion* is likely to be a good omen for his screen career. Last year, Skyhooks got together for a reunion concert and attracted a massive overflow audience at Melbourne's Festival Hall. The former Skyhook is also contributing to the musical score of **Michael Pattinson's** *Flashdance* clone, *StreetHero.*

●

JUNGLE ROT: Sultry **Kathleen** (*Body Heat*) **Turner** heats up the screen alongside **Michael Douglas** in 20th Century-Fox's romantic comedy-adventure *Romancing The Stone.* Turner plays Joan Wilder, a writer of romance novels involving a beautiful heroine named Angelina and swashbuckling adventurers. The authoress herself, however, lives in timid seclusion in



DOUGLAS



TURNER

a New York apartment. Her simple life behind the typewriter is rudely interrupted when, one day, she gets a call for help from her sister who is being held captive in South America. Next thing we know, our reluctant heroine is standing in the middle of the South American jungle in a three-piece fashion ensemble and two-inch heels. Enter Jack Colton (Douglas), your basic strong, handsome, soldier-of-fortune romantic-hero type, packing a 12-gauge Winchester and offering his assistance. Off they go to find Sis and guess what happens along the way? Directed by **Robert** (*Used Cars*) **Zemeckis,** *Romancing The Stone* co-stars **Danny DeVito** and **Mary Ellen** (*The Stone Boy*) **Trainor.**

●

DEBUT: The tentatively titled *Nat King Cole Story* is set to go before the cameras very shortly with **Al Jarreau** in his feature film debut, starring as the late singer. The flick will highlight Cole's fight against cancer, his efforts to finance the first black TV series and his experience as the first black Vegas lounge singer. Cole's son, **Kelly,** has been hired as a research consultant. Says Jarreau: "I'm really excited about trying my hand at films. To portray a legend, I'm going to have my hands full."

REA 148 AB 2474/83

CAMEL

International Roller Skating Tour of NSW: This speed roller skating event will attract high rollers from here and overseas. It will be held at various venues throughout NSW from April 4 to 8. On the 4th it's expected to take place in the Sydney Botanic Gardens. On the 5th it will then go to the large indoor track in Campbelltown, on the 6th to the NSW south coast, on the 7th to El Caballo Blanco (where the horses dwell) and on the 8th to Oak Flats. If that isn't enough skating, we give up.

Great Eastern Steeplechase: One of the longest and most difficult races in Australia. The Great Eastern Steeplechase is part of the Oakbank Picnic Races and will be held at the Oakbank Racecourse in the hills of Adelaide on April 23.

Chaucer's Antique Fair: The plush Chaucer's Reception Centre in Canterbury, Victoria, is the venue for the annual Chaucer's Antique Fair where you'll find everything from furniture to silver. It's on from April 13 to 15 and local, interstate and overseas dealers will be represented.

Adelaide International Motor Show: Both the newest and some of the oldest vehicles will be on show at the International Motor Show at Wayville Showgrounds in Adelaide from March 31 to April 7. There will be passenger and commercial vehicles, four wheel drive, motorcycles and accessories on display.

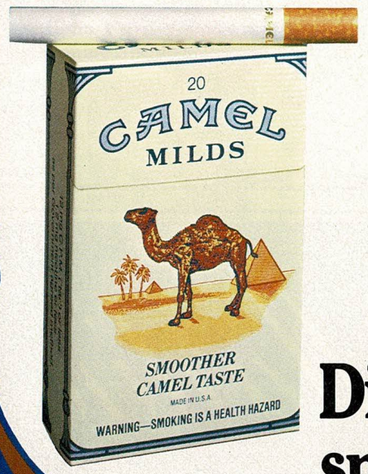
Rugby Union: Representative matches coming up include Northern Territory vs Mt. Isa in Mt. Isa on March 31; Sydney Firsts vs ACT in Canberra on April 1; Sydney Seconds vs Victoria in Melbourne on April 1; **Queensland vs Fiji at Ballymore, Queensland,** on April 7; Sydney vs Queensland in Sydney on April 14; Country NSW vs Fiji in Wagga on April 17; ACT Country vs Fiji at a venue to be announced on April 18; Sydney vs Fiji in Sydney on April 21; and Sydney vs NSW Country in Newcastle, NSW, on April 28.

Ski Show '84: The season begins in June but now's the time to think about just what you'll look like in or under the snow this year. Ski Show '84 will be on at the Melbourne Entertainment Centre from April 27 to 29. There you'll see the latest in clothing and equipment and find out about ski tours and resorts both here and overseas. There will be entertainment and a ski clinic as well.

Australian National Gallery: Here's what's on at the big ANG in April. "Diaghilev's Designers" is an exhibition of works by major designers for the Ballets Russes. "Out of the Book, On to the Wall" is an international print exhibition.

Australian Wave Ski Surfing Championships: The only difference between this and surfing is that you are sitting down. Otherwise the thrills and spills are just the same. About 100 participants from around Australia will take part in this tournament from April 3 to 7. Each morning they will meet at Manly Beach in Sydney and from there travel to the best northern beach for surf for the day.

Australian Canoe Marathon Championships: Avid paddlers will travel a distance of 42km in this marathon canoe race on the Maroochy River in Queensland on April 21 and 22. About 70 participants, in racing kayaks and canoes, will be churning up the waves.



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CALENDAR

Australian Tournament Waterski Championships: Not just one foot in front of the other. This premier race will be held in Bassendean Park in Perth from April 20 to 23. Big-time waterskiers from all over Australia will take part.

Australian Opera: The 1984 Melbourne season of the Australian Opera opens at the Princess Theatre on April 7 with a new production of Fancesco Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur" starring Joan Carden in the title role. There will be six performances.

Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix: This two-day event will be held at Mt. Panorama in Bathurst, NSW, on April 21 and 22.

National Folk Festival: This big one for the folkies is on from April 19 to 25 in Canberra. There will be dances, concerts, workshops, and more. Most events will be on the ANU campus.

Adult Swimming Championships: The Australian Union of Senior Swimmers International, AUSSI for short, is holding its national club swimming championships in Melbourne at the State Swimming Centre on April 13 to 15.

Australian Crafts 1984: The best of Australian crafts will be on show at Melbourne's Meat Market Craft Centre from April 19 to May 27.

National Pistol Shooting Championships: This is the 27th year for the championships. Hobart will be the host this year. The shoot is on from April 17 to 24.

National Small Bore Rifle Championships: Small bore riflers from around Australia will take part in the national championships at the Belmont Rifle Range in Brisbane from April 17 to 25.

Guarneri Quartet: This group has been billed as the great American quartet of our era if not one of the greatest in the world. They will begin their Australian tour on March 26. See them in Perth on March 26 and 27, Adelaide on the 28th, Melbourne on the 29th and 30th, Canberra on March 31 and April 1, Newcastle on the 2nd, Sydney on April 3, 4, and 5 and Brisbane on April 6.

The Pillars of Society: This play by Ibsen deals with the themes of hypocrisy, family scandal, women's rights and the balance between self-interest and philanthropy and between private capital and public benefit. Ahead of his time you might say. It's on at the Sydney Opera House from April 18 to June 2.

RJR 8083/CC 1536/84

TRAVEL

Initially the idea was to fly to Europe, have a few weeks holiday, then jet back home again. It seemed a simple enough idea at first. A little old world charm, a gallery or two, cafe dining, boulevard strolling and the like. This was the kind of gentle culture massage our bludgeoned sensibilities craved.

Getting down to the specifics, however, proved to be a mind-boggling task. Exactly where we would fly to in Europe and which countries and cities we would visit became something of an open-ended discussion. We hadn't anticipated quite so many options.

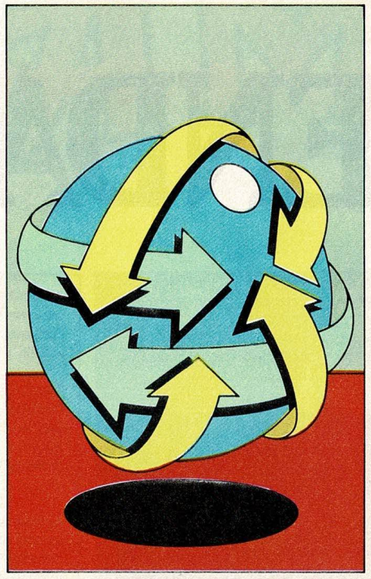
"And what about stopovers?" she said. A touch of the exotics on the way over? Or maybe the way back? She fancied herself as something of an old Asia hand. Travelling in the East was *real* travel she'd point out whenever I waxed lyrical about my European excursions. We looked at maps and airline schedules, contacted travel agents, compared fares and tried to make decisions. And just when we had narrowed the field down, some fool gave her a book on New York.

"Maybe," she ventured, "Europe isn't our scene at all. What if we go to the States instead? You know — the West Side, Broadway and the Village. Even Harlem. And California too. You can look up all your old surfing friends!" she added persuasively.

Hmn. The world may well be getting smaller but deciding where you want to go on that trip is getting a damn sight more perplexing. But for those of you who may find yourself in such a confusing situation, there is an answer. For want of a better name, I call it the Phileas Fogg Solution. Mr Fogg, you may recall, was that industrious, innovative and honorable English gentleman who, in 1873, made a wager with his fellow members of London's Reform Club that he could travel around the world in 80 days, a then unheard-of undertaking.

The around-the-world trip has long been seen as something almost unattainable. When that final ball dropped, trifecta landed or ship came in, high on your list of ways to part with the cash was that glamorous around-the-world trip. It seemed so expensive then — the ultimate hike in travel one-upmanship, something to put on your fantasy list alongside the Rolls, Noosa apartment and maxi-yacht. It meant getting on or off the normal jet routes. Now, however, the fantasy *is* affordable. You can jet hop around the world for less than the price of a cheap secondhand car with a bit left for spending.

You see it's that simple. If you just can't make up your mind whether you want to visit Asia, Europe or the USA, you simply visit them all on a round-the-world ticket!



here's the phileas fogg solution to the world

Too expensive? Not at all. In fact it's my humble opinion that careful choice of a round-the-world ticket offers Australians one of the great travel bargains available today. And nothing as complicated as the good Mr Fogg's feverish scheduling. In the past year or so some of the world's best airlines have responded to market demand by getting together some very attractive round-the-world fares.

It was an enterprising travel agent who suggested the idea to us and we found that, in terms of value for money and flexibility, his recommendation of the Alitalia-Continental package couldn't be bettered. And we did check out all the others. At $2094 (current January '84) the Alitalia-Continental ticket was one of the cheapest available to the general public. But far from being a straight round-the-world ticket, it also offered some remarkable extras. For starters, it is a non-seasonal ticket. None of this peak, off-peak or shoulder stuff where the fares jump all over the place according to when you leave Australia. The fare remains the same no matter what time of the year you go — a rare example of simplicity in international travel.

You get five stopovers of your choice at no extra cost, with additional stopovers costing $105 each. You can leave Australia from either Sydney or Melbourne and travel east or west around the world. Alitalia carries you between Australia and New York via Asia and Europe, and Continental handles the Pacific and trans-America sectors. Maximum time away is 180 days but there are no restrictions on minimum time. The fare also includes one *free* side trip from Rome or Milan to any of eight key cities in Europe: London, Paris, Zurich, Copenhagen, Frankfurt, Athens, Brussells or Amsterdam. Not only that, but you can fly to one of them and then return to Rome or Milan from another.

For example, you might decide to fly free from Rome to London. Then you could travel under your own steam to any of the other cities and fly back to Rome from there, also free of charge. Astonishing but true! On top of this, you can make a side trip from Rome or Milan to other cities as far afield as Tel Aviv or Moscow for an additional $232 return and not have it count as one of your stopovers.

Tickets should be purchased at least 21 days in advance but some travel agents seem to have ways of turning a blind eye to this. The only real restriction on the Alitalia-Continental round-the-world ticket is that your routing must be specified before ticketing, but even then you can leave sectors open-dated and book them at your convenience en route. Once again, a very flexible arrangement.

So how did we apply the Phileas Fogg Solution? We flew from Melbourne to Bombay for our first stopover, a five-day sojourn in this wonderfully chaotic, once-grand jewel in the crown of the British raj. Then on to the Italian capital for an injection of Roman exuberance and multo pasta indulgences. We took our free trip to London where we missed the Queen but caught up on Portobello Road market and the latest body decorations in punkdom.

The boat train shuttled us on to Paris where we re-discovered romance in a little hotel on the Boulevarde St Germain before zooming south to Marseilles on the TGV, the world's fastest train. A rental car spirited us around to the French Riviera where we settled down for a few days on the port at Villefranche, took the boat to Corsica and discovered an ancient haven called Bonifacio.

We drove back to Paris via Lake Como in the north of Italy, took our free trip back to Rome and then on to New York, which has got to be the most demanding, most exciting and most provocative city in the West. We flew to LA to catch up with old friends and that completed our five free stopovers.

We couldn't resist paying for an extra one for a final flirt with the sun and surf in Hawaii before returning to Melbourne. Our Phileas Fogg fantasy had been completed at a fraction of the effort of the original.

— RENNIE ELLIS

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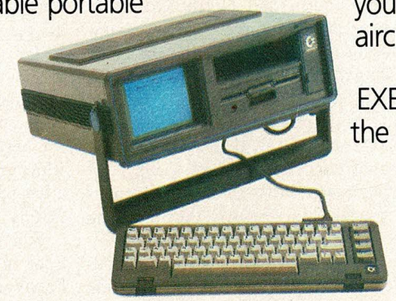

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BEHAVIOR

The stuff arrived on my desk without any warning. Two bottles in a plastic bag. Booze companies tend to do this sort of thing once in a while so I ripped open the bag in expectation of a new brand vodka or fish-flavored liqueur. Not that I wanted to drink it, you understand. The sun was way short of the yardarm, but unsolicited bottles have this effect on me.

I opened the bag. No booze. Salad dressing. I began to wonder about this. I am not the food editor of Australian PLAYBOY. No one is. Wisely, we don't have one. So why would someone send me salad dressing? There is of course a simple answer. People send journalists things like salad dressing in the hope that the journalists will write about them, thus creating interest in the product which in turn might lead to increased sales of same. On this simple logic is based a multi-million-dollar industry called public relations.

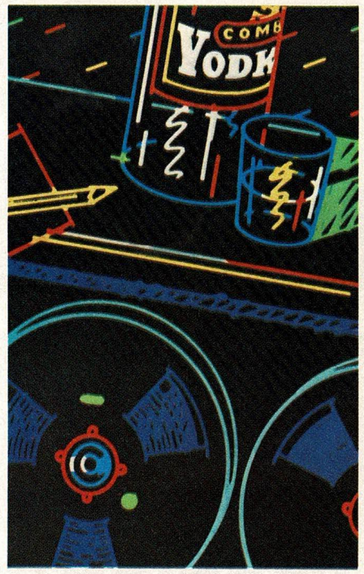
Knowing all this but nonetheless sucked in by bottles in bags, I studied the little buggers. Newman's Own, the label said. Shake well. And there he was — old blue eyes. The actor, not the singer. Racing car driver, game fisherman and apparently vinegar mixer extraordinaire. The visage of Paul Newman, one of my true Hollywood heroes — a guy whose acting has, I believe, that indefinable star quality that can turn movies right around (*The Verdict*, for example) — was staring at me from a bottle of salad dressing. Unbelievable!

Of course there is nothing new in celebrities renting themselves to the highest bidder. I'm sure no one thinks any less of John Laws because of his association with Mortein, nor does Orson Welles lose credibility because of Nashua, Greg Chappell because of Sharp. But Paul Newman staring at you from a bottle of salad dressing? This is something completely different!

We tried the stuff and it's good. Of course it is. Paul Newman wouldn't sell you a pup. Furthermore, I understand that it has cut a giant hole in the market share of America's number one salad dressing, Thousand Island, which is made by the Kraft corporation. And Newman, bless his socks, is not lining his pockets but donating much of the take to charity, so I hear.

But that doesn't alter the fact that Paul Newman, by putting his mug first on a bottle of salad dressing, and soon to hit the market here on spaghetti sauce, has changed the ground rules. If he can do it, so can others.

Image-protective agents, go back to square one. We are about to see a range of star-endorsed products that put Sir John Gorton's pitch for Famous Grouse whisky and the efforts of both Sir Billys on behalf of trusts right back in the dark ages: a time



Dazzling new galaxy of star-endorsed products

when it was believed that dignity and dollars didn't really mix.

By cleverly infiltrating the creative think tanks and concept conference of Australia's major advertising agencies (i.e. by having a few dozen drinks in the more seedy bars of South Melbourne and North Sydney), I have been able to piece together a few details on some of the major star-endorsed products which are on the drawing board for this year. Remember, this is highly confidential information. Australian PLAYBOY readers only, thank you.

Andrew Peacock Tan Fast

Having realised that no one, not even his party, can take him seriously, the Sun Lamp Kid has gone back to what he knows best — image selling. In a series of commercials shot on location, we see the Opposition Leader touring war zones such as Grenada, Vanuatu and Bali. He whips off his safari suit as the camera follows him on to the beach and says: "When I was foreign minister I learnt to grab my fun on the run. But you can't go from Canberra winter to tropical sun looking like a goose. And that's where Tan Fast comes in."

David Combe Vodka

The biggest item in a very big merchandising year for this new hero of the capitalist left, expected to outsell DC T-shirts, drinking caps, anti-bugging devices, and even give the autobiography a run for the money. A joint venture with the Soviets, the product is expected to be launched on May Day in Canberra with a no-expense-spared parade of tanks.

Neville Wran Throat Lozenges

The somewhat raspy NSW Premier is a sure-fire hit in this big-budget launch designed to make Throaties gasp for breath. In the television commercial, Nifty is seen applying a blow torch to the throat of NSW Opposition Leader Nick Greiner. He turns to camera, flashes the famous smile that's stopped a hundred Royal Commissions, and says: "When your throat feels like it's on fire. . ."

Bryan Brown Cigarette Papers

This one can't miss. Our greatest actor since Chips Rafferty re-creates the role that made him famous. That's right folks, the one he always seems to play. This time he sits under the shade of a coolibah tree with Helen Morse, reaches for his makings and says, as he licks the paper: "It's all gum 'round the edges."

Kamahl Instant Curry Bags

Word around the traps is that this is a hot one. The Big K held out for a lot of pappadams but finally he was snared for what industry sources say is a telephone number sum. Let's hope they don't mean 000. Apart from the home-cooked flavor, the big pitch here is that Kamahl Curry won't stain anything — not even your white Nehru jacket.

Mick Young Luncheon Vouchers

A brilliant new marketing concept thought up by Canberra lawyers during those lazy, crazy days of the Hope Commission, and soon to be launched on the business world. With the economy back on the upswing, the scheme's principals believe that the four-hour business lunch will return with a relish. These vouchers, redeemable at all major big city restaurants where political intrigue is a feature, entitle the bearer to huge discounts on food and wine, provided he stays four hours, and lets a few secrets out of the bag.

Penny Cook Home Veterinary Kit

Fun for all the family, except perhaps Spot and Fido. *A Country Practice* star Penny demonstrates how you can teach your children self-sufficiency and at the same time avoid nasty vet's bills. Spay Pussy in the privacy of your own home with Penny's easy-to-use surgical instruments. According to the marketing people, research showed that nine out of 10 Australians not only believed the soapie star was a qualified vet, but they had begun to send problem pets to her home address. When hubbie Clive Robertson's double garage began to look like a MASH unit, Penny decided to stop backyarding and go legit. Full instruction booklet with each set of scalpels.

— PHIL JARRATT

Fresh is Alpine
PHL1057 CC1232/83
Alpine
25 FILTER
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Alpine 25's. A fresh blend of menthol and tobacco flavour.

The Line. The Style. The Power.

From the first time you take the wheel of the GTV 6 you will understand what performance driving is all about. With the superior levels of power and control, and a perfect balance of both, the GTV 6 redefines driving as an art. An art that we have learned from over 100 Grand Prix victories.

100 Grand Prix victories have taught us how to build a car that drives like no other. They have also taught us that a true performance car must respond to every driving situation. Instantaneously and precisely.

Every aspect of the GTV 6 was designed to put new meaning into "car as extension of self."

Our engineers have been fanatical about the levels of performance in the Alfa Romeo GTV 6.

A 2.5 litre 60° all-alloy DOHC engine and L-Jetronic fuel injection deliver performance that will take you from the curb to the national speed limit in a lightning flash.

Sodium-filled exhaust valves ensure cool engine running.

A nitrided forged steel crankshaft delivers great reliability and enormous strength.

Over-sized vented front disc brakes ensure stopping that's smooth, fast and fade-resistant.

De Dion rear suspension keeps the rear driving wheels 90° to the road surface to maximise delivery of power.

The GTV 6 is not only a beautiful line. It's a functional line. Every curve, every plane, every nuance of the GTV 6 is designed to present the least possible resistance to the air. Not only have our aerodynamic experts conquered performance-robbing drag to a remarkable degree, they have also reduced resistance to cross winds.

All these engineering and design refinements result in a car that's equally at home on the highway passing Porsches or commuting to the office.

The GTV 6 is a balance of ingredients that joins you, the car and the road in a very special way.

Aerodynamic refinement is a part of it, an optimised engine is a part of it, superior weight distribution and suspension dynamics are a part of it, but the way that all these elements interact with you and respond to you is what makes the GTV 6 such a stunning car.

The GTV 6. Outright Winner of the 1982 and 1983 European Touring Car Championships.

Isn't it about time you experienced the pinnacle of motoring today?

The GTV 6. Test drive one today and experience –

The Line. The Style. The Power.

LHV420

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DERRYN HINCH

a candid conversation about the media's most aggressive commentator about the right to know, beautiful women, journalistic guts and running with the rat pack

ON FEBRUARY 20, 1963, a 19-year-old New Zealand reporter stepped on to Australian soil with one mission in mind — to make the big time in the print world, to make a mark in Australian journalism, international journalism, whatever. The horizons were broad for Derryn Hinch, born February 2, 1944, in New Plymouth, New Zealand.

His credentials were pretty good for a teenage kid from the sticks. He'd done solid time on such stalwart New Zealand newspapers as the Taranaki Herald, *the* Christchurch Star *and the* Waikato Times *and, goddamn it, he was no dummy. After all, he was a high school graduate.*

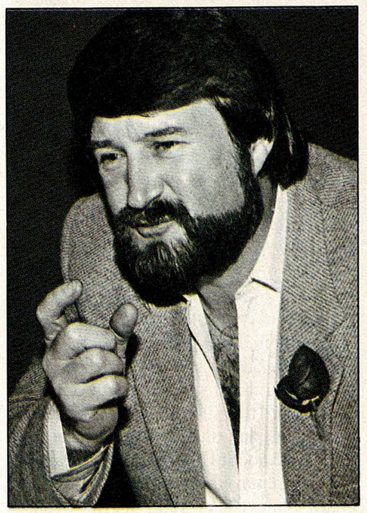
Years later, while conquering another continent, America, he discovered his little certificate from New Plymouth Boys' High wasn't worth the proverbial pinch of. But no matter: by the time the young Hinch lobbed in the USA, he was well on his way and there was no real need to dwell on educational degrees. It was a bit like the problem of age. Nothing that couldn't be overcome by a bit of fast talking or a few not-so-white lies. When he arrived in Sydney, he realised that young blokes did not get big jobs. So suddenly young Derryn was no longer so young; his birth certificate might claim he was a callow teenager, but if you were a Sydney editor Derryn would have you believing he was a worldly chap in his mid-twenties.

Hinch took a job as a police roundsman for the Sydney Sun *and established himself as a bit of a news-terrier, a tabloid scrapper. But after a couple of years he needed to expand his territory again, so he requested a transfer to his paper's New York office. The request was denied, but Hinch went overseas anyway. He worked for United Press International in Montreal and Jamaica, and in Toronto as bureau chief. He then went to the Big Apple and worked for the Fairfax organisation, his former employers who had refused to send him there in the first place. After several years as a New York-based foreign correspondent, he became New York editor.*

The stories he covered were biggies: the first moon shots; the Kennedy years, including the assassination of Bobby Kennedy, and the rise of the Civil Rights movement, including the killing of Martin Luther King. He went to South America to cover the Ronald Biggs story and decided to track down the alleged company crook, Alexander Barton. To do this, he resorted to the classic old-school journalist's hard slog of door knocking. He walked up and down the five kilometre Rio strip known as the Copacabana knocking on every hotel door saying, "Me journalista, me Senor Hincha, trying to find Senor Barton." He found his man.

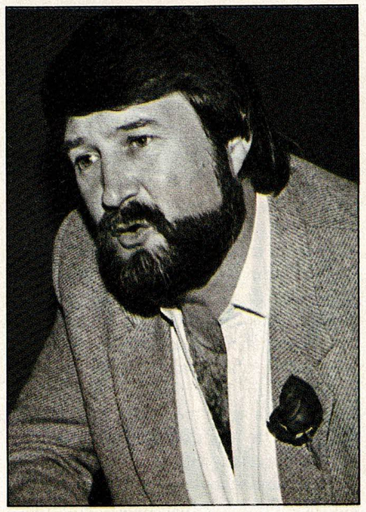
By the mid-1970s, Derryn Hinch was well set up in the States. He'd written a successful book on Scrabble, covered North and South America at somebody else's expense, had an expense account at Sardi's, a Jaguar as a company car, and owned a trout farm and 10 acres of land at Woodstock. Then he was offered a big Australian assignment — the editorship of the Sydney Sun. *He accepted this job on the basis it was a challenge and if he didn't give it a whirl, he wouldn't be able to look himself in the mirror of a morning. In 1976 he returned to Sydney and, at the age of 31, became the youngest editor of a major Australian metropolitan newspaper. He remained at the* Sun's *helm until 1977.*

Then he decided to become a publishing magnate — and failed disastrously. He took some staff members from the Sun *and started a magazine called* Focus. *But this lasted only a few issues and then ran out of finance — it is said Hinch ended up owing $200,000 in this debacle. He dabbled in Sydney day-time television but*

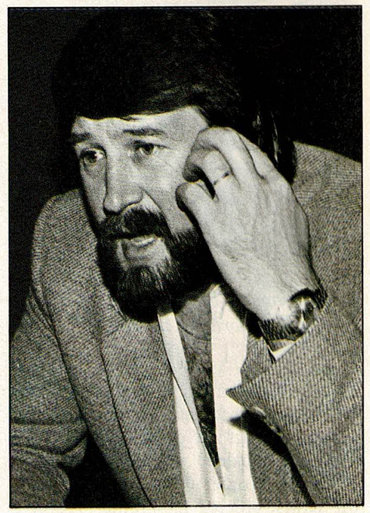


PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS

"I came to Melbourne and said Bert Newton was a myth invented by Reader's Digest. . . *there's only room for one person on top."*



"I like the fact that Hawke can cry. Richard Nixon didn't cry. He went and bombed Hanoi!"



"At some stage of any relationship with a woman it must cross your mind to go to bed with her."

his second marriage was on the rocks. Things became too grim to remain in Sydney and so he looked southward, to marvellous Melbourne, and a new career in radio.

From his studio at 3XY, he harried the then-king of day-time radio, Bert Newton, and insulted anybody else who got in his road. And even though he was working on a fairly coy rock station, he broke stories no one else would touch. Mr Hinch left XY for the more grown-up 3AW. He liked AW and AW liked him and he got the number one slot in town with a pay packet to match. And on top of that he went multi-media, filling in for Mike Willesee on his current affairs program, and was aptly cast as the beast in Beauty And The Beast.

In the five years since he descended on Melbourne, Derryn Hinch has become the best known personality in town, always flamboyant with a rose in his lapel and a chauffeur-driven blue Rolls-Royce. In 1982 he won the Australasian Radio Personality Of The Year Award, and the Radio And Record Talk Personality Award. In 1983 he won the gold medal at the International Radio Festival Of New York and the Pater Award for the Best Current Affairs Commentator in Australia and New Zealand. He owns an expensive house in Melbourne's Albert Park and a farm at prestigious Mt Macedon. In 1983 he married actress Jacki Weaver. Australian PLAYBOY sent journalist ***Peter Olszewski*** *to front Mr Hinch to see what he's made of. Olszewski reports: "I met Hinch at his 3AW offices. Having taken care of details, Hinch led the way to his Rolls-Royce and told the chauffeur to drive to the Flower Drum restaurant, an up-market noshery in Melbourne's Chinatown where he is obviously well-known by the staff and often greeted by diners. Once ensconced there, Hinch proved he is a man who likes a drink. He claims he drinks four bottles of wine a day, and the bottles came thick and fast during this sitting. Once he has a few "under the belt", Mr Hinch's speech speeds up but, if anything, he becomes more in control of questions. He enjoys a joke, is comfortable with emotion, and* loves *to talk."*

PLAYBOY: Harking back to a certain Test cricket series between Australia and your country of birth, New Zealand, and the notorious incident where skipper Greg Chappell, in order to ensure the defeat of the Kiwis, ordered his brother Trevor to bowl an underarm delivery. If you were in a similar situation, would you have done the same?

HINCH: No. It's just not sporting. It doesn't matter whether it's New Zealanders or Australians, and I'm now an Australian, it's not good sportsmanship. I know you play hard and you play to kill in sport and a lot of things, but that's just not cricket.

PLAYBOY: In your business you obviously play very hard. How prepared are you to kill? For example, in the Scrabble book which you wrote some years ago, you illustrate how to bend the rules. A good argument starter is your revelation that almost every word in the English language can be pluralised.

HINCH: There is a whole chapter on cheating in the book, but it's more for readers to know what a cheat is and how to spot one, rather than to tell them how to go out and do it. But when the guy who invented the game, Alfred Butts, read the book, he told me I ruined his game.

PLAYBOY: Was that because of the cheating section or the suggestions that everything can be pluralised and. . .

HINCH: Tactics! He's the man who invented the game, yet he's never challenged in his life while playing Scrabble. In Scrabble you have to. It has to get down to tactics. But to get back to your cricket example. I'm not a cricketing expert and I see the game rarely, but for Dennis Lillee to kick Miandad, and for Rod Marsh to kick a ball out of the way, or to bowl underarm, those things go beyond the pale.

Don Dunstan called me a bastard in his book. . . we don't speak to each other. He's entitled to that and I can understand to some degree why.

PLAYBOY: I'd like to know how far you are prepared to go *within* the rules.

HINCH: I've never really considered that. I think I have a code of ethics. This morning, before this interview, I might have cost a school teacher her job. It involved seven paedophiles who were arrested on child pornography charges. I heard this school teacher on another radio program and she was defending the paedophiles. She said something which was totally stupid, rather reckless and dangerous. She said we were not talking about children having sex. We were talking about *people* between the ages of 10 and 16. In my book, a 12-year-old child hasn't got the experience or the sensibility to decide whether he or she should have sex with a man of 50. This woman was a school teacher and I probably got her fired for that today, and that's playing it hard but I think she deserved it.

PLAYBOY: We would never have guessed you're a keen Scrabble player.

HINCH: My first wife wanted to learn. I started to teach her and I realised how much I knew about the game. I started to dig into it. I thought the guy who invented it was dead and by a fluke I found him alive in New York, so I was at the right place at the right time. The book was very successful although we got sued by the Scrabble people. I made $45,000 in three months out of it, and $32,000 went in legal fees.

PLAYBOY: On what basis were you sued?

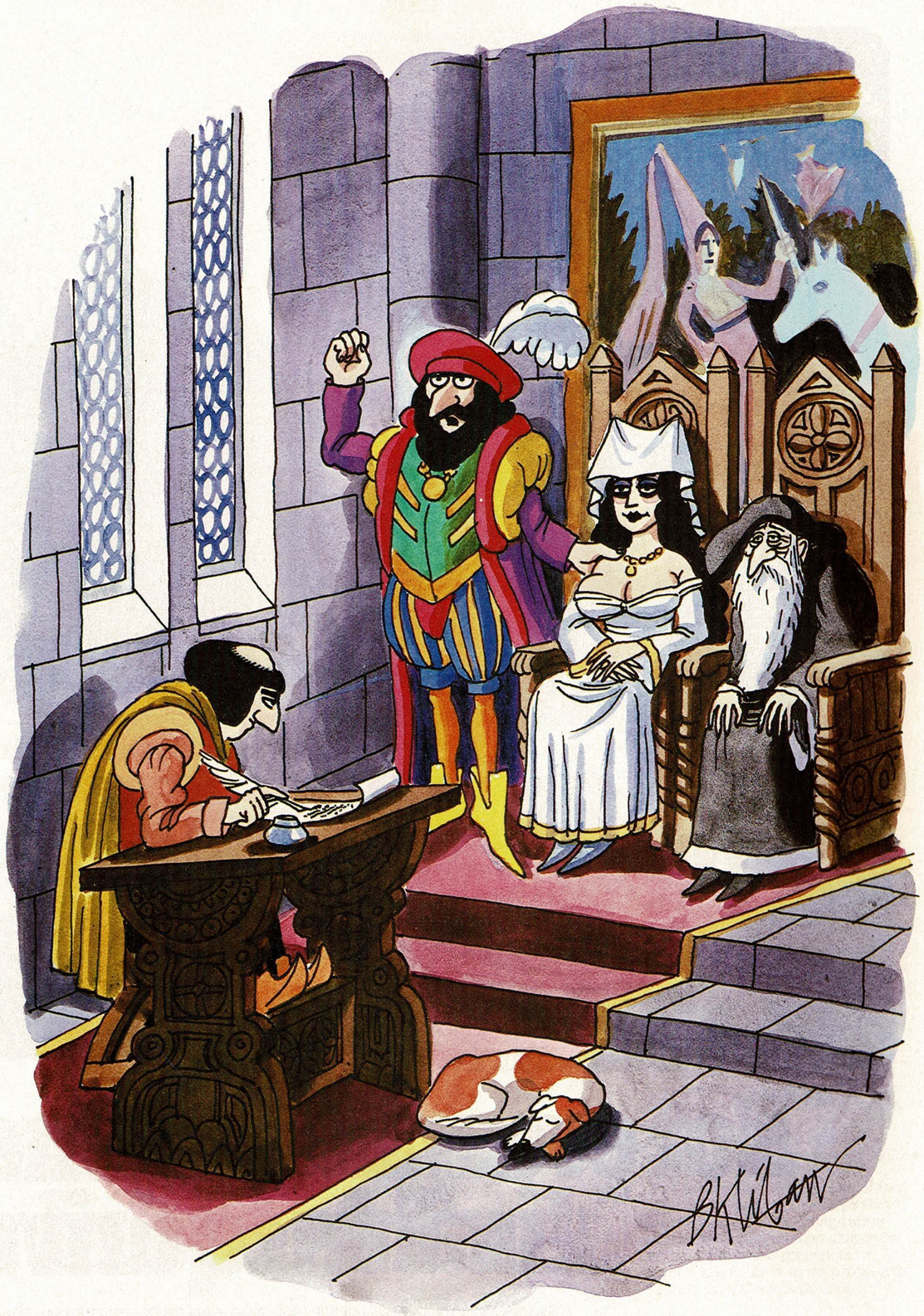
HINCH: On the basis I had no right to write a book about their game. They lost but it still cost us our legal fees. It never went to court but any legal action in America is a very expensive business.

PLAYBOY: When you arrived in Melbourne, as a relative unknown in radio, you quickly set the cat among the pigeons, in typically Hinch style, by revealing the carefully-kept secret that Don Dunstan's beautiful wife, Adele Koh, was dying of cancer. Was breaking that story "tactics" on your behalf?

HINCH: No. That was not tactics at all. That was five years ago. Don Dunstan called me a bastard in his book, and still does, and we don't speak to each other. He's entitled to that, and I can understand to some degree why, but if I had to do it again today, I would. I'd do it again because in politics there is no such thing as a free lunch.

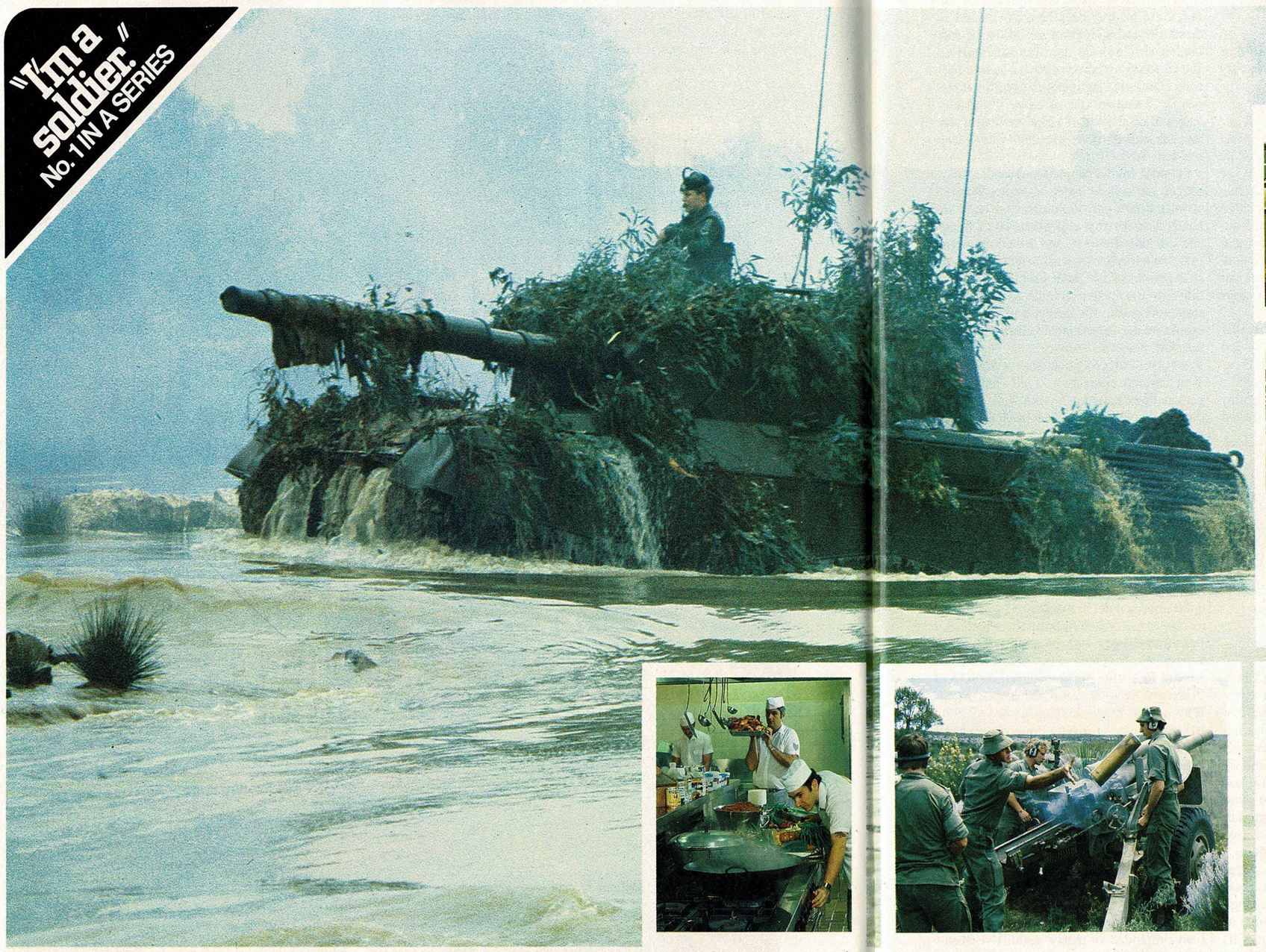
Dunstan's wife was young, intelligent and brimming with a huge future and she got cancer and she died. But Dunstan made a deal with the press, and newspaper editors shouldn't make deals with politicians. Those deals were made at top level and those journalists who had the story and who had written it found their stories weren't being published. I wasn't the first person to get hold of the Adele Koh story, I was one of the last. I was told about it by someone working in a Sydney hotel who said, "Hey, here's a story." Then I started to check into it and found the story hadn't been written. Then I discovered the deal had been made by every news media in Adelaide at very high levels.

Now, two things about that deal: one is that that sort of sensitivity is not offered to Joe Blow. Secondly, we received information from Adelaide that the South Australian Liberals, the Opposition, were going soft on Dunstan in the House. That was around the time of the Salisbury affair and, because of his personal problem, the tragedy in his family, he was being treated softly. Suddenly that took the Koh story into a different realm. At the time, I was doing a segment for 3XY on what the papers say, and I said this is what the papers are *not* saying, and said it was a cover-up. The same newspapers that did the deal with Dunstan would run, and did run, every bit of news they could about Happy Rockefeller having a breast removed, or Betty Ford having a breast removed, or John Wayne dying of cancer. But suddenly, because it was back here, we set a new set of rules. That was why I did it. It caused a lot of flack and 3XY



". . . and I swear by the virtue of my sister. . . no, better make that, I swear by the beard of my father. . ."

"I'm a soldier."
No. 1 IN A SERIES



"Not every bloke who wants to drive

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wondered what the hell had hit them. But it wasn't done for sensationalism, or to make me controversial. Quite honestly, I'm sure it *lost* me listeners.

PLAYBOY: Many people say that was just a stunt you pulled.

HINCH: I've spent my life on radio defending the fact that I don't do *stunts*. My attitudes, and my opinions on issues, are the same on or off radio. Sometimes I've thought I'd get more listeners if I supported the death penalty, opposed abortion, and followed the conservative ilk.

PLAYBOY: But you are often, and quite vigorously, accused of stunt-pulling. Take the example of your many infringements, resignations and walk-offs over the pre-election electronic media ban.

HINCH: I've heard that stunt line for four years in regard to that issue, but we won. Somebody said to me the other day that I wasn't going to get any credit for that, and I said I didn't care because we were on air during the elections. People did say I did it just for ratings but you don't win ratings if you're not on air. You haven't got many ratings if you're suspended because you're not there, and while you're not there, they listen to somebody else.

PLAYBOY: You promised to quit radio if that change to the law didn't come through. Would you have resigned?

HINCH: Yes, I would have. My fight with that law started out in 1979. I had people like Dick Hamer, then Premier of Victoria, who said the law was bad. Frank Wilkes, the Leader of the Opposition, said he'd help change it, and it just hung on and hung on and hung on, and we're still in a fight at the moment over my last breach.

PLAYBOY: Why were you so keen to do away with that law?

HINCH: Because if anything, as always, it's the public's right to know. It was a bad law. The surprise wasn't that I broke it, it was that nobody else had. There are a thousand reasons why it was a bad law, but the simple one is that my job is to talk about politics and for 66 hours — not 48, it worked out to 66 hours — of my working life each election, I'm not allowed to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Was there any resistance from politicians to changing that law?

HINCH: Some of them did resist it. For a long time a lot of the Labor Party did because they couldn't afford to advertise in the last few days. The Labor Party brought it in, but they had the feeling that most people in media at a management level were against them anyway. Therefore, two days of not being shitcanned probably helped them. Doug Anthony wanted to leave it in. Fraser waffled on it. Some years he said it would go, some years he said it would stay. But it went and that's one of the best things I've done in journalism.

PLAYBOY: There're a lot of stories circulated about you by journalists and for this interview I've ignored most of them. . .

HINCH: Don't ignore them. I admire them.

PLAYBOY: Okay, during a drunken gathering of scribes at Melbourne's Celtic Club you kept up the pace, but you were the only one drinking from beer cans and. . .

HINCH: Yes, and the reason I could keep up and stay sober is that I put half-empty cans back on the bar and no one could see they weren't completely finished. Is that the story?

PLAYBOY: That's the story.

HINCH: There may have been a basis of fact to it, and I might add it might be totally untrue. I don't remember. In fact, in the interests of accuracy, I'll say it's not true. But there's a chance I may have left half a can of the last can of the night. It's bullshit. I drink four bottles of white wine a day and you can hardly hide that in a can. Raise all the stories you like, I don't mind. But just make sure you don't take any of your research from *The Toorak Times*.

PLAYBOY: The rat pack — as your regular Friday luncheon gathering is known — has quite a reputation. Why do you hold those luncheons?

HINCH: A lot of businessmen have Friday blowouts and this is no different. I started with Alan Finney of Village Roadshow about five years ago. We destroyed a few restaurants at the time, but we're probably a bit more sedate now. It's sort of a floating crap game. Now we've taken over the train at Melbourne's Underground Disco and we lunch there every Friday. It's just a relax, blow out, do a bit of booze, listen to some strange gossip, pick up a bit of material. There's a regular hard core of four or five and it floats up to about 15. Sometimes I invite some visiting person in town along. It's good because everybody talks business, but you are not allowed to exchange business cards. There are very loose rules to it and people find they fall in and out of it. The funniest one we ever had was when we started off in a South Melbourne restaurant. We all ended up injured. Somebody mentioned limp falls, and I said, "Oh, they're easy to do." So I got up to do one, misjudged, hit my head on the floor and as I sat up the eyes were like Catherine wheels so I staggered back to my seat. Then Bob Maumill, who's now giving trouble to the Broadcasting Tribunal in Perth, was sitting at the table and a red phone behind him rang. He answered this, turned, said it was for me, handed it to me and as I turned around to talk, I pulled the whole phone down on top of him, dislocating his collar bone. Jim Smiley, a voice-over man and sometime actor, had been upstairs to the toilet. On his way back he tripped and fell down the stairs. He did the full turn and landed with his head almost in the fireplace. We all stood up and went seven point nine, nine point six, eight point two. So three people stumbled out of there in various stages of disarray. But I like the idea of the rat pack, and it's not segregated — it's male *and* female.

I've spent my life on radio defending the fact that I don't do stunts. My attitudes, and my opinions on issues, are the same on or off radio.

PLAYBOY: Media people seem to like noisy binges and destroying restaurants. Why?

HINCH: Booze and journalism go hand in hand. Also it's that end-of-the-week thing and all journalists — and I still consider myself a journalist — work strange hours at strange jobs. And some people might say bullshit, but you get some of your best stories in pubs. It's corny, and that's the excuse we use for getting drunk, but you get the best stories in pubs.

PLAYBOY: The reception area at 3AW has Weg cartoon characters of all the on-air personalities hanging on the walls — all, that is, except yours. I've been told you removed it.

HINCH: That's true. I didn't like it. I thought it was dreadful. Robert Fidgeon in *Scene Magazine* draws me as a budding Don Chipp and I don't mind that. I'm not that sensitive. But this one was just dreadful, so one day I walked out of the studio during a commercial break, took the thing, hid it, and it's never been seen since. The general manager, Brian White, acting in a manner quite appropriate, just shrugged and put a picture of Claudia Wright up there instead.

PLAYBOY: If we could discuss marriage for a. . .

HINCH: Brief three or four days.

PLAYBOY: This is your third marriage. Why do you keep marrying?

HINCH: Believe it or not, I'm not averse to the institution of marriage. It's probably indicative that my other two marriages didn't just go on the rocks and just break up, they ran their course. Some people don't believe this. My first wife came to my wedding when I married Jacki. My marriages ran their course — sometimes people grow in different ways. Sometimes they grow together. If you're lucky you grow together, but often you grow apart. I guess at no stage when I've been single have I ever intended to marry again. I've been single and I'm not worried about being alone. I don't mind being alone although I spend a hell of a lot of my life with people and I'm supposedly gregarious. But my marriages have just run their course. When it came along with Jacki, I. . . well, I'll be honest, she was going to marry somebody else and I realised just how much I was going to miss her.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk briefly about Women's Liberation. A new thought just thrown into the debate is that women began to liberate themselves when they realised men were changing, that men were shedding the wage slave role and challenging things like alimony. Do you think Women's Lib is a reaction to a kind of Men's Lib?

HINCH: I subscribe to the fact that women liberated themselves. That it was a culmination of things, unequal pay, the fact that they'd gone through that thing of "Flat to rent: suit bachelor or three girls." That women in their houses suddenly started to think there's more to life than this. So, I think women liberated themselves — the alimony battle came later. I reckon a Germaine Greer had to come from Australia — Australia was so ripe for her. And we're still not as far down the track as people believe we are. We still refer to *the* wife. Men still expect that if their wives work that she still does all the chores at home. In fact I think women are the superior sex because all the women's magazines are full of pictures of women, and all the men's magazines are full of pictures of women so that must say something.

PLAYBOY: Define a liberated woman.

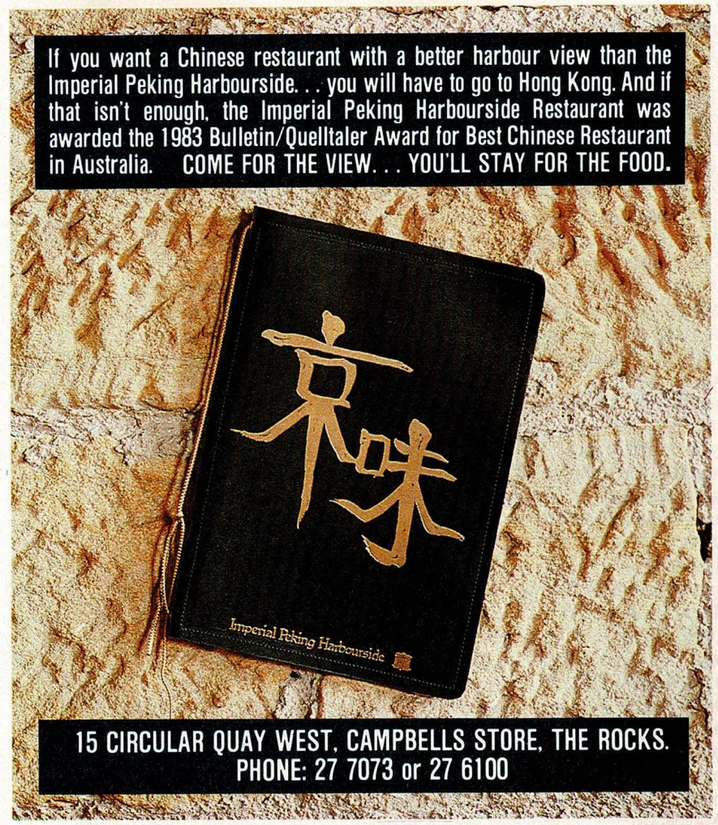
HINCH: Well, she doesn't have to be a radical feminist to be a liberated woman. Usually, at this time, she would have a career that she's happy in, and is doing a job she wants to do, not because it's the only sort of job available to her. But more and more she's becoming the woman who is actually at home with the kids. If she wants to do that, and is happy in that, and realises all those joys and responsibilities but doesn't feel trapped, then she is a liberated woman. A liberated woman would be —and it's corny to say it, it sounds like a stereotype — but she would just be happy in herself, confident and happy in company.

PLAYBOY: John Singleton once had two fairly stereotyped radical women on his TV show and at the end of the discussion he asked them "Why are youse feminists all so goddamned ugly?"

HINCH: That's the sort of thing Singleton would say. If I was a radical female, I'd say, "Why are you such a slob?". A great black emancipator said that without struggle there is no progress, and therefore you must have radicals in every movement. You've got to have the ones who would go further than I would go. They have to go 10 feet to drag the populace one foot. You know the talk about bra burners. There was probably one bra burner in Atlantic City in 1967, one woman who burnt her bra in a garbage can, so it became regarded that any feminist was a bra burner, and that any feminist must be a lesbian, which is nonsense. There are a lot of very feminine feminists and yes, there are lesbians who lead their own marches. The sad thing is that the Singletons of this world would lump all of them together. I support homosexual rights so does that mean I have to be a homosexual? And do you have to be a lesbian to be a feminist?

PLAYBOY: Are you a womaniser?

HINCH: I like women and I have non-sexual friendships with women. I'm closer to women than I am to men and I have been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that way for years. When I was in New York I'd have lunch with a couple of different women. Just two of us would go out for lunch at a time and I felt very close to them, but I wasn't going to bed with either of them. To be really honest, at some stage of any friendship or relationship with a woman it must cross your mind to go to bed with her. But there are some times you don't because it might change your relationship and change your friendship. But yes, I'm a sucker for a pretty face, for a good-looking woman. You asked if I was a womaniser. If a womaniser means you enjoy going out with different women and you enjoy women's company, yes. I've yet to find a better alternative to spending your time.

PLAYBOY: In your bachelor days, before you married Jacki Weaver, most of the women you squired, or at least publicly acknowledged to squiring, were show-business women. Why?

HINCH: I guess it's the circles I move in. If you work in a bank you're liable to bump into more tellers than you would otherwise. In the business I'm in, I seem to bump into more people in television and movies. Also, and this is not a conscious thing, maybe subconscious, if somebody else is also to some degree a supposed personality, they are aware of the highs and lows of it. You talk the same language. But there have been over recent years some women that I have been out with who are not in showbiz. Maybe women in showbiz have a better sense of humor. Maybe that's what it is.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you had children?

HINCH: Could have. Just didn't seem to. It was always a constant decision. My first wife and I were very career-minded. We were living in New York City. We were both working, both journalists, and it just didn't sort of come up. Now I've acquired an instant family. I've got a 12-year-old stepson instantly on the scene so I'm learning a lot. The other morning I said to him, "Thank you, thank you very much for last night. I owe you a debt of gratitude." He looked at me straight and said, "Why?" I replied, "You've done a great job for me — I've just had my first non-hungover Sunday in probably 15 years." He'd been to his first teenage party the night before and Jacki was working on stage. We didn't have a driver that night and, knowing I had to pick him up in the car at midnight, I stayed home and stayed dead sober. I drank mineral water so I wouldn't get picked up on a .05 charge, of which I'm terrified. But it never came up about having children. I'm not anti-children and there have been times in my life where it could have happened. There's a chance that Jacki and I might have a child.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you first got married?

HINCH: I was about 22, but I was claiming to be 26, 27. I've lied about my age for years. The proof that I'm getting older now is that I don't. That's the thing with journalism. You had to lie because they didn't give you the big jobs. You might think you could outwrite somebody else, but they didn't give you the jobs, or make you a New York editor, or the editor of the Sydney *Sun*. The most I added was when I was 18 and I said I was about 25.

PLAYBOY: Just before Jacki opened in Adelaide for the final 50 South Australian performances of *They're Playing Our Song,* you placed a full-page advertisement in the *Adelaide News* proclaiming your unabashed love for your wife. Some people might consider this a bit mawkish.

HINCH: Yeah. I'm a very mawkish person. I think I'm romantic and I think I'm a bit soppy and so I'm able, if I need to, to work out that schizophrenia between being tough on air and being a sob. I cry at movies and things. I think the ad was impetuous. I was in Adelaide. It was something I wanted to do. Jacki was opening. I was proud of her and I was in love with her and, I keep apologising for things, but it was slightly misread in that it wasn't a full page ad saying I love Jacki Weaver, signed Derryn Hinch. It actually said Jacki Weaver opens

I think he (Fraser) was arrogant and at times he was ignorant. He refused to come on our program something like 25 times over a period of two years.

tonight in Adelaide. I was proud. She'd done more than 500 performances and set a record-breaking role — she'd played the role of Sonya more often than anybody else in the world, and so the whole ad was saying, "Go see it in Adelaide!" So much so, in fact, that people thought J.C. Williamsons had paid for the ad, which they hadn't.

PLAYBOY: What about your relationship with Malcolm Fraser?

HINCH: There is none. People said we didn't like each other. It's not true. We despised each other. We really did. It's just one of those personal things apart from his policies. We just didn't like each other.

PLAYBOY: Why did you despise him?

HINCH: I think he was arrogant, and at times he was ignorant. He was superior. He refused to come on our program something like 25 times over a period of two years. If an issue comes up, and you've got the opposition side, he should talk to you. He refused 25 times so we banned him. Finally David Barnett, his press secretary, flew to Melbourne and asked if we could talk about this because the elections were coming up. We talked about it for a couple of hours, and then I guess we had some sort of truce. He said, yes, they had been at fault sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Fraser get one of his "bouncers" to chuck you out of a function?

HINCH: I remember walking up to Fraser at a black-tie function. I was walking past the table and Tony Street stopped me to talk. Malcolm was at the same table. There was an empty seat next to him, so I sat down and said, look can we talk about this. In 10 seconds — he's mellowed a bit since then because he's now out of office — he suddenly clicked his fingers and said, "Drysdale, take care of this," like I was something that should be swatted away, like a fly. Then he called me unethical. He said I was very unprofessional and unethical and I took exception to that. Also, during the period when he wouldn't give interviews to us, he'd rub it in. He'd come to Melbourne and give interviews on the football program and on a fishing program, but he wouldn't talk current affairs. So what I did one day was I took all the answers from the fishing program and said, "Now, if Malcolm Fraser would come on our program we would have something maybe like this." We didn't pretend it was real. The trouble was that it was so pertinent. I said, "What do you do for the pensioners?" and he said, "Nothing." I said, "Is it true that your cabinet is so subservient (because they were) that when you say jump, they jump?" And he said, "Jump? They'd jump and jump and jump until they were exhausted." Then I said, "Are you going to be up the creek without a paddle?" He said, "I've been so far up the creek you couldn't get a canoe up there," and all that. It probably stood up better than any other interview I had with him. But he didn't like the mickey being taken out of him. However, he's mellowed. He came on the program recently and had a little chat. They're funny when they get out of office you know. It's the Billy McMahon syndrome. They have to head for the telephone.

The fact with Fraser is that people don't realise he was younger leaving office than Hawke was gaining it. Fraser's a younger man than Hawke, but he's always had the image of being an old man. He was Prime Minister in his early forties but he had that. . . I once referred to him as — and I know why he didn't like me — a po-faced souvenir from Easter Island. He always looked old. It's like the story that Richard Nixon was born 60 years ago today in a blue suit, and Fraser came in that sort of ilk. But here's a man now in his early fifties, so what does he do? He can't sit and commune with the sheep all day at Nareen. I don't think he'll come back and run the conservative party, but there's a chance. But when we've had him on air just to gossip or chat, people tell us to get him off. It's as if he did not exist. And that's why I crack jokes about flying to telephones like Billy McMahon. They all do it. They like the first few months out of office, to have some time to themselves, to go off to Newport and whatever, but then they sit down and say, "What do I do now?" And that's why guys

(continued on page 120)

THE BETRAYAL OF JOHN LENNON

Three years after his death, his message of love and peace seems lost in the lying, thieving, backbiting shuffle to destroy his widow and make a buck off his name.

When John died, I thought it was the worst thing that could ever happen. But that was only the beginning.
— YOKO ONO, *summer 1983.*

NOVEMBER 1980

THE MORNING winter light is streaming into the kitchen window of the Lennons' huge apartment, one of six they own in the Dakota, Manhattan's West Side landmark building. John Lennon is sitting at the breakfast table, sleepily reading the morning paper, steam rising from his coffee cup. Fred Seaman, a sandy-haired assistant in his late twenties, wearing an IMAGINE T-shirt, enters the room from the inner-courtyard stairwell, piles of mail and magazines stacked in his arms. Without looking up from his paper, Lennon holds out his hand and asks for the latest music papers.

The Lennons' album *Double Fantasy* has just been released. Seaman hands Lennon copies of *Billboard* and *Cashbox* and Yoko Ono rushes into the kitchen to watch over John's shoulder as he flips to the Top 100 charts. David Geffen, whose record company Ono chose to distribute *Double Fantasy,* called earlier to tell them the album entered the charts at number 25, but Lennon wants to see it with his own eyes. He breaks into a big grin and glances up at Yoko. "Not bad, eh, Mother?" He grabs a red pen and circles the entry: number 25 with a bullet. With the marker's bold line, he draws an arrow from the number-25 slot to number one, putting a line through Barbra Streisand's album *Guilty.* "We're on our way," he laughs, putting *Billboard* into a drawer in the wooden kitchen table. The buzzer on the phone is heard and Mioko Onoda, a Japanese maid, rushes to answer it. She turns to Ono, announces that Rich De Palma wants to speak to her. De Palma is office manager of Lenono, John and Yoko's business, which takes up the entire first-floor apartment known as Studio One. Ono answers De Palma's barrage of questions about interview requests and tells him she will be down to sign the pile of cheques he says are waiting. Before hanging up, she asks him to order a limousine for 2pm, the time they plan to go to the recording studio. They are working on the songs for *Milk And Honey,* the intended sequel to *Double Fantasy,* Lennon's first album in five years. Ono then leans over to kiss Lennon, telling him she is headed down to Studio One. Lennon nods. She handles the family business.

Downstairs, surrounded by huge filing cabinets labelled APPLE and HOLSTEIN COWS, Ono signs cheques, makes some calls and, an hour later, buzzes Lennon, who is still lounging upstairs. Lennon, revitalised by *Double Fantasy,* is listening to the song they had recorded the night before. Ono asks him if he wants to go out and get a cup of coffee before they head off for the studio. Minutes later, he is downstairs, wearing a black canvas shirt and black cord pants, fingering a pair of tortoise-shell glasses that have replaced his familiar round working-men's specs.

Arm in arm, Ono and Lennon walk out through the archway of the Dakota. Ono's thick black hair is tied tightly back, her wrap-around sunglasses shielding her eyes. Although it is a clear day, the wind is

Article by David and Victoria Sheff

biting, and Lennon complains that he did not wear a coat. Ono has only a light sweater on and feels the cold too, so they clasp each other more closely. As always, there are a few fans outside, including Jeri Moll and Jude Stein, two women in their late twenties, who have waited outside the Dakota seemingly every night for the past five years. They are old-timers and murmur familiar greetings to the couple as the Lennons say hello.

Lennon and Ono wander down the block toward Columbus Avenue, then over to 71st Street, where they stop at Cafe La Fortuna, a coffee-house, for espresso and pastries. They're trying to stay on a macrobiotic diet but fall off the wagon a lot. Conversation is light: they banter about their son Sean's latest antics, as reported by his nanny, Helen Seaman, a large woman who looks after Sean when John is busy. Helen is Fred Seaman's aunt; today she is out at the Lennons' Long Island estate in Cold Spring Harbor. John says he regrets that work on the album has kept him from the boy so much lately. "Let's bring him in for the weekend, even if we're working," he says. Ono nods. John makes the domestic decisions. They return to the Dakota for messages and stop at their offices. Rich and Greg Martello are there now, doing some routine filing. They are two young brothers who broke into the apartment building of their hero, John Lennon, some months ago as a prank and, since they seemed harmless enough, were put to work. It is that kind of place — a bit zany, what with business decisions sometimes affected by Ono's reading of the tarot cards or the numbers — but by rock'n'roll millionaire standards, a friendly and down-to-earth sort of place. Outside, the limo has been waiting, so they slip out the archway again, pile into the car's back seat and head off to the recording studio. There, inside a glass booth with a color photo of Sean tacked above it, they sing cuts for the album, then work on mixing them into the other tracks as the evening wears on. They won't get out until late that night, but that's not unusual.

In fact, nothing that has happened today is remarkable for the colorful couple who, after years of upheaval, followed by years of reclusiveness, now seem to be finding contentment along with a fresh burst of creativity. As to the contentment, it's about time: John just turned 40. "Life begins at 40," he told an interviewer.

DECEMBER 9, 1980

It is minutes after midnight, and the horror will not sink in. John Lennon was murdered just over an hour ago, but those who have been part of his everyday life cannot comprehend it, cannot do anything but try to find a way into the first-floor apartment at the Dakota. A few of them have managed to fight their way through the growing crowd of men, women and children who are shivering at the corner of Central Park West and 72nd Street, candles lit, holding hands, many with tears streaming down their faces. The police, on horseback, help clear a way for Lenono staffers, as the horses snort steam into the freezing air.

Yoko Ono, accompanied by Geffen, has been sneaked into the building through the rear entrance and is in the kitchen of her apartment. Speaking numbly, she asks De Palma to make only three calls: to Julian Lennon, John's 17-year-old son from his first marriage; to John's aunt, Mimi Smith, who raised him; and to Paul McCartney. De Palma is unable to contact any of them directly but does

manage to reach Mrs Lee Eastman, McCartney's mother-in-law, who responds, "You expect me to wake Lee over this?" and hangs up. The second time De Palma calls she is more adamant: "Don't ever call at this time of night again!"

De Palma reports to Ono, who winces and tells him to keep trying to reach the three; because all the lines are jammed, it proves almost impossible.

As soon as one light on the telephone console winks out, another lights up. Ono stands up shakily. She wants to be alone in her bedroom.

From upstairs, the voices in the street can be heard echoing through the old building's corridors and booming up the canyon-like inner court. The crowd has grown to 5,000, bringing traffic to a standstill on Manhattan's West Side, and people are singing *Imagine* and *Give Peace A Chance* in slow, echoing cadences. There is even a chorus of *Dear Yoko.*

De Palma stays downstairs in a Lenono office, fielding calls, trying to give each person a few words in reply before pushing another button on the console. There is one call he is especially glad to get: Elliot Mintz, one of the Lennons' closest friends, is flying in from Los Angeles.

A couple of hours later Mintz arrives, is rushed through the crowd, past the outer offices rapidly filling with wreaths and flowers and packages, and into the elevator to the living quarters above. Pausing outside the huge mahogany door to the Lennons' apartment, he draws a breath and knocks. Mioko, puffy-eyed but silent, lets him in. "Yoko-san in her bedroom," she says. Mintz walks toward the bedroom but cannot bring himself to go in. He goes back downstairs to Studio One to pitch in with the others. In Studio One, the Lenono group has swelled to a small group of assistants, attorneys and businessmen, including David Warmflash, a lawyer who worked for the Lennons for some time, and Geffen. It was Geffen who got to the hospital after the shooting and then emerged supporting Ono as they faced a horde of reporters and photographers. Mintz assists in organising the group to screen calls for the remainder of the night with De Palma, ferrying up the most important questions for Ono to answer in her apartment above. Ono makes one decision immediately: Lennon's body is to be cremated at a mortuary in suburban Hartsdale. She gives the instructions quietly, asking that Warmflash see to it. Although Ono seems to be holding together, someone in the group says that the two of them were so close, and she is so grief-stricken, might she try to harm herself? De Palma is dispatched to see that she does nothing rash.

De Palma nervously walks into her bedroom, says nothing to Ono, who is still on the bed, and walks into her bathroom. He checks for razors and any sharp objects, and Ono pads over to the entrance to the bathroom. She asks what he is doing and he tells her, somewhat sheepishly. Although she is startled, she says, "I understand — but don't worry." In fact, she continues, she wants De Palma not to go easy on her; she wants to know and hear everything that happens. They are not to keep anything from her — not a newspaper headline, not a rumor. As if to convince De Palma that she is serious, she has him switch on the television set in her bedroom and turn up the volume. She sits and begins to watch TV coverage of the murder. It seems surreal, unconnected to the events of the past few hours: there are clips of the Beatles and film of her and Lennon marrying in Gibraltar, romping at the bed-ins in Amsterdam, walking together in Central Park just a month ago.

By the early-morning hours, Mintz and De Palma are exhausted, still manning the phones in the dimly-lit offices, which are now filled with hundreds of floral arrangements. There is a call from the receptionist at the Dakota's front desk: someone called from Los Angeles to swear that he is leaving for New York to "finish the job Chapman started." After a little detective work of his own to make sure it isn't another crank call, Mintz phones the Los Angeles police. A short while later comes word that he was right to take the threat seriously: a man is arrested at the Los Angeles airport when he punches out a police officer and vows to "get" Yoko Ono. He has a history of psychiatric disorders. The problem is disposed of quickly, but it is the first indication that there may be worse to come.

DECEMBER 10, 1980

Early this morning, Ono is told that Sean is awake. They have not been close in the way that the boy and his father were, but now she shakily goes in to see him. She takes the five-year-old's hand, leads him downstairs in the service elevator, through the labyrinth of passageways in the basement and up the steps to the building's entryway. There are mourning people 10 yards away, beyond the iron gates. Ono points to a spot by the doorway and tells Sean that that was where his father was shot. Sean wants to know why someone shot his father. There is little she can say.

They return upstairs and Ono sits at a typewriter to compose a message calling for a silent vigil in Central Park and elsewhere. She then goes to comfort Sean, who is nearby, with his nanny, crying hysterically and calling out for his father.

Early in the afternoon, Ono's returning calm is shattered when Mintz and Warmflash turn over to her a small carton containing John's ashes. She manages to ask Warmflash what John looked like before the cremation. "He looked like he was sleeping," he says. Ono, who is on her bed, clasps her arms around her knees and stares straight ahead for several hours.

Downstairs in Studio One, the group continues to screen the incoming mail and calls. Besides De Palma and Mintz, other assistants have come to help — and to talk. The radio speakers blare with songs by Lennon, interrupted by news reports about further developments in the case. Geffen, whose photograph with Ono is on the front page of most newspapers today, is on the telephone repeatedly to his second in command at Geffen Records, talking about the sales of the *Double Fantasy* album. He talks almost exclusively about the effect of the shooting on his business and is heard to say that he hopes war in Poland can be averted, for a war would knock the Lennon tragedy off the newsweekly covers.

De Palma is opening telegrams, most of them messages of condolence, and he stops after reading one. He walks over to Mintz and hands him the telegram. Mintz reads it and says, "I just can't tell her about this one now." The sender is a woman who claims to "know" someone who was present at Lennon's cremation — and that the cremation was both filmed and photographed. "You may want to contact me for more information," the message concludes. Mintz turns the telegram over to a security man. Although no further public evidence that these films exist has surfaced, the case is considered open.

Another macabre call is directed to Doug MacDougall, at the time the Lennons' only full-time security guard, who informs Mintz that an attendant at the morgue has sold a photo syndicate some shots of

An attendant at the morgue has sold a photo of Lennon's body with the sheet off — "the first to make a buck out of John's death."

Lennon's body "with the sheet off". That sets off a frantic flurry of phone calls to head off the sale, but it is too late. One of the morgue photographs will shortly appear on the front page of the *New York Post* and later, in color, of *The National Enquirer*. A Dakota investigation later discloses that the attendant was paid $10,000 for the photographs. He becomes, Mintz observes, "the first one to make a buck out of John's death."

MID-DECEMBER, 1980

The first to think somewhat more ambitiously about capitalising on Lennon's death is a member of the inner group, Fred Seaman. The slim, German-born assistant, a journalism graduate of City College of New York, obtained his position through his uncle and aunt. Norman Seaman was a long-time friend of the Lennons; his wife, Helen, became Sean's nanny, and so it was natural that Fred should come to work in the family business — running errands for Lennon, serving as gofer during the recording sessions of *Double Fantasy*, taking John and Yoko trays of *sushi* for dinner.

One of Seaman's assignments was to accompany Lennon to Bermuda earlier in the year, working as his boy Friday. It was there that Lennon wrote and made a rough cassette of the flood of new songs that would become his half of *Double Fantasy* and *Milk And Honey*. Because he spent those weeks with Lennon, Seaman came to feel that he was the closest person in Lennon's life by the time he was killed — closer than friends such as Mintz, closer even than Yoko and Sean.

Two days after the murder, Seaman, who claimed to have been devastated by Lennon's murder, showed up at the door of an old college friend to say, excitedly, "I'm set for life." In the days that follow, however, he repeatedly tells the people at the Dakota that he cannot function, that Lennon's death is too much for him to cope with. Ono hears about it and agrees that he should take some time off from his $36,000-a-year job.

He uses the time well. Within a couple of weeks, he has drawn up and notarised a contract with his college friend, an aspiring writer named Bob Rosen. The contract specifies that they will become equal partners on a book about Lennon, and on all "projects relating to this book", including merchandising rights and "John and Yoko dolls".

Rosen, a slight, short man with a receding hairline and a stutter, lives in a tiny apartment in a tenement on 169th Street. That becomes headquarters for "Project Walrus", as they call their scheme. As soon as Seaman returns to work full time at the Dakota, he says he will report daily to Rosen about goings on there, and Rosen will keep notes. Seaman hints that there may be some primary source material available. To pay Rosen's salary, Seaman will take money out of the Lenono petty-cash fund.

Seaman returns to work at the Dakota as a Lenono assistant. Within a week, he has begun a routine that will hardly vary over the next 12 months: on Friday afternoons, Seaman walks out of the Dakota with a shopping bag full of documents taken from the office files and from the Lennons' apartments. He passes beneath the archway, walks a couple of blocks west, then rides up to Rosen's apartment. There, on a nearly full-time basis, Rosen reads, digests, copies and distills the personal papers Seaman has stolen.

For Ono, the weeks after the murder pass either in isolation, hardly leaving her bedroom, or in taking care of business — all the memorials for John, the letters that need answering. She insists, despite the mood in the apartment, that Sean celebrate Christmas. A tree is put up, lights are hung, tinsel is placed on the branches. A female Akita puppy that Lennon bought for his son's Christmas present nearly starved in the days after Lennon's death — nobody knew who was supposed to feed it. Now Ono puts the puppy under the tree for Sean with a ribbon saying, FROM DADDY. Sean names the dog Merry.

JANUARY 1980

After New Year's, Ono allows Sean and

the puppy to go down to the Lennons' estate in Palm Beach, Florida, where the boy can escape New York's winter and the funereal mood around the Dakota. She does that partly because, as she is frank enough to admit later, she finds it painful to be around Sean. Although still in shock, she can find solace in work and returns to the recording studio to complete a song she and Lennon were working on, *Walking On Thin Ice*, which Geffen will release a month later. Although work on the record proceeds well, she spends the vast majority of her time in bed at home, eating chocolate cake delivered by a local gourmet shop and sipping tea in the dimly lit room.

APRIL 1981

There have been no more death threats, the crowds around the Dakota have thinned and for Ono, there is the possibility that, as gloomy as things are around the apartment, at least the worst of it may be behind them. She feels strong enough to tackle a large project: a solo album in which she will work through some of her feelings. It will be called *Season Of Glass* and one cut will contain gunshots. For the cover photo, Ono chooses a window in the Dakota that Lennon used to sit at and stare out, daydreaming, and places his bloodstained glasses on a table in front of it. She knows it will be controversial, but this is how she feels she must express her grief. She insists on clicking the camera's shutter herself.

Uptown, Project Walrus is proceeding on schedule. Rosen is sifting through the bags full of papers Seaman has brought him. It is a treasure-trove and Rosen records his reactions to the material in his journals, which will surface later. He is beginning to feel like Lennon's alter ego, the only one who really knows him — and that includes Yoko, who is brooding in the Dakota, and even his partner, Seaman, who is so busy plotting and sneaking things out... Only he, Rosen, alone in his apartment with John Lennon's paper legacy, knows what he was like.

One afternoon, in a shopping bag that Seaman brings in, Rosen discovers the mother lode: in hardbound *New Yorker* diaries dating from 1975 to 1980, John kept his own private journals. In them, Rosen and Seaman have possession of his most personal thoughts and admissions during the period he was least in public view. This is history! More, this is big bucks. As Rosen puts it in his own journal, "Dead Lennons = BIG $$$$$."

MAY 1981

Seaman, still a trusted aide at the Dakota, is sent by Ono to Wales to visit Julian. She wants Julian, Lennon's son by his marriage to Cynthia Powell, to have some gifts from his father.

Arriving in Wales, Seaman begins courting Julian. He drops hints of his growing feelings of disillusionment with Yoko. He gives him the gifts — and, as a personal token, a copy of the cassette of John's final songs recorded in Bermuda. Seaman's journals suggest that his aim is to draw Julian into the plan, to persuade him to claim he knew of his father's diaries and that Lennon intended his eldest son, not Ono, to be the guardian of the diaries. Julian knows nothing of this but is thrilled at the "gifts."

JULY 1981

By midsummer, Ono is making definite attempts to reclaim a normal life. Although she and Sean are constantly attended by several guards, and although by most standards the life of a woman managing an estimated $150,000,000 fortune can hardly be called normal, there is at least a renewed interest in the mundane. Take the redecorting of the apartments, a project begun before Lennon's death: it's time to get on with it, she decrees.

So Samuel Havadtoy, a Hungarian immigrant with a successful career in interior decorating, returns to work he began in the summer of 1980. He soon gains Ono's trust with an easy, bantering manner. Havadtoy enjoys playing with Sean, tumbling with

. . . from 1975 to 1980 John kept his own private journals. Rosen puts in his own journal "Dead Lennons = BIG $$$$$"

him on the grass out at the Cold Spring Harbor estate, getting beaten at video games. Ono realises she enjoys Havadtoy's company and agrees to accompany him on her first visits to restaurants and occasional social gatherings since Lennon's death. They are becoming close. Life begins to look hopeful. Not good, not happy, just hopeful.

AUGUST 1981

Project Walrus proceeds apace. There is a new member of the team, Rick Dufay, a guitarist with the band Aerosmith, who is as excited as Seaman and Rosen about helping to shape the true picture of John's legacy for the world. They spend many evenings, plotting and fantasising about what their work will mean to the world.

Rosen's diary entry for August 14, writing of himself in the second person:

> You say you're going to incite a cultural revolution and by the time Brother Walrus returns from his mission of great social and political importance, people will be rioting in the streets 'cause of what you've done. You say you're going to pull something off. In short, you're going to be in the vanguard of a massive cultural breakthrough, the biggest one since Beatlemania, but you can't go around saying stuff like that publicly; you barely dare say it privately, 'cause when people hear weird shit like that, fuck it, they'll think you're crazy. So we won't say it, we'll just do it.

Ono blocks much of it out and determines to push on. But then a letter arrives that even De Palma is loath to show her. The orders still stand: she wants to know everything, no matter how bad. She reads the letter, glancing at the envelope, which bears a return address of Attica state prison; a portion follows:

> Dear Yoko:
>
> . . . My new attorney, Marshall Beil, may have contacted you concerning a possible agreement that would consist of seeking to use any funds — earned by the release of certain materials — toward charitable (child relief organisations) purposes . . .
>
> Yoko, if you feel that what I might enter into (even though all funds would be given to charity) is against your wishes, I would honor this completely . . .
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Mark David Chapman

Chapman, who began his letter reminding Ono that he had earlier written to her to "apologise" for murdering her husband, ends the letter by saying that if she does not want him to proceed with the release of his story, she can be assured of his "cooperation in this delicate matter".

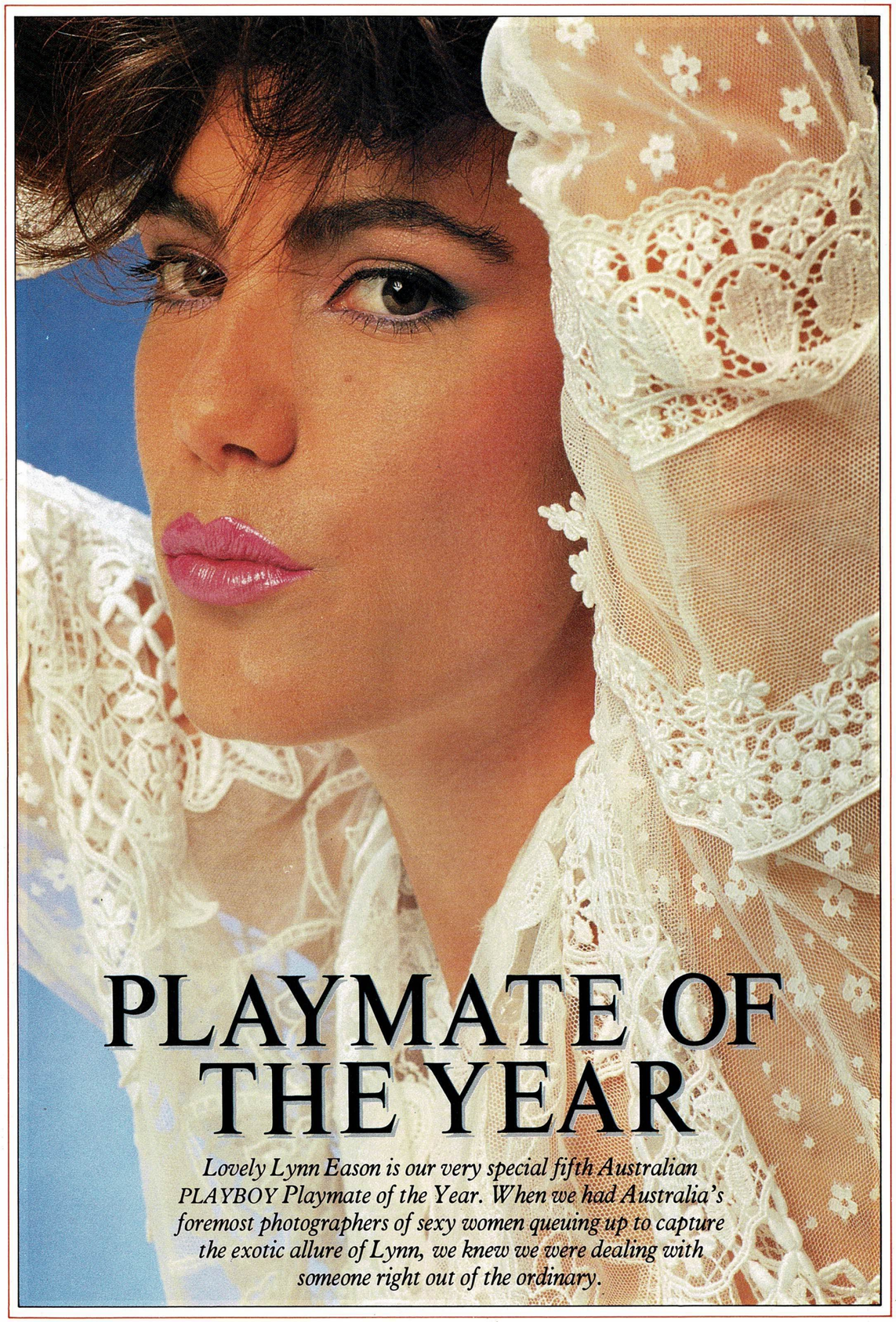
The implication is immediately clear to Ono: her husband's assassin is proposing that she assent to his participation in a book. He assures her that all funds would go to a charity (a meaningless gesture, she knows, since the well-publicised Son of Sam law, named after the mass murderer, makes it virtually impossible for a criminal to profit from his crime).

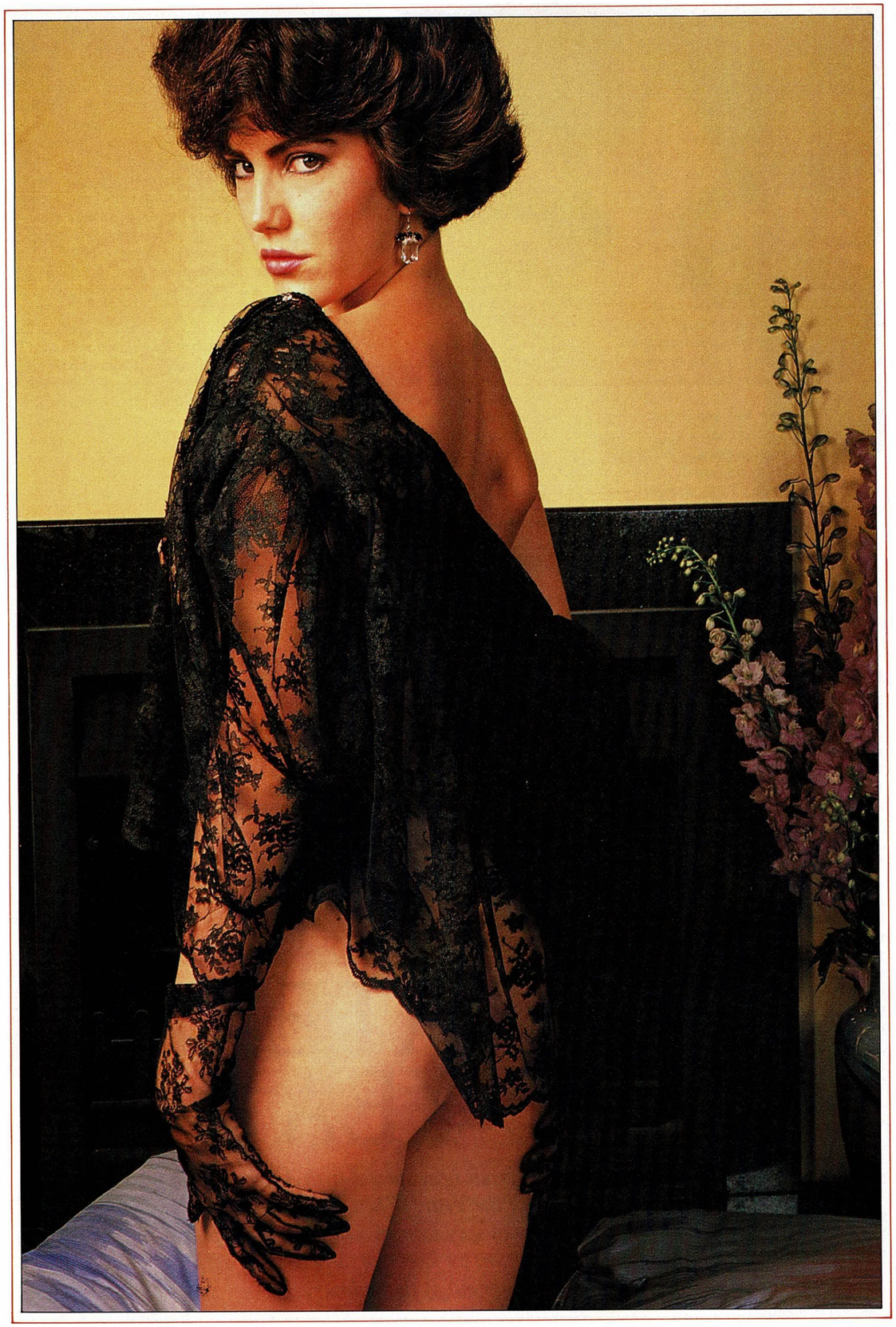
SEPTEMBER 1981

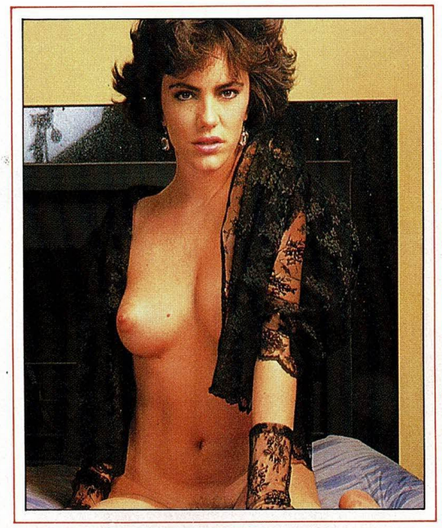
Lennon was in turn intrigued and sceptical about Ono's use of psychics, whom she would pay as much as she would other consultants, such as lawyers and accountants. One of them was a man of uncommon shrewdness, a tarot-card reader named John Green who seemed to know how to read the cards in a way Ono found intriguing. Green became Ono's chief card reader during the years the Lennons lived out of public view. Since Lennon's death, he has been living free of charge in a loft building Ono owns, even though she has stopped using his services. The only condition she has made is that he must not take visitors there, because the loft is used to store irreplaceable artifacts, such as original acetates of Beatles records, and pieces of Lennon's artwork.

She hears that Green has been charging admission for public events in the loft and that he has been bragging about his access to the Beatles acetates, so she has a lawyer tell Green to move out. Green is given notice to

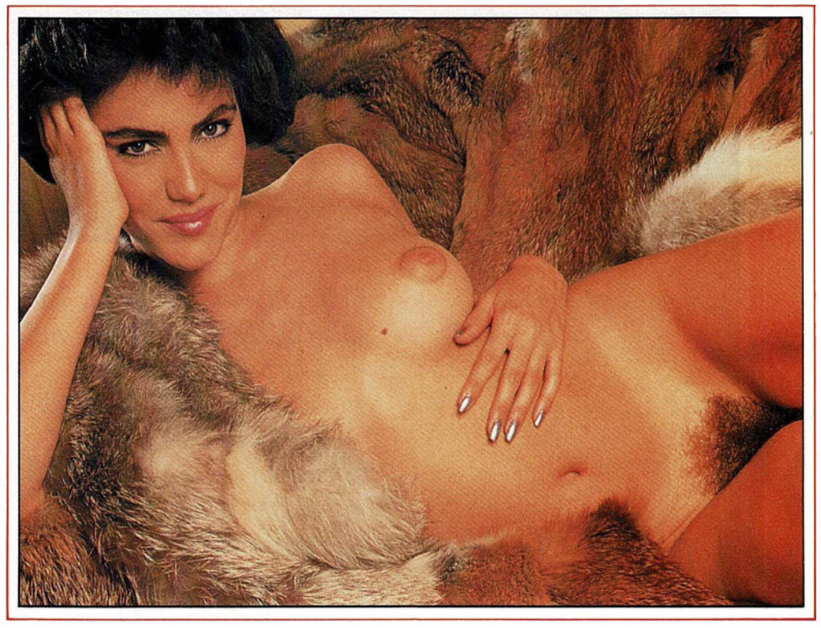
(continued on page 123)

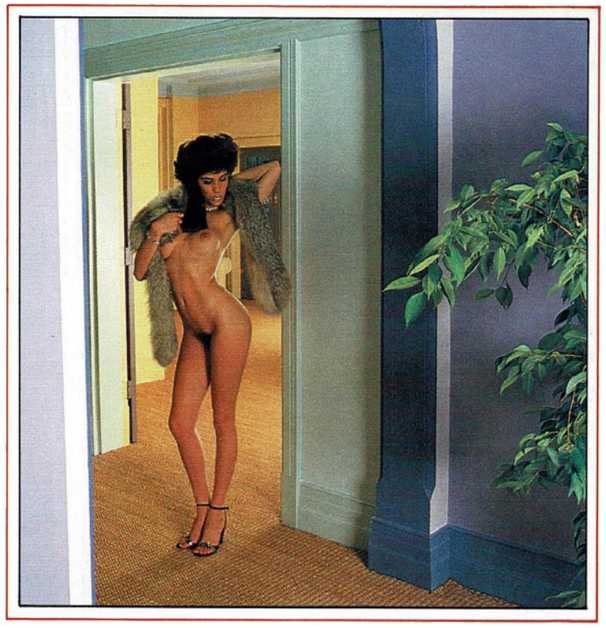

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
Lovely Lynn Eason is our very special fifth Australian PLAYBOY Playmate of the Year. When we had Australia's foremost photographers of sexy women queuing up to capture the exotic allure of Lynn, we knew we were dealing with someone right out of the ordinary.





The only solution was to let them all work with Lynn and the results have been spectacular. Rico Mettbach produced the stunning Christmas cover of December while Bob Watson crafted a stylish pictorial for the same issue. And now it's Brent Melton's turn.



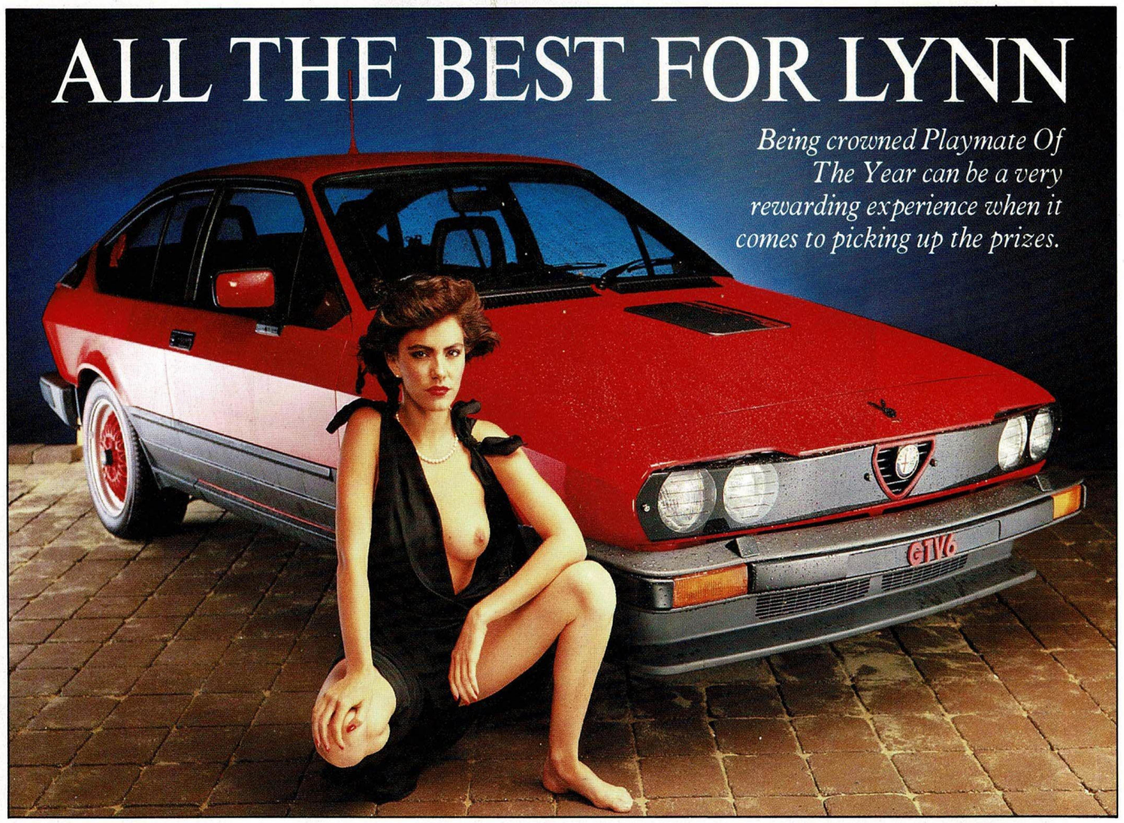


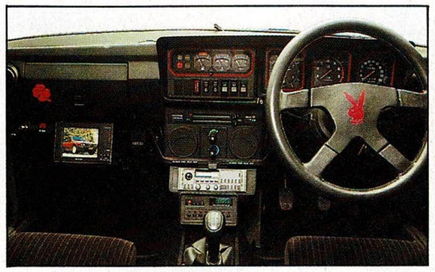
Lynn has been honing her talents at the Conservatory Actors' Studio and Screenwriters' Academy in Sydney. Says directors Lionel Long: "Her forte is improvisation. The camera loves her and it's clear she enjoys her work."

The evidence proves that Melton and Lynn have found the formula to suitably package one of the finest forms to ever come out of Gosford, NSW. For PLAYBOY's outstanding lady of the year, it celebrates the start of a beautiful reign.

ALL THE BEST FOR LYNN

Being crowned Playmate Of The Year can be a very rewarding experience when it comes to picking up the prizes.

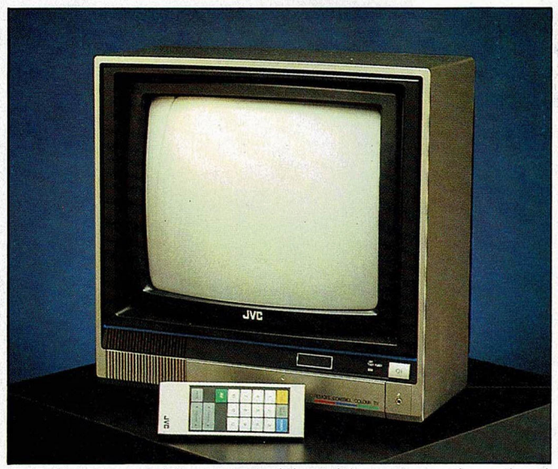




Alfa Romeo GTV6 2 + 2 featuring alloy V6 engine, five-speed transmission, fully independent suspension, four-wheel disc brakes, sleek aerodynamic body, Australian PLAYBOY-designed Niterider nosecone by Metrix; Simmons three-piece road wheels, Yokohama A008 tyres. Left: interior features Recaro orthopaedic seats; cruise computer and CB radio from Dick Smith Electronics, Momo steering wheel and Sharp miniature color TV set. Total value? More than $35,000.

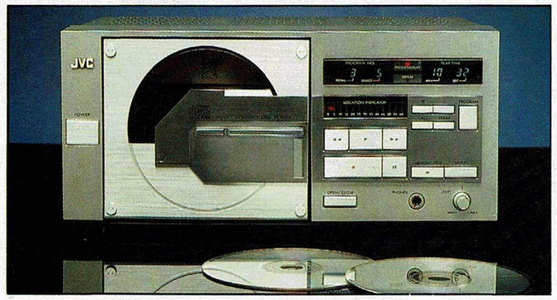
Eurovox computerised AM/FM digital four-channel stereo tapedeck is also fitted on board Lynn's luxury Alfa Romeo GTV6.

Above: Australian PLAYBOY bunny pendant from Prouds Jewellers, Sydney, featuring diamonds set in 18ct gold. Right: "Happy diamonds" 18ct gold watch by Chopard valued at $8000.



JVC 14-inch portable color television with on-screen channel and volume display. This compact and technically advanced model is valued at $499.

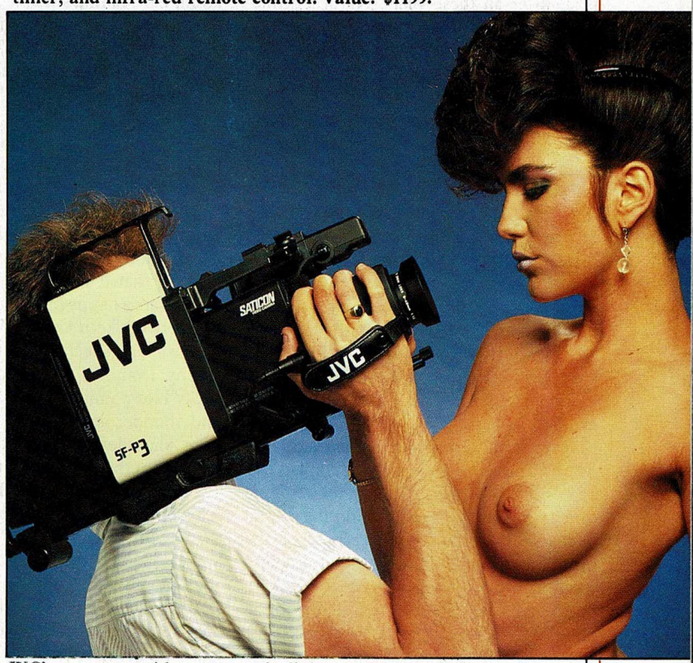
Stereo keyboard from JVC features professional 61-note board with a huge variety of creative effects in an advanced stereo format. The unit is priced at $699.



Compact disc player by JVC offers full studio sound quality and state-of-the-art digital and analog technology. This unit is valued at $1000.

JVC video cassette recorder with stereo sound, two-way shuttle search, special effects playback, 14-day/8-event programmable timer, and infra-red remote control. Value? $1199.

Creation 2000, JVC's unique stereo system. The tuner-amplifier and cassette deck plug directly into the system's back — no wiring and no worry. This slide-in system is valued at $2200.



JVC's compact video system is lighter, smaller and easier to operate than most full-size equivalents yet provides the same features. The price-tag? $2500.

The Boulders

frank robson probes a deadly legend that makes hanging rock sound like a sunday school picnic

THIS IS the sweetest little town in Australia, where the scenery takes your breath clean away and the locals are the friendliest, most helpful bunch anyone could hope to meet.

Well, okay, the pace of life in downtown Babinda might be slower than you're used to; folks shuffle along as if they've forgotten something and can't decide whether to go back for it. Put that down to the humidity: up in north Queensland it's not unusual to get 12 inches of rain in *one* day. That's why the sugar cane grows so well and why, early this century, they built the sugar mill smack in the centre of town. Walk outside on certain winds and you can taste the molasses; mixed with steam rising from the last downpour, it's like breathing fairy floss.

Some people insist Babinda was the autobiographical setting for *The Thorn Birds* . . . but heck, that's not to be held against the place after all these years. Natural attractions are what most tourists like to see. As soon as they arrive, visitors look up at the Bellenden Ker Range and start sprouting goose bumps. They see ghostly mists and low cloud filtering through impenetrable rain forest, the vines as thick as pythons trying to strangle each other, and they tend to lose control of their emotions.

"It's . . . STRANGE!" they gasp, leaning on their rental cars, sweating into clean handkerchiefs. And because the town hunkers in snugly around the base of the mountains, there's no escaping all that moody grandeur. It's a definite *presence,* and the tourists roam about the single wide street with their heads back and their mouths open, dab, dab, dabbing with the hankies.

It's a wonder, considering the visitors are so preoccupied, that a few of them haven't been squashed by the little trains bringing cane to the mill from all around the coastal plains. Narrow-gauge tracks criss-cross the town, and out where the detour into Babinda leaves Highway One the main north-south rail line runs parallel with the highway. Although the sugar town is just 500m from the turnoff, plenty of tourists who haven't heard certain peculiar stories about Babinda, or who have no natural curiosity, zoom right by en route to Cairns, 58km further north.

Most days, just before sunset, all the heat and moisture risen from the jungle and the rich red plains congregates back in the mountains. Lightning cuts holes in the clouds and thunder grumbles around the high peaks of Mt Bartle Frere, becoming so restless just before the rain that it sounds like some great steel thing being crumpled in a supernatural hand. And then it pours. It comes down so hard that the entire eastern side of the range becomes a slow waterfall, fed not only by mountain streams but millions of gallons of run-off from the Atherton Tablelands beyond the range.

Windscreen wipers haven't yet been invented that can cope with this kind of rain. Tourists pull off the roads and sit with the air-conditioning running, catching glimpses through the windscreen of raindrops like tennis balls falling straight down against the lemon-green of cane and the darker presence of high jungle. When it stops, the air is so clear they can see the beady eyes of soft white parrots moving like small clouds among the treetops. Clear, and laden with primordial scents: earth and jungle, decomposition and growth, life and death. If Babinda could bottle that smell and call it "Fecund," women would probably get pregnant by dabbing it behind their ears.

But about those peculiar stories . . . let's pretend that it's September 28, 1983, and that we are a happy bus-load of day-trippers just arrived from Cairns. We enthuse over the taste and spectacle of sugary steam billowing from the mill stack; we note the Jacky Howe uniformity of the mill workers and shudder at the width and hairiness of their shoulders. Our destination lies five kilometres through the centre of town in the Bellenden Ker National Park. It's called The Boulders and is marked on our UBD maps with the notation: "Giant stepping-stones over rushing mountain stream. Picnics and swimming."

But first — and this is rather thrilling — we all troop off the coach and into the Babinda chemist shop for what has become known as The Warning. It's a small shop

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

and there are 45 of us, but Graham McKenzie, the chemist, doesn't mind at all. A middle-aged, balding man whose eyelids flutter nervously as he speaks, McKenzie tells us how eight young men have drowned at The Boulders since 1959. He says the real toll is much higher — perhaps 25 — but police records officially extend back only as far as the early '60s. All the recorded victims were single men between 17 and 31. All came from out of town. No woman and no Babinda resident has ever been known to fall victim to what the chemist calls "The Legend of the Boulders".

Fascinated, we jostle for positions to watch a video clip of a TV current affairs story about The Legend, part of a national media focus on these "eerie tragedies" during the past four or five years. When the film begins on the chemist's little TV set (8000 other visitors have stood here and watched it before us) we see that The Boulders comprise an area even more hauntingly beautiful than the mountains above town. Mournful Pan flutes accompany visuals of a deep stream winding among boulders as big as houses; long, narrow crevices hiss and gurgle with water from far up the slopes of Mt Bartle Frere, which is the state's highest mountain at 1622m. From the crevices, it spills into a series of tranquil-looking pools among the granite rocks; pools made to look bottomless by the jungle's reflected shadows.

A reporter with long hair and a moustache crouches by Devil's Pool, where some of the young men died. "Let me put it this way," he says, with spooky emphasis, "if you're a young man, and you don't come from Babinda, and you want to swim here — TAKE CARE!"

Flutes wail and camera pans jungle crowding in. The reporter introduces Ann and Nancy Wonga, Aboriginal sisters from Babinda, describing them as two of the last surviving descendants of the Yidingi tribe which once lived in and around the Babinda Valley. "According to them," he says, "The Boulders are haunted by the anguished spirit of a beautiful Aboriginal princess, who lures young men to their death in these waters. It is a legend that has existed as far back as they can remember."

Nancy Wonga, sitting on a rock by the stream, takes up the story: "Here they camped, way back in the Dreamtime, and they were happy. The head of the tribe was very pleased with Oolana (the princess) because of her beauty, and Waroonoo (an elder) because of his experience and wisdom.

"He gave the two of them in marriage and they were happy. A wandering tribe came through Babinda, (in it) was a tall, handsome young man (Dyga) and all eyes were upon him. Oolana and Dyga fell in love ... and ran away together. They journeyed up the creek and spent their days in happiness. After a while (the searching tribes) came upon them ... the wandering tribe seized Dyga and took him away, and the Babinda tribe was forcing Oolana to return to her husband. But she broke away and knowing she would never see Dyga again flung herself from the rocks into the fast-flowing waters.

"Her anguished cries for her lover to return sounded like rushing waters ... tremendous upheaval occurred and the waters rushed and swirled and the land shook with terror and sorrow for her lost lover ... and so to this very day ... her spirit tosses and turns in foaming beauty and at times, when the anguish is great, she still calls for her wandering tribesman to return. Now and again she calls a wandering young man into her foamy depths, forever searching for her lover ... a young man must always hear her, so it must be."

The Wonga sisters are silent, regarding the stream, in the depths of which treacherous tunnels and caves are said to imprison Oolana's 20th century victims. Exotic bird calls ring and fade in the distance.

The reporter questions assorted locals and Peter Tibbs, a professional diver who brought up the last two victims. How long will it be before The Boulders claim another life? Tibbs replies: "Based on past experience, another death will occur within 18 months."

Some fellows who saw Drasser disappear say he kicked the warning sign. . . He was scornful of The Legend. . .he wasn't scared of any old curse.

Winding up, the TV man stares into Devil's Pool. "It's a strange thing," he whispers. "I've just been sitting here, trying to quell an uncontrollable urge to throw myself in ... STRANGE."

The report claimed the water is so cold it preserves bodies for weeks! Even here in the tropics. Seeing The Boulders was our only reason for coming. They told us in Cairns there was nothing else *to* see. And now most of us can't wait to get up there and take a squiz. But first, let's look over these reasonably-priced Aboriginal paintings of The Legend that Graham McKenzie keeps on the high shelves above shaving cream, disposable razors and suntan lotion. He's selling souvenir cards too, with The Legend printed on them, for 40 cents.

Back on the coach some of us are wearing Devil's Pool T-shirts, showing Satan crouched before a rock pool in red ink, purchased for $8.50 from Mellick's store, opposite the chemist. Some of us have had a quick snort at the Babinda Hotel's air-conditioned Boulders Bar.

We arrive at last, leave the coach by a peaceful mountain pool in the picnic area and take a winding track 500m down through the jungle. It comes out on a wide platform of solid rock, from where we can look back and see The Boulders. Such awesome shapes! And so big you feel weak just looking at them stacked up in this giant race which, in heavy rain, becomes a mad torrent of white water, gravity-fed and hell-bent for the lowlands.

Somebody spots a brass plaque fixed to the rock underfoot and we all crowd about to read: PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF PAT McGANN. HE CAME FOR A VISIT ON THE 22.6.79 ... AND STAYED FOREVER.

We stare at it for quite a while. I guess it's the first thing we've seen that makes the story seem *real* and not just a tourist attraction: a young man called Pat really did die here. Looking into the water at something called The Shute, we hear these horrible sucking noises — probably coming from those caves and tunnels.

One of our mob nearly goes arse over tit — these rocks are as slippery as ice — and then gets angry, saying the place is bloody dangerous and shouldn't be open to the public. As we watch, a few young men are jumping around from rock to rock, leaping across those sucking crevices and laughing and going back to where their girlfriends are sitting to drink more beer and light cigarettes. We take photographs and make the steep climb back to the picnic area.

And now we've just heard: a bloke has drowned down there! Today! His name was Richard Frank Drasser and he was just 25, from New York. We can't believe it actually happened while we were on the spot! Princess Oolana claims her ninth victim!

Some of us heard the commotion: people running out of the jungle track and tearing off in cars to get the local police and SES rescue team. Some young fellows who saw the drama — saw poor Drasser actually disappear — say he kicked the warning sign up in the picnic area. They reckon he was scornful of The Legend, laughing and saying he wasn't scared of any old curse.

Anyway, they reckon Drasser straddled that thing call The Shute, where most of the bodies have been found, then just dived in. He came up once, struggling like hell they said, then went under and didn't come up again.

Bus-loads of tourists arrive frequently at Babinda — and more often than ever since the publicity over Richard Drasser's death. Their routines are pretty much as I've described. Drasser drowned, according to police records and independent local descriptions, in the way recounted. A strong swimmer and keen skin-diver, his fate — so neatly conforming to The Legend — generated another burst of media exposure for Babinda. Five days after Drasser went, another man was taking pictures in the area with his wife and kids. He slipped on those rocks and fell, laden with camera gear, into Devil's Pool. He was drowning, but his cries for help drew no response from those watching. Perhaps they had read of what happened to the American, or had reached The Boulders via the chemist shop and weren't about to disregard The Warning. Finally, three local youths went in and dragged the tourist out. In Babinda, folks say the family shutterbug wouldn't have drowned anyway: Oolana claims only unmarried victims.

At first glance, Oolana can be very selective indeed. A few days before going to Babinda, I spoke with the father of a young man called Nickolas Wills. On January 30, 1980, Wills and his girlfriend, Judith O'Sullivan, arrived at The Boulders and walked carefully out on to the top of the strange rock formation from which the place took its name. They were fully-clothed and had no intention, at that stage, of swimming. As they walked on to this natural viewing platform some four metres above the quietly flowing creek, three other young tourists were leaving it. Above them the sky was deep blue and cloudless; smoke from family barbecues hung in the still summer air.

Then a wall of water roared around the corner behind them and within a few seconds Nickolas Wills had been torn from the platform and hurled down through The Boulders to his death. O'Sullivan lost all her fingernails clinging to those rocks. She lost every stitch of her clothing but she hung on there until an off-duty fireman got a rope and hauled her to safety. You can imagine what that incident did for The Legend of The Boulders. Why did the flash flood take him and not her? And where did it come from on such a fine and cloudless day? "Strange!" say the tourists. "Eerie!"

Martin Wills, the victim's father, did not want to speculate. "I don't care what they say about the place," he said. "I have no comment." Then he requested that if I was using his son's Christian name, to please make sure it was spelt correctly as the newspapers had got it wrong.

Journalists arriving in a strange town become accustomed to getting the run-around. Most people, especially in the country, see no reason to co-operate with professional stickybeaks. Right from the start, Babinda was different. Nothing was too much trouble, with one or two exceptions. When I asked the publican of the Babinda Hotel who would be able to tell me of The Legend, he made straight for a black man sitting at a table with a group of obese white women.

"This is Jimmy Wonga," the publican said. "His family knows the whole business! Tell him, Jimmy. Tell him about The Legend."

Jimmy Wonga flapped one hand disgustedly and turned away.

"Aw, c'mon Jimmy!" the publican shouted, effectively concentrating all eyes in the bar upon us. He made a gesture that I should join the table, then hurried away. I sat down, muttering about wanting to get The Legend from an Aborigine and not distorted or second-hand.

"Aborigine!" exclaimed one of the fat white women. "What's this 'Aborigine'? Jimmy's the whitest man we ever met!"

Stunned, I stared at them. The fat woman kept repeating what she had said, glaring at me as if I had spoken a dirty word. After several uncomfortable minutes, during which Jimmy Wonga described PLAYBOY as "a pretty dirty bloody turnout", I told them to forget it. It was a rough bar: dozens of big, raucous mill workers screamed and guffawed, chug-a-lugging their pots of sweet Cairns draught. Maybe that's why I noticed, leaning on the bar by himself, a neatly-dressed black man regarding me with a sombre expression. When I looked at him, he glanced down quickly into his small whisky, swirling the ice. Quite sober, he seemed in there like the loneliest man in the world.

I drove across the highway and the railway tracks to visit the Wonga sisters — stars of the chemist's lurid video clip — at their tiny corrugated tin shack. Peeping through a crack in the door, Nancy and Ann Wonga were at first confused; they had, they insisted, just recently recounted the legend to a young reporter from Cairns who assured them it was for a PLAYBOY story. They seemed to have difficulty remembering who was who among the many reporters they had seen. I gave them my card and they agreed to see me the next morning.

Back in the public bar (the hotel has Babinda's only accommodation), I talked with a bullish grader driver. "I can explain why people die up in that creek," he said, beaming. "It's because they're stupid fuckin' southerners! Too fuckin' stupid to know any better!" Later, heading home with a carton of stubbies, he added: "I don't know why no sheilas have died there ... and to be quite honest, mate, I couldn't give a fuck."

Down the bar the sombre black man continued to swirl his ice. Instead of talking to him, I went upstairs and killed several grotesquely large cockroaches in my room. After closing time I sat on the open verandah and watched hot panel vans laying rubber up and down the main street. The mill stack belched its sugar fumes straight up, a ghostly white column against the dark mountains.

Poor Pat McGann, I thought, as I recalled his plaque in the jungle! *He came for a visit and stayed forever.*

At breakfast in the hotel dining room, two men from the Water Resources Board prodded dispiritedly at bacon and eggs. They were engaged in monitoring water-flow downstream from The Boulders. "Do you know," said one of them, "that because of the coldness of the water, the bodies they drag out up there are always perfectly preserved?" He bit into his toast. "Except," he added, chewing, "when the eels have nibbled out the eyes."

Behind the Babinda police station, Sergeant Mike Lauder, a plump, cheerful man with a ginger moustache, was cleaning his golf clubs. "No trouble at all!" he said, when I apologised for disturbing him. We went into the little office and he dragged out the files on deaths at The Boulders.

"I've only been here 10 months," he explained. "Sergeants usually stay here just long enough to get promoted. I'm off to Brisbane soon myself so I don't have much personal experience of these deaths. When the American went in recently, I was on holidays, so he sorta did the dirty on me a little bit." He grinned, and held up a

(continued on page 112)

"What I love about us is that we earn our money the old-fashioned way — we steal it!"

DEEK IN LA

Hot town, high pressure and the smartest field ever. Can Robert de Castella win?

AUGUST 12, 1984: The final day of the Los Angeles Olympic Games dawns fine and, for that smog-ridden basin, relatively clear. By mid-morning the sun will have burnt off the misty cloud and the temperature will rise to 29 degrees. The humidity will stabilise at 34 percent. It won't be the ideal day to race a marathon, but it will be better than some have feared.

4pm: The 79 runners in the last event of the Games, the marathon, await the starting gun at Santa Monica City College, a few blocks inland from the Pacific coast beaches west of the Los Angeles city area.

A large crowd has gathered at the college and along Pearl Street where the runners will begin the gruelling 42-kilometre course. Champions all, the competitors look relaxed, considering the extreme pressure placed on the athletes in this event, the last hurrah of the razzmatazz Olympics. The gun is fired and the pack bursts through the college gates and into the street. By the time the first runners turn into Olympic Boulevard and head due east, the pack is beginning to sort itself out.

The African runners — Ikangaa of Tanzania, Nedii and Balcha of Ethiopia —immediately take the lead with the rhythmic, light-footed style that so often sets the early pace in international marathons. They form a group about 20 metres ahead of the central pack, which is fronted by Australia's de Castella, USA's Salazar, Portugal's Lopez and Japan's gun trio Seko and the So brothers. A further 30 to 40 metres behind as the runners near the turn into Bundy Drive is a third group, which includes Meyer from the USA, Jorgensen from Denmark, Gomez from Mexico and the legendary East German, Waldemar Cierpinski.

Cierpinski, who took marathon gold at both Montreal and Moscow, is an unlikely candidate for a history-making Olympic trifecta; a 34-year-old veteran whose only performances of note throughout his entire marathon career have been those for which he received Olympic gold. However, his single-minded determination to win is such that he cannot be written off, no matter how high statistics and sports science are stacked against him.

At the five-kilometre mark, the Africans have widened the gap and complete the first split in an amazing 14

(continued on page 129)

Sport by Phil Jarratt

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

GIRL ON THE RUN

when the rat race gets her down, delectable dona speir heads for the warming therapy of a place in the sun

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Dona Speir is a professional model. A girl who's used to the limelight and the attention of droves of admirers. "I was at a conference recently for three days," she laughs, "and I signed more than 2000 posters. Two thousand men went in and out of my life in three days! God only knows what they do with those posters. They put them in their garages, keep them in the rubber band for a year, I don't know. What they're looking for is the girl in the picture. So I portray that all day long and I joke around with them. It's fun, because I can express a part of me that most people don't see."

So what about the other Dona Speir? The one that's to be found digging her toes into the sand at a favorite beach or lazing away the hours alone in a breezy hammock? Dona readily admits she savors this respite from the social hiatus of life in a big city. "It gets to be too much," she laments. "The flowers, the dinners. . . it ceases to be fun. It's not that I've had it with men. I'm just content to be without one right now, that's all, very content. You know what it is now? I don't give men the control I used to. If a guy called for lunch before, it would be, 'Oh, I can't pass this up,' but now I say, 'I can't. I'm staying in all day, watching television, and that's the way it is.' I've found

that if I'm out looking for a man to get involved with, I'll never find him. It's when I quit looking that I trip over him!"

We imagine there would be no shortage of men willing to be discovered in this way. Dona has just turned 21, but several years ago puberty bestowed upon her a supercharged, armor-plated juggernaut of a body when she wasn't even old enough to get a driver's licence. In the resort town where she grew up, however, there was a driving instructor on every corner. In the twinkling of a hormone, Dona became quarry. She grew up, in a hurry.

And despite Dona's insistence that she prefers a quiet, uncomplicated existence, she can't totally escape the pressures of her professional life. "How long will I model?" she muses. "Well, I believe I'll go crazy before I get too old for this business. If anything drives me out, it'll be insanity, not stretch marks!"

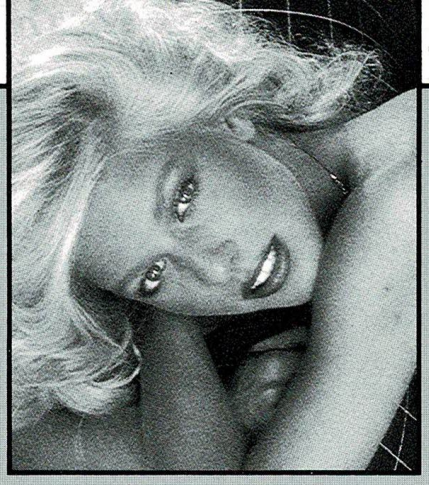
For the moment, however, Dona's super cool, handling her career and her admirers with equal aplomb. There aren't many lines she hasn't heard and not many that she doesn't have an answer for. One thing we discovered is that, whether on a personal or professional level, you don't choose Dona. . . the lady chooses you.

"Modelling? It's fantasy. It's not reality whatsoever. You know, the clothes stay in the studio, I go home, I take a shower and the make-up goes down the drain and the hairdo goes limp. The money, of course, goes in the bank. But when a magazine I've posed for comes out, I'm immediately at the newsagent to see it — and that's gratifying."

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Dona L. Speir



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Dona L. Speir

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 2·7·64 BIRTHPLACE: Norwalk, Calif.

AMBITIONS: To become happy & successful in most areas of life.

TURN-ONS: Balconies, Sunday brunch, fields of wild flowers & waterfalls

TURN-OFFS: Manipulators, abusers of any kind & dishonest people.

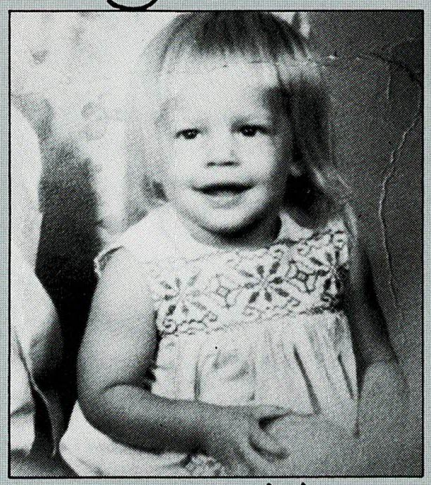
FAVORITE BOOKS: Illusions, The Little Prince, See You at the Top.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Loverboy, Prince, Alan Alda, Dustin Hoffman

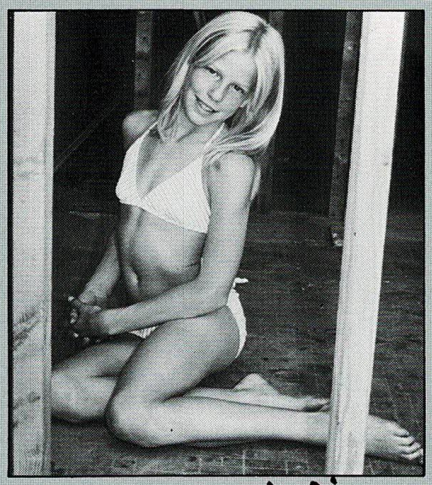
FAVORITE SPORTS: Water skiing, roller skating.

IDEAL MAN: One who owns his own business & can take any day off to spend with me!

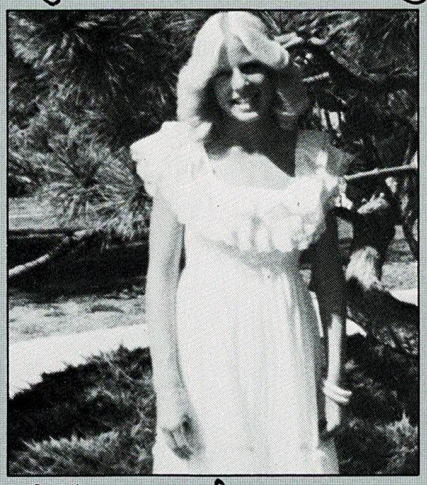
SECRET FANTASY: To spend one week with my favorite man away from reality!



2 years old



First modeling picture!



8th grade graduation

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How could you sleep with another man?" exclaimed the outraged doctor after his wife had confessed to being unfaithful.

"I'm taking a leaf out of your book," she responded. "You kept telling me how lousy I am in bed — so I just wanted to get a second opinion."

The traveller knocked on the door of the house where a cab driver had told him he could be sexually accommodated. An eye-level panel slid open and a female voice asked what he wanted.

"I want to get screwed," said the man.

"Okay, mister," came the reply, "but this is a private club so you'll have to slip the $20 initiation fee through the mail slot."

The man did as he was told, the panel closed but nothing happened. He waited for a couple of minutes but the door still didn't open. He began to pound impatiently on the door until finally the panel slid open again.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, "I told you I wanna get screwed!"

"What?" said the woman. "Again?"

My Far Eastern mistress," sighed Chase,
"Who's left me is tough to replace.
She was super in bed,
Giving fabulous head,
So what's shameful is my loss of face."

A woman was unable to fall pregnant so she visited her local doctor with her husband. She went in to see him to inquire about the possibility of artificial insemination while her husband stayed in the waiting room.

After a very long wait, the husband became anxious and burst into the consulting room to find the doctor furiously humping his wife on the desk.

The outraged man screamed: "What the hell is going on here?"

The doctor hastily pulled up his pants and replied: "Sorry old fellow but we've run out of the bottled stuff so I had to switch to draught!"

For a door-to-door salesman named Moore,
Getting housewives' attention's no chore:
He's endowed with a dong
That is 12 inches long,
So he wedges his foot in the door.

And then there was the mean son of a bitch who found his wife copulating with a sailor and beat the tar out of her.

In a small country town there lived two clergymen of different denominations who were invited to attend a seminar in a large town some 100 miles away. As it was a formal occasion, they both had to wear their robes of office. Unfortunately, the event was in the middle of summer and the heat was oppressive. As one clergyman had an air-conditioned car, they decided to travel together.

The seminar was successful and the pair were driving home when the air-conditioner broke down in the car. They both became so hot that they decided to take a swim in the river near the small town where they lived.

They stripped off their robes and were enjoying the dip when a couple of carloads of people arrived at the riverside and proceeded to set up for a picnic. The clergymen recognised that the families were from their small town and became alarmed as to how they could sneak out of the river without being seen.

After a while they both became cold in the deep water so one of the men swam over to the edge, crept out, grabbed his clothes, wrapped them around his waist and bolted to the car. The second clergyman also hopped out of the water, picked up his robes, flung them over his head and face and ran to the car.

The first man was astonished at this behavior and inquired: "Why did you cover your head instead of your private parts?"

"Well, I don't know about you," he replied, "but *my* parishioners know *me* by my *face*."

A very keen bowler who was getting up in years realised his greatest loss when he died would be that he'd be unable to play bowls anymore. Musing on this, he decided to ring St Peter to find out whether or not they play bowls in Heaven.

St Peter answered the phone and the bowler said: "It's Bill Smith down here on earth and I want to know if you play bowls up there."

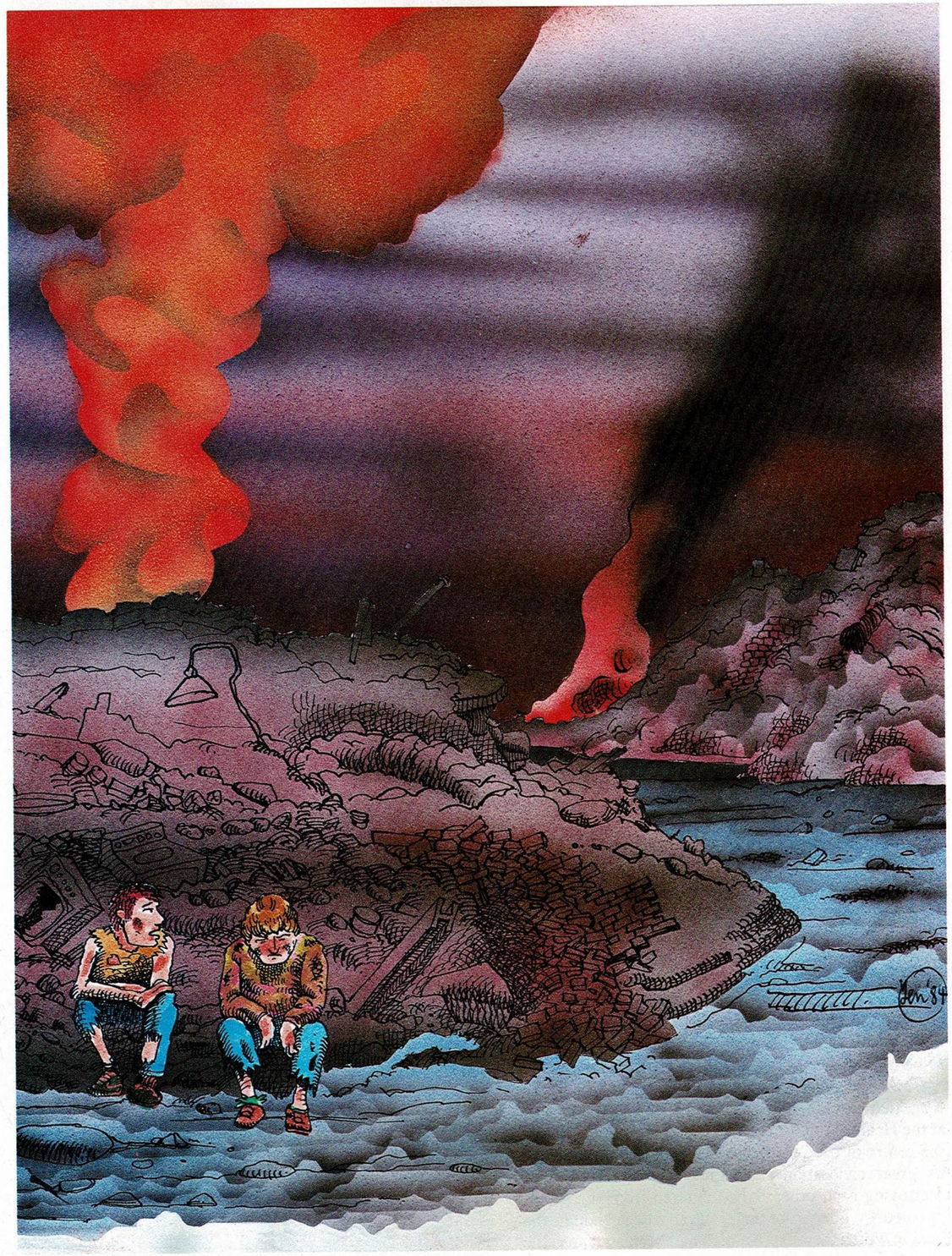
St Peter thought for a few seconds and replied: "I'm not sure. We have archery or you could learn to play the harp. Hang on for a bit and I'll check with the boss about bowls."

He returned to the phone after a little while and said: "Well, I have some good news and some bad news. Which do you want to hear first?"

"Oh, the good news, please," responded Bill.

"The good news is that we do play bowls up here but the bad news is that you're on tomorrow's team!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



*"At least they waited until after we got to see the last episode of M*A*S*H."*

o delectable witana, with your exquisite face, your voluptuous body and, alas, your powerful husband

THE SIXTEENTH SUMMER OF DAQ JADDARRA

"TWENTY-FIVE? Twenty-five?" the great-bellied merchant Fadab fluted like a eunuch. "Surely that must be your price for this entire lot of cloth. In which case I might be interested — slightly."

"The ghosts of my ancestors would be laughed out of Paradise," replied Suulemaion. "It is only because you are an old friend that I offer this fine Dwazian silk at only 25 for each bolt."

"*Silk?* The trickster who sold you this claimed it was *silk?*"

Oblivious to the heavy-handed sun, Suulemaion and Fadab had already sweated their way through hours of unmanly haggling over the prices of blankets, cooking utensils, medicinal herbs — with jewellery, spices, and several precious kegs of Baaj wine still to come. I sweated with them. Suulemaion had sworn he could not afford my wages until he'd made a sale. I'd sworn I'd not leave his side till I'd been paid. Since in town I was to be his bodyguard, that did not distress him.

I had met the intrepid but stingy caravaneer in the Kug, that vast arid emptiness men call The Wilderness at the Heart of the World. That mighty desert occupies the centre of the World's largest continent, separating its great civilisations and thus keeping them from destroying each other. I had entered from the north, pursued by a troop of angry cavalry even though the duel in which their captain died had been an honorable one. Soon after losing the cavalry, I lost my horse.

fiction by lenny kleinfeld

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

Three extremely honorable days later I crawled into an oasis. There were a few scrawny date palms whose treasures I gobbled, after which I laid waste to the local population of lizards.

A few evenings later, I bade farewell to my depleted haven, heading south. I'd been walking several hours when I met Suulemaion's scouts, two grizzled men with the same temperament and aroma as their camels. I greeted them without unseemly enthusiasm: a young warrior out stretching his legs. The scouts, after all, were the ones who were lost; making an east-west crossing, they'd passed south of the oasis.

I led them back to it. They refreshed themselves; then their mounts; offered their thanks; struck me with a rock and grabbed hold of me with intentions of using me as a boy.

In the morning I rode east. When I found the caravan, I presented their heads to Suulemaion along with an honest account of their failings, and offered myself as their replacement. The hawk-nosed caravaneer scratched his thin beard, squinted up at me, and said, "So young, so large, so serious. . . can you find the city of Jemot?"

I said I could, which was not exactly an untruth: my grandfather had been there once. This was in my sixteenth summer, when I knew I could do anything.

For seven weeks we trekked westward. It was my duty to find oases before we ran dry and bandits before they found us. I have a nose for water — since childhood I'd come down to the Kug when I needed to be alone. And my grandfather had taught me that when desert scum are awakened by the sound of a Jaddarran war-cry and the sight of a howling Jaddarran whirling a reddened blade over their recently retired leaders, they will hurry off to ply their trade elsewhere.

Nothing about the Kug — save the absence of women — was as tortuous as the bargaining in Jemot. The spot where the caravaneer and the merchant were happily arguing and roasting was not a hundred paces from the gate of Fadab's walled garden, a tract only slightly larger than the village I'd been born in. Set high on the slopes of a verdant valley, looking down on the city proper, the densely planted paradise surrounding Fadab's enormous villa was cooled by brooks and spring-fed ponds and scented by a hundred varieties of flowers. But no trader was invited to sample its delights until prices had been sweated out.

As hawk-nose and great-belly engaged in improbable speculations about the genealogy of the silk, I attempted to shut out their jabber by dreaming of how far my wages would take me. Suulemaion wanted me to continue escorting his caravan through the Western towns as far as Chogo, the wealthiest port on the Western Sea. But I'd left home to enjoy the world, not to nursemaid camels. I had yet to taste the notorious pleasures of the South, yet to see the awesome citadels of the East with their fabled — my revery was broken as the garden gates swung open.

A curtained litter emerged, carried by a pair of squat, copper-coloured M'ddrrggs and guarded by two more. All were naked except for their weapons, with shaven heads, ritually scarred faces and ritually mutilated genitals. They came to a halt at a respectable distance, the thickly muscled bearers holding the litter as steadily as though it were set into a pair of miniature stone monsters.

Fadab excused himself with a weak grin and waddled to the litter. After a whispered conference with its occupant, he clapped. One of the stone monsters came to life and fetched the more ornate silks. The curtains parted the width of a snake's tongue. Each bolt was perused. One, sea-green shot through with silver threads, was satisfactory.

Fadab burbled approving noises then began laboriously conveying himself back toward us. Behind him the litter's curtains suddenly billowed open — enormous

Enormous green-grey eyes, rich-lipped wide mouth, honey-dark ringlets cascading over golden skin — the curtains closed on my breeze-blown gift.

green-grey eyes, rich-lipped wide mouth, honey-dark ringlets cascading over golden skin — the curtains closed on my breeze-blown gift.

Except there had been no breeze.

My *n'gurga* hardened fiercely.

"For that bolt, 25," lamented Fadab. "I can refuse my precious wife nothing."

Suulemaion held up a solicitous hand. "Please. That bolt is my gift." He smiled sincerely. "It is these others which are 25 apiece."

•

"A man reaches an age when a young bride can make him exceedingly —" Suulemaion glanced at the merely pretty slave girls attending and spying on us, "— generous."

"Does not his generosity incite the rest of his harem," I asked, accepting a pear from a girl who brushed my arm with her merely ostentatious *d'lalls.*

"There is no harem. Fadab has never —" Suulemaion stopped short and dismissed the slaves. They disappeared along one of the cunningly contrived paths that twisted through Fadab's private jungle. Except for a tiny, caged golden bird who trilled soothing melodies, we were now alone in the small, lavishly pillowed pavilion where, to celebrate the consummation of our commerce and to render us fit to have into the main house for supper, we'd been bathed, oiled, pampered. When I'd declined as much pampering as the slave girls offered, Suulemaion had steered the conversation to our host's bride.

"Fadab has never felt the need for more than one wife," Suulemaion continued. "His true passion is bargaining, his true delight wealth. There were only two previous wives. Both barren. Both summoned to Paradise at an early age."

I was seized by a vision of *her* suffocating beneath. . . Suulemaion coughed tactfully. I followed his gaze down to my hand. Crushed pear oozed between my fingers.

"Overripe," I muttered.

"It's the climate," he offered.

It is, I suddenly knew, that she needs me. *She needs me.* The golden bird sang its rapturous agreement.

The bird fell silent as a M'ddrrgg materialised in front of the pavilion. He was carrying a small bronze casket. He grunted respectfully, set the casket down before Suulemaion, folded his arms and turned back into stone.

Suulemaion instructed him to leave us. The M'ddrrgg uttered what I took to be a protest — no language finds a comfortable home on a M'ddrrgg's ritually mutilated tongue. (All that ever comes out is *m'ddrrgg*). Suulemaion assured the stony little man we could find our way into supper. The M'ddrrgg made what was doubtless a polite reply and vanished.

The casket held the payment for the day's sale: a small pile of silver coins and some thin slabs of gold. I said it didn't look like much.

"If you'd paid attention," Suulemaion pointed out with infinite charity, "you'd remember I'm to select part of my payment from the goods in Fadab's storing-houses. In fact, if you were to take your wages in goods instead of. . ."

I snorted and held out my hand. Suulemaion shrugged and counted coins into my palm as reluctantly as if they were his children. While Suulemaion busied himself secreting the remainder of the precious metals in various pouches and belts beneath his robes, I reached up and opened the golden bird's cage.

As we approached Fadab's three-storey villa, I only dimly noted its desperate splendor, the late afternoon sun glinting along its gilded tiers of sloping roofs fancifully dotted with terraces and turrets.

Inside, nothing about the fabulously appointed feasting hall merited a second glance, not even the immense Dwazian carpet with its intricately woven map of the world. Suulemaion swore traversing that carpet required a camel and two days' water. I floated across, levitated by the pleasurable ache that sang through me: I was concentrating so hard on controlling my *n'gurga* that my desire seemed to seek expression at every extremity from my teeth to my toes.

On the other side of the world-carpet, set into the far wall, was an immense curved niche proportioned like an altar of a major deity. Three broad steps led up to it. Ensconced on an upholstered throne as wide as a dock was the regally robed and bejewelled behemoth who'd spent his day arguing the price of pots and pans. Standing alongside was the woman who needed me.

She was well over five feet in height, though next to Fadab she appeared no larger than one of those household fetishes devout lowlanders carry about. Her face was half-veiled. The rest of her was swathed in just enough layers of sheer silk to obscure the delights they closely outlined. What little of her flesh showed was flawless, lustrous, in tone the same muted gold as the famed war-horses of Ibdossa. But what fed my fever were those green eyes flecked with icy grey — huge, intent, amused — as Suulemaion began spouting preposterous salutations.

I have since heard emperors petitioned with greater dispatch. Not to be outdone, Fadab testified in a sensitive way to the divine benevolence which led us to grace his humble tent, surely the honor of this and any other of his lifetimes. . . his speech began to put me in mind of the three days in the Kug after my horse died; I ceased being able to make out the meaning of any of his words. . . until I saw a huge, doughy hand descend upon *her* shoulder. . .

"— the succor of an unworthy husband's declining years, a daughter of the Isle of Kytra and of the Kytrarch Witanor, that great-hearted lord of the sea whose ships are more numerous than a virgin's fears, *k-huk k-huk* —" he made the damp, clotted sound that was his laugh, "— and dear as a daughter to me, my only wife, Witana."

Witana!

Witana inclined her head and murmured an islander's cautious greeting, her voice a trickle of warm nectar: "May the solace the weary traveller finds in our harbor equal the joy he brings. Welcome, Suulemaion of Kesseria. Welcome, Daq Jaddarra."

It was as though I'd never heard my name before.

Slaves carried in gleaming porphyry tables. The largest was set before Fadab. Others were set one step down and to his left, at which we were seated. Witana sat on the right arm of Fadab's throne.

There were courses more numerous than a husband's self-deceptions. Wines rarer than a discreet lover. I kept distance from the grape. Like many young men I was embarrassed at not being able to down as much wine in an evening as a lifelong drunkard could. Given the opportunity I would usually attempt to drown my embarrassment and end up multiplying it. This night I often placed a hand over my flagon when slaves offered to refill it.

There was also an opulent flow of entertainments. Dancers, jugglers, a fire-eater, a pair of married dwarves who quarrelled and merrily beat each other with staves. Each was rewarded according to how well the Master had been pleased. Out of the corners of their eyes, slave girls sized up performers, calculating the chances of separating each from their coins. I had a dishonorable thought about the dwarf and the slavegirl with the ostentatious *d'llals.*

"Look how contemplative the battles of our tiny friends have made young Daq," Fadab roared, besotted *k-huk k-huk k-huks* bubbling up from his vast innards. "Perhaps he realises for the first time the terrors a husband faces."

My cheeks burned at this insult to Witana.

Suulemaion thumped me. "From what I've seen Daq fears nothing of this world," he proclaimed. With tipsy enthusiasm he related the grisly circumstances of our first meeting, then poetically detailed the slight carnage resulting from my midnight raids on bandit camps. Witana cast down her eyes. But her breathing deepened.

So did Fadab's. "Chogo!" he burped. "*That* is why the Goddess summoned you from the Wilderness at the Heart of the World, in this of all years!"

Suulemaion paled. "The boy is not meant for Chogo. I did not know this was the tenth year, on my oath."

Curious. Suulemaion had urged me to ride with him as far as Chogo. Now he was against it — and referring to me as a boy. In my deepest voice I said, "Neither Chogo nor its Goddess are any concern of mine."

Fadab smirked. "Have you never heard of the Selecting? Can this be?"

"It can."

Fadab smiled benignly. "My dear Daq, Chogo is ruled by a High Priestess. She cannot have a husband, but must have a daughter to inherit her domain. So — once every 10 years comes the divine Selecting of an appropriate sire."

"In the arena," muttered Suulemaion, "In the gladiator's pit, where Chogoans wager on slaves, and animals."

"No, no, in this *highest* of holy festivals only highborn and freemen may fight. The winner, dear Daq, is rewarded with his *weight* in gems and gold. And after his wounds heal, he is anointed Consort for three years. I think — no, the Devil with thought, I feel, I vow by my sacred gift for predicting the main chance — you are to be Selected!

"Think, dear Daq, of the wealth — think of the glory — think, *k-huk k-huk,* of the favors of a High Priestess."

"I am thinking, noble host, that you would very much like to be a friend of the Consort, and thus of the woman who rules Chogo."

"*Suulemaion,*" Fadab brayed. "You did not tell me he was as keen as he is valiant! Yes, Daq, like yourself I wish to go as far in this world as I can — and by your insight you've convinced me more than ever that you are destined to be Selected! I would be honored beyond reason if you'd permit me to equip you with the finest of arms, engage a gladiatorial slave to teach you all the tricks, provide —"

"Many thanks, Fadab of Jemot. I cannot accept."

"What a shame to deny the will of the

Goddess," Fadab pouted. "Not to mention her gold."

"When my grandfather taught me what he knew of the blade, he made me swear to use it honorably. Not to kill where there is no quarrel. Not for the amusement of the mob."

Fadab studied me for a moment, then nodded gravely. "He was wise, most wise. . . *Now*," he announced with abrupt good cheer, "you *must* taste some of the exquisite Baaj that Suulemaion has carried so far, at so great a cost, *k-huk k-huk*."

Golden chalices were set before us. A steward solemnly filled them from a golden amphora. I did not taste any reason for the wine's ruinous price. (Today, if I could lay hands on a single keg of that vintage. . .)

While Suulemaion and Fadab discussed Baaj in terms sorcerers reserve for their most arcane potions, slaves began rolling back the world carpet. Witana whispered excitedly to one of her handmaidens. Fadab noticed and patted her head.

"Yes," he crooned. "The spotted one."

There are no man-eating cats on her home island, which explained — perhaps — Witana's gleeful anticipation of being indoors with a leopard. After a majestic fanfare the beast was led into the hall by its master, a tall, gaunt, hollow-eyed Nork. He controlled the cat with only a lead-chain and a short whip, the sound of which seemed to frighten the long-toothed killer. Should whipcracks prove insufficient, the Nork's apprentice, an oiled dandy, stood ready with a stout spear.

Before long I decided the spear was more to impress the audience than the leopard, who willingly performed such tricks as children teach their dogs. But the Nork was a canny showman; each succeeding trick was at once more whimsical and more dangerous than the last. By the time he put the leopard's paws on his shoulders and led it in a clumsy dance, Witana was laughing so heartily moisture sparkled around her eyes; they would never believe this on Kytra. Having provoked such laughter, the Nork brought us to rapt silence by ending his performance with his head between the beast's jaws.

Witana led the applause. The Nork casually acknowledged his due. Witana murmured in Fadab's ear. He shook his head. Witana drew one of her perfect hands along his jowl and caressed his chins. Fadab emitted a ponderous wet sigh.

"You there, valiant Nork. My little treasure wishes to touch the spotted one."

The Nork nodded, looked frankly into the eyes of the woman who needed me, and beckoned to her.

Witana took a deep breath. As she moved slowly toward the cat her silks whispered lush promises. When she reached the leopard the Nork motioned for her to hold out a hand. The leopard sniffed suspiciously, then with interest, then licked. A light shudder passed through Witana. The cat luxuriously rubbed its head against her palm. Her fingers curled in the fur behind its ear. Blood danced in my chest in rhythm with flickering torchlight.

A soft trill came from the rafters. The leopard's attention snapped upwards. Witana stumbled back, quickly regained herself. The cat made a noise deep in its throat.

A tiny golden bird fluttered noisily from the rafters, circled the hall, and came to rest on Witana's shoulder. She stroked it reassuringly.

The leopard went for the bird. The Nork bellowed, yanking the chain. The leopard snarled and twisted backwards, taking an annoyed swipe. The Nork fell, opened from chest to thigh. He died looking at his dinner and his *h'benkas* on the floor before him.

There were screams. People scrambling, falling. Witana stood frozen. The Nork's apprentice jabbed timidly. The leopard snapped at the spearhead. The apprentice threw. The spear passed well over the cat and pierced a M'ddrrgg.

I edged toward Witana, as did another M'ddrrgg, his short sword drawn, from the other side. The only other armed men in the room were the two M'ddrrggs behind whom Fadab crouched, a hand clamped on each.

I caught a whiff of perfume and felt an incredibly soft hand slip a sticky short sword into my grasp. The leopard charged.

The leopard faked a charge at the fleeing apprentice, then wheeled. Its eyes locked on the bird, which was piping hysterically and flitting in tight circles around Witana. The leopard bunched its muscles.

We leapt. In mid-air I hit its flanks, knocking it sideways. I heard a tearing sound as fire shot across my left shoulder.

The leopard came down on the M'ddrrgg. The short sword rattled across the floor as crushing jaws found the man's throat. Blood fountained from the sides of the cat's mouth. It shook the M'ddrrgg to make sure he was dead, then proudly shook him some more. I slammed a porphyry table down on its skull.

The stone table cracked. The leopard staggered back howling but kept its feet. The right eye was crushed. He snarled, showing shattered fangs. His left front leg spasmed uncontrollably as he circled to find me with his good eye.

I turned with him, keeping between him and Witana. I saw Fadab backing toward a doorway, clutching his human shield. Suulemaion had gotten hold of the Nork's whip. His other arm was protectively clutching the amphora of irreplaceable Baaj.

I caught a whiff of perfume and felt an incredibly soft hand slip a sticky short sword into my grasp. The leopard charged. Its rear legs skidded on one of the red ponds many of us were creating. As it tried to stop, its quivering front leg gave way. I plunged the short sword in behind the shoulder and tore back with both hands. I heard three ribs snap before the blade did. The leopard churned, stiffened, made a low sad noise, then was no more.

Perfume. I turned and looked into enormous, brimming eyes. As I passed out I heard Fadab squeal, "*Chogo* — we must get him to Chogo!"

●

Crust on my eyes. I blinked. Through a blur I saw a creature who had a thin beard and gigantic *d'lalls*.

"He's awake."

I tried to rub my eyes. My shoulder screamed at me. Someone dabbed my eyes with a damp cloth. Beard and *d'lalls* separated on to different bodies.

"You are fortunate," sighed Suulemaion, "that the cat was a tame one."

"Wine," I rasped.

They poured a goblet of water into me. I sat up. There were stars alongside my bed; we were on one of the terraces. A hideous guttural parody of human speech issued from behind Suulemaion. He stepped aside to reveal two powerful trolls with runes carved on their faces, accompanied by yet another slave girl. She announced that the M'ddrrggs wished to present me with the spirit-knife of the tribesman I'd avenged.

"But. . . it was I who threw the cat into him," I protested, proving modesty and tact are not always the same.

The older, more awful M'ddrrgg made a grave declaration with what was left of his tongue. The girl translated with miraculous ease: the M'ddrrgg died suitably, as he was the master's wife's bodyguard. The leopard slew him. I slew the leopard. Therefore his fantastically engraved spirit-knife was mine. If I desired they would employ it to bless my visage with certain protective symbols.

I accepted the dagger but declined the blessings. The M'ddrrggs betrayed only a little disappointment. The older one presented the spirit-knife. I clasped his arm. It felt as much like granite as it looked.

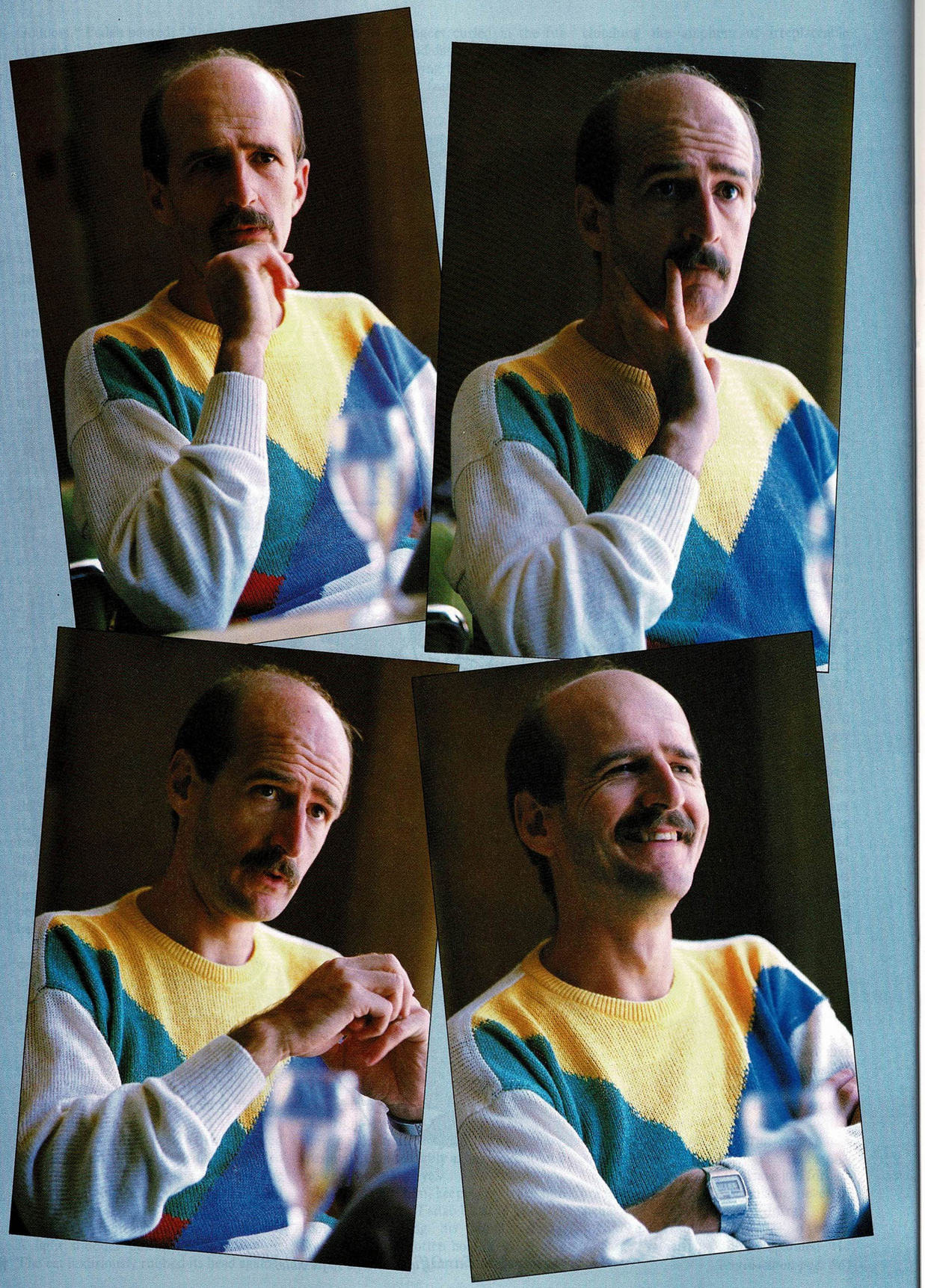
The M'ddrrggs gave a formal grunt and trotted off. The translator explained that the other slain M'ddrrgg had died unsuitably, due to the Nork's apprentice who was so careless with spears. The apprentice would be found and introduced to the oldest, slowest of M'ddrrgg spirit-knife rituals.

I solemnly thanked the slave girl for her translations, inwardly promising never to behave unsuitably near a M'ddrrgg.

Suulemaion shook his head. "So young, so large, so serious," he complained. He

(continued on page 96)

"I never dreamed the Tax Office could be so flexible!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE CONNELL

20 QUESTIONS: GARRY McDONALD

The man who perfected the art of anti-charisma ponders his career since Norman Gunston and reveals that he's only really in it for the laughs. . .

In a remote corner of Sydney's Bankstown Airport rests an ageing Dakota with Norman Gunston's face grinning inanely from the fuselage. The plane was dumped unceremoniously, along with Norman, following "the little Aussie bleeder's" lack-lustre farewell tour of Australia four years ago and remains an untidy, unworthy metaphor for the crash-landing of a unique showbiz career.

Did Norman die in the wreckage or will he stage a grisly comeback to try and drag us all down to his level once more? Even Garry McDonald, the man behind Gunston, doesn't know the answer to that one. Meanwhile, McDonald has shaken off Norman's death grip and demonstrated through a variety of roles that he is a skilled and versatile actor. He was a vitriolic cancer victim in the ABC teleplay Jimmy Dancer, *a singing policeman in the megaflop* Pirate Movie *(though he received critical acclaim for his part) and now he is Fagin in the musical revival* Oliver! *He also stars in a new ABC series entitled* Mother And Son *which he describes as "a gentle, real-life comedy about senility".*

To the casual observer it might seem that 35-year-old McDonald has picked his roles carefully to give his career new direction, integrity and impetus. Not at all. To hear McDonald tell it, he's both in it for money and the fun. Otherwise, he says he'd be quite happy to stay home and look after his young daughter and son while his actress wife, Diane Craig, goes out to work.

***Paul Mann** caught up with McDonald in Adelaide before* Oliver! *hit the road for an extended run and attempted to put 20 probing questions to the man who happily describes himself as "a caricature of a human being".*

1.

PLAYBOY: Is Norman Gunston dead?

McDONALD: Uh, well . . . there's been no formal announcement because I wouldn't know how to make one. And I can't really say he's dead because, you know, if somebody came along and offered me a lot of money to do him again, I'd probably be tempted, so I can't really say he's gone forever. I decided to stop doing him for a while because he had this habit of totally engulfing my life. I had this period where I was making good money but I was never home and the work became terribly dissatisfying. In the end I was just bored so I had a break for, I don't know how many months, and then I found I couldn't get work [laughs].

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe the public is ready to let Norman go now?

McDONALD: It's hard to say because I haven't done anything really high profile since Norman. I've done a few kids' movies . . . *Jimmy Dancer* . . . I was nominated for an award for *Jimmy Dancer* because someone at the ABC thought I should be recognised as a "serious" actor. I thought, "Hang on, I'm not a serious actor." I'll see what happens with *Mother And Son* because it's a very straight part . . . although it is on the ABC so it's a different sort of audience.

3.

PLAYBOY: Your role as a cancer victim in *Jimmy Dancer* was obviously a calculated move.

McDONALD: No, not at all. I was doing this Gunston thing around Australia and this writer sent me a script. I only half read it but we had dinner and I asked him what he was doing and he said he was writing that *Spring/Fall* series for the ABC so I gave it a big rave, told him it was the best thing I'd ever seen and the next thing I get a call from the ABC saying he's requested I play the lead role in the next episode. And I nearly didn't do it anyway because *The Pirate Movie* came up and they were offering me 10 times the money and the dates clashed. I had to take *The Pirate Movie,* it would have been madness to do otherwise or we would have really been in trouble financially. In the end the dates were all changed anyway so I could do them both. It was all just luck, not planning at all.

4.

PLAYBOY: *The Pirate Movie* was one of Australia's biggest disasters yet you, alone, emerged unscathed. How did you manage that?

McDONALD: I really enjoyed it. And it's now one of the top 10 films in the United States because of Chris Atkins. People have said it virtually killed Kristy McNicholls' career. But she's not a comedienne. In comedy you must have a good rapport with your fellow actors. She was dropping lines, changing things, she killed any rapport. Mind you I had my problems on that movie. There was a lot of trouble with the producers. I actually resigned three times, physically left the set in Melbourne and flew home to my flat in Sydney. Three times I did that. They really thought they were the saviors of the Australian film industry because they had this deal with 20th Century-Fox. But I really liked what David Atkins was doing with the policeman, I really liked the whole routine so once we had sorted out problems with the producers I was happy to stick with it.

5.

PLAYBOY: What sort of problems were there with the producers of *The Pirate Movie?*

McDONALD: Oh, just a fair amount of arrogance [laughs]. It was a bit silly really. Lines were said to the boys, the police in the film, like, "When this film comes out your phones will never stop ringing." I mean, 24 guys that marched behind me, that's all they did and it's supposed to make their careers. It was just crap. The phones never stopped ringing of course, mostly obscene calls.

6.

PLAYBOY: When you look at that kind of silliness in Australian movies and the fact that *Oklahoma!, The Sound of Music, Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Oliver!* are all stage revivals, it doesn't say much for original thinking among Australian entrepreneurs does it?

McDONALD: There are very few entrepreneurs willing to take a punt. Money's tight, they want a sure bet. Same as television. With film it's a bit disappointing because investors come in, they're not only looking for a tax deduction, they want the film to be successful so they come in and they want a say in who should be cast, they want changes in the script. And they say, "Why can't it be like *Porky's,*" or whichever film's big at the moment. So you're getting nothing that's really interesting. A lot of really interesting projects just don't get made.

7.

PLAYBOY: And Fagin in *Oliver!?*

McDONALD: Oh, it's a wonderful part. Wonderful.

8.

PLAYBOY: It seems an inspired piece of casting.

McDONALD: Well, when I heard I'd got it I just thought I wouldn't have to rehearse . . . I thought it was great because I've been

wanting this part for two and a half years. My agent and I approached a producer in Sydney about it that long ago because we knew it was such a good part for me. It was always sitting there and it's taken this long to do. At first I thought I'd startle everybody and play Fagin as a lapsed Catholic but it's much easier to go over the top in Australia and play up the Jewishness. In America, George Segal is playing Fagin as a really nice bloke but that's America you see. They're very touchy about anything that can be considered anti-semitic. It's a real buzz word when you say "Jew". I was talking to Ed Asner and I asked him if he found it a handicap to get job interviews because he was a Jew. Up to that point Ed Asner had always been fine with me. As soon as I said that he just looked at me and said, "No." And he was cold. Really angry. And I said to him, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, because I had all those problems and I'm not Jewish." But he didn't laugh at all. It's so touchy. In Australia you can get away with real caricatures, it's such a relief. I'll probably play Fagin one night as a Hinjew with a red dot in the middle of his forehead.

9.

PLAYBOY: What about other musical revivals, like *The Sound of Music* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* — isn't it all a bit desperate?

McDONALD: But you see I loved *The Sound of Music.* I bought my own ticket and saw it at The Regent in Sydney on a matinee. I sat beside two nuns. I thought, "Right, at last, this is great. I can advise them about the acting and they can tell me about the, uh, nun research." Well, I had to tell these two that some of the nuns walking across the stage were men. No, I'm afraid I like all that sort of thing. I'm a great audience, I sit there, I never question anything, just soak it all up like a sponge.

10.

PLAYBOY: Do you think playing Fagin will cement your versatility as an actor in the public eye?

McDONALD: I don't think in terms like that. My agent said it's a wonderful career move. Great. That's what I've got an agent for. He can think in those business terms. I just think, will it be fun, will I enjoy it?

11.

PLAYBOY: You make no planned moves in your career at all?

McDONALD: Isn't it awful? I have absolutely no career plan. Really, with Norman happening, Norman was so big, so suddenly, out of nowhere, suddenly I was very hot. I suppose I realised my career would never be the same again but I don't have any great things I want to do before I die. I know I'm a big disappointment to people when I say that. Next week I'll tell some interviewer I'm working to a great master plan [laughs]. There, that's stumped you, hasn't it?

12.

PLAYBOY: Most actors do try to exercise some control over their careers.

McDONALD: Yeah, well I do. I try to work as little as possible [laughs]. I'm not a fame junkie. I've had all that and it's really not that satisfying.

13.

PLAYBOY: You're in a position now where you could make ideas happen, do you want to promote your own ideas?

McDONALD: No ... I had a chance a few years ago and I'm just not good at that side of it. I'm no good at the business side of it, I'd rather just do it.

14.

PLAYBOY: What influences your decisions most, the money or the job?

McDONALD: I hate making any generalised statement because if somebody came up with a really dreadful job that was worth a fortune, I probably wouldn't do it. I've knocked back lots of TV stuff. There's a film I knocked back because I felt the script was really crass. It was gross and really reinforced sexist attitudes.

15.

PLAYBOY: So money isn't everything?

McDONALD: It all depends on how high a standard of living you want. Lentils, I think, are very nice. I told someone very recently that I used to be cynical but I'm not cynical any more. Which worried me because my whole career is based on cynicism ... but for the right amount of money I can pretend to be cynical.

16.

PLAYBOY: Any clash of egos with your wife over whose work is more important?

McDONALD: We seem to have a pretty good marriage. I can say that now I'm going to be on the road for five months. We get on very well when I'm away from home.

17.

PLAYBOY: Absence makes the heart grow fonder?

McDONALD: And parts of the anatomy grow harder. It's like women who got married before the war, then their husband died and they never got married again. They have this totally unrealistic image of what their marriage was like, that their husband was some kind of saint.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do Norman or Garry ever get pestered by groupies?

McDONALD: You mean the real ... I mean ... you mean... I mean ... whaddyou mean by that?

19.

PLAYBOY: Young women who were turned on by your success?

McDONALD: No. And I must admit it did start to get depressing playing someone so unattractive as Norman. It wasn't good for one's self-esteem, to be always looking in the mirror and seeing that hair, that smile.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're an attractive man?

McDONALD: Not particularly. But not as bad looking as Norman, come on, fair's fair!

"So you think it might do some good if I brought my wife next time?"

THE GENETIC REVOLUTION

immortality? it might be as close as a change of genes

THE DREAM is not new. It has been with us for centuries, the stuff of myths and legends and comic strips and sci-fi. It is wonderful, frightening, beyond comprehension and possibly not far away. It is the ability of man to alter the mechanisms of the human body, to play God with himself. Not simply to replace malfunctioning bits and pieces with

article by phil jarratt

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK BERTAUX

good ones from other humans or their synthetic likenesses, but to customise human beings, to make them more or less to order. To create perfection and make it last forever —genetic change.

The possibilities are endless — literally. They begin with simple genetic improvements to the metabolism of animals and humans, such as the ability to store more energy or to absorb different foods, and go on to encompass such fantasies as a race of perfect humans, free of disease and malformation. And the big daddy of them all, the cryogenics' last dance, immortality.

This, you must understand, is not just around the corner. The life assurance industry is not in immediate danger of obsolescence, the funeral parlors and crematoriums can rest easy for the moment. However, for the first time in history, scientists are looking at immortality not as an unattainable state of the art in body mechanics but as the ultimate goal in a specialised science which has already begun to make great changes to the quality of life — the science of genetic engineering.

Mortality is not a subject about which I think deeply or often, except sometimes on planes, in the middle of the night over some ocean, turbulence in the air, lightning on the wing, sleeping pills and whisky not yet in full effect. Such was the case one recent night midway between Abu Dhabi and Singapore, when I struck up a conversation with a chap who wisely kept his worldly possessions in a belt strapped around his middle. He was in a shocking state of discomfort, but ready for anything.

We chatted about this and that, and naturally enough we got around to asking about each other's occupations. He, it turned out, worked in a research laboratory. I asked what kind of research he was engaged in and he muttered something about cows' milk and developing countries. It all sounded monumentally boring and I was only half-listening when he said, in passing, that what his company was really trying to do was change the genes of the cow to create a new kind of milk. Change the genes of a cow? Alter the genetic construction of a living thing? I shook myself awake and ordered my friend another drink.

The reason we hear so little about genetic engineering is because its ramifications are so mind-bending, so dramatic and so fraught with controversy, that the scientists who are delving into its possibilities seek to cloak their work in boring techno-jargon and illustrate its relevance in terms of excrutiatingly dull examples. Much of the work so far *is* dull, but then half of the prototype wheel probably didn't cause much of a stir in Palaeolithic times either. Science is only truly appreciated after the fact, but scientists can live with that — as long as someone is far-sighted enough to keep up the grant money.

What they can't live with is constant harassment from those sections of the community with a scientific axe to grind — flat earthers, fundamentalist Christians, and, in the case of genetic alteration, just about everyone who likes the status quo. Immortality is quite a concept, after all. It is not what genetic engineering is all about right now, and the scientists in the field rightly fear an over-simplification of their work which might lead to the baby being thrown out with the bath water, so to speak.

So they talk quietly about gene modification and its immediate usage. They talk about creating cows that will give milk which can be digested by impoverished Third World children, they talk about genetically creating human insulin at a fraction of the cost of the synthetic. But the fact they shy away from, but cannot deny, is that science is discovering how to alter the genetic construction of living things, and that means that the far edge of biotechnology is getting closer.

Sharpe Laboratories is housed in a modest and somewhat cluttered building in the industrialised Sydney suburb of Artarmon. The decor is neither space age nor high tech, and one could easily mistake the place for an auto-electrician's or a watchmaker's back room. Although it is called Sharpe Laboratories, no one wears the white coats and air of destiny that I associate with that word, having long been a fan of *Doctor Who*. The coffee cups are not quite clinically clean and the managing director, Mr Michael Sharpe, sits in an office from whose open window one can follow every graceful noise and movement of Sydney's North Shore line electric train service.

Of course, when one is preconditioned by celluloid fantasy, it is not unusual to be disappointed by the reality. However, this to me does not look like a man who would seek to alter the common cow.

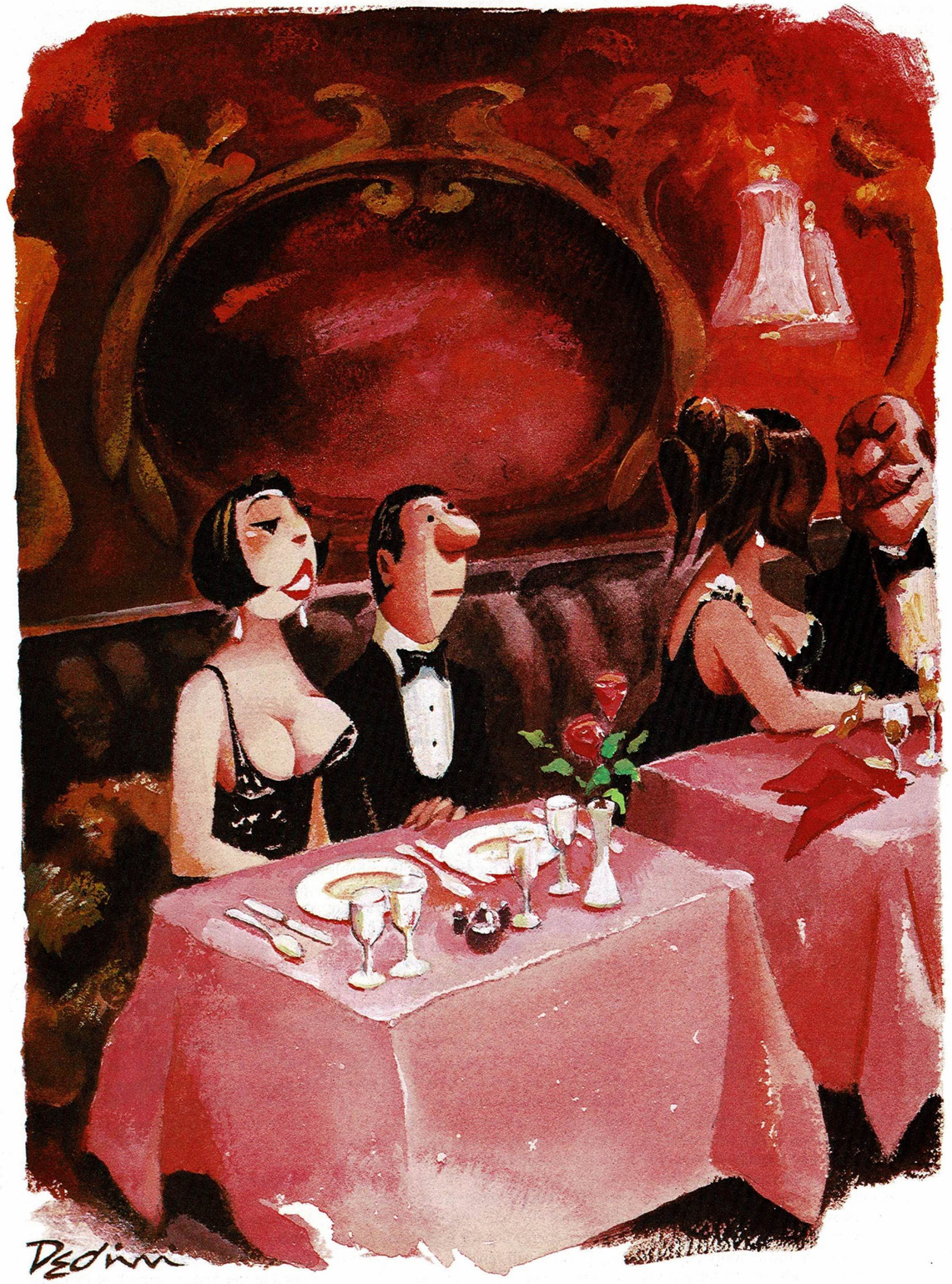
Michael Sharpe, whose family established a soft drink company in Britain last century and moved it to this country at the beginning of the 1900s, studied food technology at the University of NSW and went on to become the night production manager at Streets Ice-cream. Part of his job there was to ensure that the chocolate stuck to the ice-cream during the mass production of Streets' Chocolate Hearts, a phenomenon at least partly controlled by the amount of lactose present in the milk from which the ice-cream was made. Not exactly the circumstances from which you might expect the inspiration for a significant scientific breakthrough to derive, but, as we have noted, the gestation of genetic engineering is not edge-of-the-seat stuff.

Sharpe became more than mildly interested in what could be done to the molecular structure of milk, particularly after he was promoted to Streets' research and development department. When Streets' parent company, Unilever, put the financial brakes on the milk research, Sharpe struck out on his own.

His company first manufactured nutritional products, thereby qualifying, as a manufacturer, for sizeable government grants for industrial development. Sharpe put the grant money into researching milk additives and within a couple of years he was producing low lactose milk powder which could be digested by Asian children who were genetically unable to digest normal milk.

The production of the powder involved a patented method of splitting lactose molecules; a form of molecular biology. It wasn't genetic engineering but it got Sharpe thinking: if we can change the milk why can't we go one better and change the cow?

When he discusses genetic change, Michael Sharpe, like everyone else in this tight-lipped science, contemplates the implications of every word, every phrase, before uttering it. The main reason for this



"While we're waiting for the entree, why don't you feel me up under the table?"

is fear of ratbags — he doesn't want people to think there is a company in Sydney fooling around with God's divine plan. But there is also a secondary concern — industrial espionage. The immediate commercial uses of genetic engineering are so far-reaching that any breakthrough carries with it the certainty of huge financial reward. For example, a company in Denmark is very close to genetic production of human insulin, which would be so much cheaper than the synthetic now used by diabetics that it would monopolise the market.

Michael Sharpe's formula for modifying the genes of cows, when it comes, will be equally lucrative.

When you quiz Michael Sharpe about the possibilities of genetic engineering he becomes just slightly evasive, and turns the conversation around to the increasing social and financial necessity for it.

He says: "Medicine is finding new ways of keeping alive people who have what used to be considered terminal diseases. For example, a person with bowel cancer can now have the bowel removed, but the patient will then have to be fed intravenously for the rest of his life, which incurs a cost in Australia of somewhere between $90 and $180 a week for the food alone, and then there's all the equipment. . . Now unless we're going to let some people die and others live, or pay 100 percent tax, we have to come up with a way of keeping these people alive cheaply."

The first step toward a longer life for the afflicted is the genetic production of whatever it is keeping them alive — insulin for example. The second step is to implant new genes into the afflicted organ, say a gene that produces insulin into the pancreas of a diabetes sufferer.

Says Sharpe: "We're very close to all of this and things are moving very fast but we still don't know exactly what we're going to discover. It seems likely, however, that genetic engineering is going to enable us to prevent death from a number of diseases."

Cancer?

"Well, you have to fully understand the genes you want to modify and until we understand more about cancer I can't see that as a possibility. But eventually we may be able to inoculate against cancer using a serum created by genetic engineering."

There are a lot of "ifs", "buts" and "whens" surrounding the subject of genetic engineering right now, and debate on its possibilities has been stifled somewhat by the many myths and legends surrounding the idea of cloning. The fact remains, however, that once a living organism has been genetically altered by man, we have entered a brave new world in which many things, large and small, are theoretically possible. Scientists have already altered the genetic construction of bacteria; we are knocking at the door.

Michael Sharpe explains: "We have to use this thing sensibly, particularly in humans. Our experiments on animals may be a little bit more bizarre. I see a parallel with the poisonous gases that were developed but not used during World War II. Now those gases also had good uses. It's the same with genetic engineering. There could be bad uses for it but I think they are far outweighed by the good."

One of the potentially bad uses for genetic engineering is in sports medicine. In this Olympic year we will be reminded again that body chemistry is at least as important as natural ability in the big business of sport. The use of anabolic steroids has been condemned and even outlawed, but it still goes on. Genetic engineering can be used in much the same way, particularly in the conditioning of endurance athletes. Marathon runners, for example, often begin to fade at a point in the race known as "the wall". What actually happens is that the body's supply of energy-giving glycogen runs out and the body begins to feed off its own muscle tissue.

Through genetic engineering it will be possible to regulate the release of glycogen so that energy never runs out. Michael Sharpe likens it to putting bigger and bigger engines in the cars that race at Bathurst.

Diet, improved athletic performance, cheaper insulin, these are the areas in which the genetic scientists will be drawn.

"You put in a bigger engine and the transmission gives out. Put in a bigger transmission and the brakes will probably go. It's the same with people, something's gotta give." Sharpe adds that there is a more legitimate use for the same technique however, in the preparation of patients for serious operations. They could be hyped up to withstand an assault on their glycogen, thereby increasing their chances of survival.

The masochism of endurance athletes pales into insignificance when compared with the efforts of some fatties to reduce their personal loads, and here too genetic engineering opens up new possibilities. At a time when stomach-stapling has become an acceptable method of weight reduction, it doesn't altogether come as a surprise that doctors are alarmed at the permanent damage crash-dieters are inflicting on themselves. In much the same way that it can keep energy flowing in athletes, genetic engineering will enable people to fast without serious risk of damage.

But Michael Sharpe thinks that falls short of solving the problem. He foresees ways in which genetic engineering could get to the very root of the problem, by stopping fat people from feeling hungry. "I think we could possibly change the metabolic rate of fat people, or perhaps their regulative systems that tell them when they're hungry. We'll certainly be able to make dieting safer and more effective in the very near future."

Diet, improved athletic performance, cheaper insulin, these are the areas in which the genetic scientists will be drawn, just a little. It is when you try to get specific information on the big picture that the going gets rougher. Take the idea of the perfect race. Should this eventually be desirable — and Hitler thought it was — where would one begin? With the unborn child or with its parents, even before conception? It's difficult to get the experts to even speculate on this, so wary are they of ethical and moral considerations, but what we do know is this: genetic engineering is close to being able to repair damage in children who are born with genetic intolerance of certain foods. The very next step is to change the genes of one of the parents so that genetic disease won't be passed on. In this way, over a number of generations, would it be theoretically possible to engineer a perfect specimen?

"No," says Michael Sharpe, but he is quick to qualify his reply. "The idea of modifying the genes of the parent is one that will be a major part of future genetic engineering, but it will be used as preventative medicine. I can envisage ways in which abnormalities in unborn children will be eliminated, but we're probably looking 25 years down the track. As far as the creation of a perfect race is concerned, well I don't think that's going to be possible. Probably the only way you could ever contemplate that would be by cloning with genetic modification. Step by step. I don't think we'll ever see that."

So where does all this speculation leave us, we seekers after eternal life, freedom from disease and suffering? Possibly on the precipice of something beyond our current comprehension, like rocket ships and VCRs were to our forefathers. And possibly close to another double-edged sword of science. Splitting the atom improved the quality of life in many ways but our increasingly tenuous grasp on survival on the planet makes a fairly convincing argument that we may have been better off without it.

Right now in 1984, as far as we know, genetic engineering cannot create perfect humans, cannot offer us immortality and cannot give us super powers. But, for better or for worse, we're working on it.

●

FOOTNOTE: At least three other Australian companies are working on genetic engineering projects, largely through parent companies in Europe or the United States. Probably the most advanced is Novo, a firm based in the Sydney suburb of Parramatta which is marketing human insulin produced by its parent company in Denmark.

"That's your idea of kinky. . . wearing my leg warmers?"

PLAYING DOCTOR

Bridgette Monet is the hot new princess of porn, but at uni she's a medical student with a different view of anatomy

Dana Cannon sits on her couch in her Huntington Beach, California, apartment, looking like any other extremely pretty young college student. She talks about the typical college woes: the pain of computer registration at California State University at Long Beach, her problems with chemistry — a crucial class, since she's a medical student — and the discipline necessary to tackle the enormous amount of homework assigned.

She fantasises about the future, too, speaking lovingly of her live-in boyfriend, Dave Smith, and the family they plan to raise together someday — and dreaming of the day she'll be a doctor, preferably a pediatrician (she loves children) or, perhaps, a pediatric weight-control specialist (she lost 30 pounds five years ago and has kept it off). She's bright, articulate and charming.

Then, Dana begins to talk — with the same intelligence and honesty — about her part-time job, the work she does on the side that allows her to continue her studies and maintain the well-furnished apartment she and Dave share only three blocks from a gorgeous stretch of California shore line.

The job? For a few days each month, Dana puts away the textbooks and becomes the sultry Bridgette Monet, one of the hottest actresses in the steamy world of hard-core pornography. Dana/Bridgette has played the lead or a major part in *I Like To Watch, Talk Dirty To Me Part II, Sorority Sweethearts, Let's Talk Sex* and the upcoming *Bodacious Ta Ta's,* among others, and she was named Most Promising New Actress Of 1983 by the East Coast Producers Association at the Critics Adult Film Association Awards in New York last year.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Just as Dana is obviously no ordinary student, Bridgette is hardly your run-of-the-mill porn star. Sexually explicit films have often had a problem luring the most attractive actresses, but Dana is a wondrous exception. And while the public has taken note of her beauty, those inside the adult-cinema industry have come to realise that they're dealing with an outspoken and sometimes cynical leading lady.

"I don't really have a lot of good things to say about the people in this business," Dana explains, as her cat Checkers romps next to her on the sofa. "A lot of the guys, for instance, think that they're God's gift to women and I just don't get along very well with that kind of person. I get a lot of talk behind my back about being a princess, thinking I'm too good for other people, but I'm not in this business for my ego, and that's where 99.9 percent of the men are coming from."

There's one notable exception in the remaining one tenth of one percent. Dave Smith, Dana's long-time boyfriend, joined her in adult films as an actor. He also borrowed her name, working professionally as David Cannon, and often stars as Bridgette Monet's love interest.

"Actually," says Dana, "I feel sorry for the men. It's a lot harder for them; they get all excited thinking that this is their big fantasy, and then they realise that it's work — and nothing happens. A sex scene can take up to three hours to do, and there's a lot of starting and stopping and cutting to different camera angles. It's difficult. Even guys who have been in it for a long time have problems occasionally."

These days, Dana manages to put one important proviso on her film career; there are no sex scenes with any men other than David. "I'll keep working in the business as long as I can have things on my own terms. But if I can't, I'd just as soon not do it. I have other things I could be doing."

Most porn films, of course, stick to a basic formula, and that formula calls for the leading lady to have sex with more than one partner. Even the most easy-going producers insist on Dana's doing one or two lesbian scenes.

"I don't have any problems being with other girls," says Dana. "I guess other people would consider me bisexual, but I don't really see myself that way. I just do what I have to do for the film. It's pleasurable, just like being with a man is pleasurable, but it's not something I seek."

Still, her decision not to work with other men has made some producers reluctant to use her. "I've actually restricted my own earning power quite a bit by working only with David," she explains. "I could probably be earning twice as much."

Despite her loyalty to David, actually getting married has never seemed necessary. "Our relationship is going great and there's no real reason to change anything right now," explains Dana, who's 24. "We probably won't get married until we want to have children, and I don't know when that will be. I still have to finish school and there're a lot of things I want to accomplish in my life."

SUMMER

(continued from page 78)

Witana began whipping him with a velvet snake, its diamond fangs leaving tiny red marks.

placed a hand on my brow. "At least you are free from fever. But not, I suspect, from a certain ripeness — it's the climate," he added, winking, and was gone.

The slave girls sloughed off their garments and eased into bed. Grinning sorrowfully I touched my bandage and motioned for them to leave. They protested softly. They attempted to prove how gentle they could be. I sent them away.

Standing up was not impossible. I drank more water. Pretended to search for portents in the stars. Glanced away from the constellations, down to the roof of the villa. There was one gilded turret far larger than the others. A soft light glowed in its lone window. I could imagine whose room it was.

Crossing the sloping roofs was not nearly as hard as standing up had been. As I crept to the base of the turret I heard urgent, sinuous piping from above. I climbed.

My shoulder said some unkind things but remained attached. I pulled myself up on to the window edge. I peered down through a wide-woven ivory lattice.

Against the far wall of the rounded chamber, seated cross-legged on an enormous cushion, was a pipe player wrinkled enough to pass for the Immortal's older brother. He had a blind man's clouded white eyes.

In the centre of the chamber, on his back, lay the husband of the woman who needed me. Not precisely on his back: his puffy legs were spread and held aloft by padded chains, with a wedge of sweat-soaked pillows supporting his hindquarters, around which no description will stretch.

Witana stood naked between the mammoth suspended thighs. Her astonishing face looked even younger than I remembered. There was nothing of the child about the rest of her. With one hand she anointed her body with oil while with the other she encouraged Fadab's reluctant *n'gurga*. She spoke to it, cooed at it, scolded it, then guided it on a slippery exploration of her golden terrain. It began to show life, curving upward.

Fadab groaned, muttering obscenities. Witana began whipping him with a velvet snake, its diamond fangs leaving tiny red marks. Witana crawled up on to Fadab's oceanic belly. The velvet snake bit again and again. The piper's tempo raced, his tone grew harsh. Witana reached beneath her and clasped the curved *n'gurga* to her *shwussu-shwussu,* but did not insert it. She held it and held it. . . until she could inundate it with her *shwussu-shwussu's* more mundane function —

— impossibly beautiful green-grey eyes looked up and found themselves looking into mine —

— Fadab wailed and twisted in his chains—

— an anguished moan broke from Witana's full-fleshed Kytrite lips —

— my shoulder said nothing as I climbed down the turret, down past the terrace where I should have been healing my wounds, down into the garden where I wandered serpentine paths for hours. This was in the depths of my sixteenth summer, when I assumed I would spend my life feeling as I did at that moment.

How could she? I supposed wifely obedience explained a good deal, but. . .

I was searching for explanations among the stars, this time in earnest, when I caught scent of perfume. There was a remembered sensation of a small hand placing a short sword in mine. . .

A small figure in a hooded black robe stood on the path.

"You must leave at first light," she said.

I had no answer.

"I am afraid."

Words failed me still.

"The world is full of women," she insisted, her trickling-nectar voice giving the lie to her words. Then pleading: "I fear you will harm him." She held out a bulging leather pouch. "Gold enough for years. Now please, *go.*"

I slapped it away and drew her near. Slowly pulled back the hood. Looked. Kissed. Tasted. Gently set her down on the damp mossy earth, spreading her cloak. She sobbed and clung with an endless hunger.

When dawn threatened, Witana hurried back to the villa, remembering to pick up the leather pouch as she went.

●

Summers are lengthy in Jemot. Months must have passed. I had no reason to number the days. The nights were all the same night, one long delirious torrent which brought us to that exquisite pitch only the young and unjaded can reach — so easily they take it for granted.

So easily; Fadab slept as heavily as he ate and drank. It was Witana's custom to leave his chamber after satisfying him. Custom now included continuing past her own chamber, down to the garden.

Every few afternoons I'd corner a different slave girl and claim my hero's portion — at Witana's insistance. She was wise in the ways of society for one only in her fourteenth summer.

Fadab delighted to hear of me bulling my way through his retainers. His gratitude for my saving his little treasure seemed genuine. He made much of me at the feasts he gave for the debased nobles who nominally ruled the valley. Theirs was the name of Jemot, his the power. Each side held the other in contempt, and all were terribly courteous.

I missed Suulemaion. He'd delayed his departure until he was certain I was not seriously hurt. When I saw him off, he admonished me, "Be sensible — refresh yourself and ride on. The world is full of women."

I looked at him as though I had no idea of what he meant.

Suulemaion sadly shook his head. "Daq Jaddarra, there is always a beautiful reason when a man attacks a leopard with a dinner table." He began to mount his camel, stopped, turned, sighed, extracted a gold coin from his belt, regarded it wistfully, shuddered, pressed it into my hand and whispered. "A magic coin — it is worth more the farther you get from Jemot."

The M'ddrrggs returned the day Suulemaion left. They'd caught the Nork's apprentice in a matter of hours and had since been religiously administering their vengeance. No one pressed the translator for specifics.

As my wounds knit, the M'ddrrggs and I practised weapons together. They were good, fearless men. I was pleased they accepted me despite my repugnantly smooth face.

But they were not quite real. No one and nothing was except Witana.

●

Summer's waning brought complete recovery and maddening pain. I had no excuse to stay and I could not go. Not alone. Witana loved to remain entwined after we'd exhausted ourselves, with me still filling her. At such times she often spoke dreamily of her homeland.

"We could go there," I suggested one night late in summer.

"You and I cannot go anywhere," she murmured, lazily tracing the claw marks on my shoulder. "Besides, we have no reason to." She gave me a nip.

"Ow. Despite your attentions I've healed. If I remain, Fadab will wonder why."

"Fadab is indebted to you. He likes you." She shifted. I slipped out of her. "He would find you a place here."

"It is already too — Witana, I have never had to feign friendship for a man I. . . dislike."

"The practice will do you good."

"I'm not some two-faced lord or fawning merchant."

Her golden features sank into a golden despair. "That is not kind," she teased, "to say to the daughter of a Kytrarch and a wife of a merchant."

"I can save you from that," I protested. "It's not in me to go on pretending, Witana, to be unable to touch you all day, to know what you and he do at n—"

She stiffened. "Promise you will never take hand or weapon to him."

"I do not wish him harm," I lied. "All I want is you."

"Swear." Huge green-grey eyes widened, threatening to engulf me. I swore, in the names of enough gods, demons, and ancestors to risk damning untold generations of Jaddarras.

"Now," I begged, "will you come away with me before we're caught? This morning is not too soon. This moment would be better."

Witana said something but her lips were too occupied with other matters for me to understand or care what it was.

●

The M'ddrrgg said something that might have been, "The Master awaits." He took my reins and pointed up the garden path I was to follow. I'd just returned from a gallop along the Kug. The Wilderness at the Heart of the World had looked provocatively simple and inviting. But my fever brought me back to the garden of Fadab as surely as my footsteps now brought me to the pavilion where his enormity was spread across the inevitable squadrons of suffering pillows.

"Fried baby parakeets?" he offered. I shook my head. "Your appetite *cannot* have deserted you," he sang, popping a birdling into the curiously tiny mouth which sustained that magnificent corpulence.

I managed to grin. "After riding all morning I've an appetite for some of the ale you're drinking."

Fadab gestured for me to help myself. "Some day soon," he mourned, "you will ride off and not return. I fear your spirit has been sore chafed, sharing this dull tradesman's existence."

"There has been no chafing," I assured him. "I have never known such splendor."

"*Splendor*? Dear Daq, you have not known splendor until you've known Chogo," he decreed, patting my hand with greasy fingers. "Please indulge an unworthy host by permitting him to bore you with a tale of wealth and power."

I drained my ale, poured for us both, and nodded. All summer I'd been waiting for Chogo to come up again.

"*Here* is Jemot," said Fadab, holding up a fistful of crisp baby birds, "Gateway to the Kug, and thence the world. *There* is the Western Sea — " a tankard of ale, " — which knows no mightier trading force than the combined fleet of the Seven Kytrarchs. I dominate inland; my father-in-law, the sea. But between us, on the coast, Chogo — the richest, most conniving city of the West."

"So you seek an alliance."

"Excellent! Dear Daq, such an alliance would control the commerce of the West, and then, perhaps, *k-huk*. . ." He made an equivocal gesture. "But the High Priestess is jealous of her independence, and will not listen."

I put down my tankard. "You desire the ear of the High Priestess, which her Consort will have."

"That is more important to me than you will ever know," he whispered. "And will make you richer than you can conceive."

"And all I must do to gain it is cut my way through the arena?"

"That path can be smoothed, oh yes. Opponents have been known to accept a small fortune rather than risking all for a large one. Others have suffered terrible misfortunes with their equipment, or food."

Rage rose in me at the suggestion I would have to cheat to survive a contest I had no intention of entering. "My grandfather warned me," I growled, "that unearned wealth costs more than it is worth."

Fadab favored me with an unctuous smile. "Do not judge me harshly, dear Daq. Surely you know that if the passion is grand enough, the man it grips will do whatever he must. Even that which a grandfather might find dishonorable."

He knew. He knew about Witana and he — no. I was panicking.

"All I ask," he continued, "is that you think deeply on what a man loses by fleeing his destiny." Fadab gazed fondly at the final morsel. "I don't know how you deny yourself. They are at their tenderest when young."

I squandered the afternoon debating whether or not he knew. I lost the debate. All I could be certain of was that Witana and I had to leave. If I took her against her will I'd lose her. But how to convince her? She was so much better with words than I. Very well. I would demonstrate with my absence what I could not persuade her of with words. That night I did not wait in the garden. I strapped on my M'ddrrgg blade and went down the slope to Jemot. To a tavern in the low quarter.

I drank much and traded jests with unclean wenches. A lout spilled wine on me. I thrashed him. And his comrades. And the tavern-keeper. Then I bought them all a drink and they toasted my valor. I went outside for some air and vomited. As I did so, a thief attacked me. I grabbed his throat and held him away as I finished my spew. My hand must have clenched along with my guts — when I was done I found myself holding a blue-faced corpse. I sat him against a wall, threw his purse to a goggle-eyed old beggar who was staring as though he'd never seen an accident before, and marched back up the slope under a dazzling moon, hoping Witana had learned her lesson.

The walk cleared my head but made me thirsty. Perhaps that is why I went to the pond where I was to have met the woman who needed me. I filled my hands with cold water. I could not get enough. So I jumped in. It felt even better than it tasted.

A twig snapped.

A small figure in a hooded black robe stood beneath a broad-leafed yggthia tree. She stood deathly still. She's angry I thought. Good.

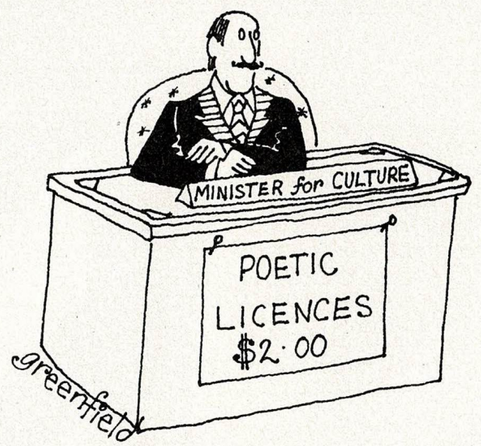
I waded out. As I reached the overhang of the tree my wet sandal slipped on a mossy rock. I went down but caught myself on one knee. I looked up with a sheepish grin and saw within the hood a scarred copper face.

I drew my dagger and the second M'ddrrgg dropped out of the tree just in front of me — which would have been just behind me had I not slipped. I slashed the inside of his knife arm as he came down. His dagger dropped as his arm went slack, but my dagger also went as his falling weight wrenched it from my grasp.

The hooded M'ddrrgg charged. I went under his thrust, grabbed the cloak and flung him behind me into the pond. The wounded M'ddrrgg butted the side of my face. I sprawled sideways. As he reached for my dagger with his left hand I kicked him in the throat. I heard the other one sloshing out of the pond. I reached across the bleeding, gagging M'ddrrgg to get at my dagger.

A mistake. He threw his good arm around me and closed rock-hard muscles across my windpipe. As I wrenched at him I saw the other M'ddrrgg shrugging off the water-heavy robe. I found the handle of my dagger and the M'ddrrgg on my back sunk his teeth into my shoulder. I heaved upwards and turned as the other M'ddrrgg lunged. His

(continued on page 136)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SKELTON

WHY WOMEN FAKE ORGASMS

The earth doesn't always move. How come?

BE HONEST. Did your last lover really have that multiple orgasm. . .or was it more a matter of "I've got a spot that gets me hot, but you ain't been to it?"

Chances are you didn't really know what to do but she oohed and aahed a lot and snuggled up to you afterwards anyway. Don't despair. You've come a long way, baby! You're a far cry from the old idea that women couldn't come at all. Or worse still, the popular ocker joke about the female orgasm. . .who cares? You've not only accepted the fact that women are capable of several successive orgasms, you are apparently ready and willing to learn more about the natural, though often mysterious, sensuality of women. But it isn't easy. As one man succinctly put it: "I feel like a gorilla trying to play a violin."

He gets full marks for trying. Yet the majority of women interviewed for this article did complain that some of you are geared towards the Big O to the point where they feel obliged to perform as a reward for all your efforts. There has been a trend towards bigger and better orgasms and performance-fixated males are feeling distinctly under threat by apparently insatiable women.

As a result, men, not to be outdone, have shown themselves quite capable of faking orgasms too. A fine mess, you'll agree.

Germaine Greer said it well: "The man who is expected to have a rigid penis at all times is no freer than the

Article by Liz Lill

woman whose vagina is supposed to explode at the first thrust of such a penis."

There's no doubt about it. Many men are feeling the heat of the sexual revolution to an extreme where a once simple, enjoyable activity is becoming a test of erotic skills, a competition even. Likewise, many women want to appear sexually liberated. The result? There's a whole lotta shakin' and fakin' goin' on.

On Australian PLAYBOY's behalf, I conducted a survey to find out what's going on in bed these days and how both sexes feel about it. Over a period of two weeks, I spoke to 30 men and 50 women whose ages ranged from 18 to 45. Most were surprisingly frank about their bedroom activities. The general consensus of opinion was that while they enjoyed sex and indulged in it regularly, their enjoyment was often clouded by what they felt as sexual pressure to perform. The men tended to feel that giving a woman an orgasm was expected of them as red-blooded males. Equally, the women reported that they felt compelled to at least pretend to have orgasms. All but three of the women interviewed admitted to faking.

If it's any consolation, women still love you. The majority of women interviewed said they appreciate men's growing awareness of their sexual potential and the desire to help them reach orgasm.

As one woman said: "Once it didn't seem to occur to men that women were good for anything more than a quickie. I consider it quite a leap ahead that they're trying to satisfy us."

It should be noted, however, that women feel men place far too much emphasis on orgasms. Linda, a secretary aged 24, made a typical comment: "Men expect a woman to go into instant paroxysms of joy, especially after they go down on you. I always get the feeling, too, that I should be grateful for what often amounts to clumsy, straight-out-of-a-textbook attempts to make me come. I end up giving the man points for trying. I fake, hoping next time he'll hit the mark."

Several women said that they felt men try too hard. They even said that an over-eager lover was less likely to succeed than a lover who didn't care. They said they were more inclined to fake with men who were consciously applying all the latest techniques. Why? They are apparently afraid that by telling a man they haven't come, he will find this insulting and so it's back to square one. They don't want to appear discouraging. Most of the women questioned said they always felt pressure from men to perform. The following remark was a common one: "If only they'd stop thinking it's their responsibility to make us come. . . perhaps then we could relax in bed."

The men I spoke to insisted that women expected them to know it all. Some told me that going to bed with a woman even proved an ordeal. Philip (29) confessed: "I read up on all the latest techniques and have had a lot of lovers, but now I dread the first time with someone new. No matter how hard I try, it seems to take hours to turn the woman on. I would appreciate help from women, but they always just lie back waiting for the Big O."

Several men had the idea women thought orgasms were their "right" and felt there was something wrong with their own performance if the woman didn't come. Only a few of the men I spoke to said they'd had complaints, but all said they'd often suspected women were faking.

John (31), who claimed he adored women, said he couldn't stand fakers and that he would like to see more sexual honesty in bed. "They should masturbate if I'm not turning them on. After all, a man can only do his best. So what if they don't come? We can always try again. I don't understand why women have to pretend with someone like me. . . how am I supposed to know what gets them going if they make out they're loving it when they're really feeling sweet fuck all?"

Women are apparently afraid that by telling a man they haven't come he will find this insulting and so it's back to square one.

True, it's not an easy time to be a man. Consider the case of Warren, a professional man in his early thirties, who surprised me when he said he'd only met a handful of women who were interested in satisfying him. "Most of the women I end up with are only concerned about themselves and their own bodies and don't seem to care whether I come or not. They just stretch out waiting for me to work them to a climax. Sometimes I feel like a machine."

A few men even reported being "intimidated" by sexual "superwomen" who apparently make no bones about what they want in the cot. "Some are like traffic wardens," lamented one astonished man. "Left, right, this way, that way, stop and go. It's a complete turn-off. I end up with a limp cock, a stiff tongue, an aching wrist and wonder why I bother. One girl even called me a lousy lover and jumped out of bed in disgust because I couldn't make her come. I felt about two inches high."

This man deserves sympathy. But the women who personally told me they had, on occasion, tried to tell men how to turn them on claimed they had never been forceful or demanding. They agreed, though, that many men viewed assertiveness as being "demanding" and that this created problems.

"I curb my tendency to be forthright with slightly ockerish men," Julie (25) said. "It spells disaster in bed." Nearly all the women in our survey rejected the idea of telling a man, however tactfully, that it takes more than a few haphazard dives down below before the dynamite explodes. Many women told me they are even reluctant to drop gentle hints on how to turn them on in case the man sees this as "condescending" or "demanding" or as a "blow" to his ego. More than a few women reported cases where the man became angry and unkind to them as a result. "I used to tell them it took ages for me to climax and they'd suddenly stop humping to ask if I was frigid. Once a man even told me to get my head examined," one woman commented.

Certain women are simply too embarrassed to talk about it. Although the desire to ask for a specific kind of stimulation or the use of erotic "sweet nothings" may well be there, they bite their tongues and hope for the best.

"Coming is a bonus for me," admitted another young woman. "I never let on that I don't usually climax. I find I can only open up when I'm really involved with a man; it's much easier just to fake."

The deep-rooted fear of being thought sexually dysfunctional cropped up regularly in my survey as a reason for faking. A lot of women said they had strings of bad past experiences with men who had cast doubts on their sexuality.

"One guy told me I was hung up," confided one woman. "There we were lying in each other's arms after good sex when he said out of the blue: 'You didn't come, did you?' When I admitted I hadn't, he asked me if I was a lesbian."

A psychologist commented: "Basically women are still not free of the desire to seek approval and the wish to meet everyone's expectations. If they were, perhaps they would fake orgasms less."

Several women who confessed they were afraid of admitting failure in case the man thought they were inadequate said they faked to compare favorably with real or imagined past lovers. Bruce (39) told me: "It took my wife months to admit sex wasn't all it could be. I always suspected she was faking, especially when she wouldn't look me in the eyes, but she would become quite irritated and upset if I ventured to ask her if she'd really climaxed. She finally broke down and told me she'd never had an orgasm and that she didn't tell me before because she wanted to appear as exciting as all the other women I'd laid before her."

Or listen to Trina (22), who admitted she once went through a phase where she deliberately set out to convince her lovers that she could have multiple orgasms at any given moment.

"I was so insecure and, to be honest, ignorant," she explained. "I thought there was something wrong with me and that if men knew I wasn't having at least one tiny

"Any sign of him yet?"

orgasm they'd be justified in saying I was a freak. So to compensate I'd fake orgasm after orgasm whenever it seemed appropriate. The men acted as if my behavior was average, but I realise now that it wasn't."

Women like Trina obviously hold up idealised models of sexual behavior and have a misconceived idea of what constitutes the total woman. They want to meet male expectations, falsely assuming all men want a multi-orgasmic woman in bed. But, according to Bill (28), not all men do: "Why do women have to complicate everything? I think their expectations are unrealistic and selfish. Show me a girl who can just switch off to herself and on to the man and I'll take my hat off to her as a sexy woman."

Many of the women questioned agreed with Bill but blamed men in general for the tension modern women often can't hide during sex.

Sandra, a 30-year-old teacher, made a typical comment: "Technique alone is not enough. Being relaxed with someone is more conducive to orgasm."

Sometimes women fake because of the simple fear that the man might think there is something amiss in their relationship. Take the woman who confessed to faking with her husband so that he wouldn't think she'd stopped loving him: "I have a wonderful life with my man... but I worry that he might think I don't love him anymore if I say sex isn't always as mind-blowing for me as it is for him. He is more than considerate in bed, so I haven't the heart to tell him the Big O hasn't happened."

Faking out of sympathy, politeness, or as a gesture of affection were reasons common to most of the women in my sample. Even women not involved in a loving relationship said they sometimes faked as an act of goodwill. "I knew I didn't want to see him again, so I thought I'd fake it so at least he'd depart with the idea he was some sort of superstud," said Louise, a 23-year-old nurse.

Of course, there are women who simply dislike sex and whose motive for faking is to get the whole thing over with as quickly as possible without an awkward scene. "Sometimes, when I'm sore or just plain tired or bored, I moan, bump and grind, rake my nails down his back and scream that I'm coming. I always say it was the best screw ever and they believe me," confided Jackie, a young prostitute.

Some sex surveys have revealed that men fake it too. But few of the men I personally interviewed would admit to it and the rest just laughed. "You've got to be joking! No man worth his salt would fake," said one man. "But those men who tell all those stories about how they come over and over again... they're either lying through their teeth to the boys or fooling the women or both."

I managed to pin down a considerable number of men willing to admit they felt threatened by today's sensuous women. They claimed they never faked, but confessed to a propensity to brag and exaggerate, especially with their mates. One of the brave men who did admit he had faked said it was to impress the woman: "Once I had a girl convinced I'd come six times in an hour, when secretly I'd only had two orgasms," he confessed.

Several of the women interviewed felt that men sometimes faked to "save face" or as a reaction to their own phony performances. "I put up such a good show I think he wanted to prove he could have more orgasms than me," offered one. "The whole thing was a charade and we knew it," said another.

The three women who swore they had never faked said they had encountered a lot of men who seemed to resent the fact that they were capable of multiple orgasms. They said that men tended to react by trying to prove they too could put on a marathon performance, and that this reduced their overall enjoyment.

"We just can't win!" complained one of the women.

Another was upset by what she saw as the "unbelievably egotistical attitude" some men have. She told me that a lot of men tended to presume her orgasms were largely due to *his* sexual prowess. The third woman said she had even been accused of faking a couple of times.

Men told me they would never accuse a woman of faking. Most said they were guilty of asking the woman if she'd orgasmed but that they were generally careful not to approach the subject. Several cited instances where the woman had just about jumped down their throats at the mention of the subject.

Paul, a 31-year-old lawyer, had this to say: "Naturally I do my best to make sure the woman comes, but I never make an issue out of it. It's a very sensitive area for both people concerned. The one time I did ask a girlfriend if she'd climaxed she was hurt and accused me of wanting her to put on a display to boost my own ego. Now I leave it to women to tell me they haven't come... if they feel so inclined."

Other men told me they had often tried to talk about female orgasms with women — but to no avail. Females said they were open to discussion provided it was welcomed by the man, but as Marcia (24) told me: "It's not always easy giving verbal resumes of one's sexuality between the sheets."

Most of the men and women interviewed felt that talking about sex outside the bedroom would certainly take away some of the pressure, but they said that this was usually only possible with a trusted partner. All agreed that an unfortunate aspect of the sexual revolution is that the emphasis on performance is greater than ever before, and that both sexes are suffering as a result.

So let's stop suffering and do something about it! Women care about you, they enjoy sex and they could enjoy it even more. They don't want a superstud or a walking Kama Sutra. The man they crave is one who can throw away his preconceived ideas and who can tune in to the woman as an individual. You do well to learn the latest techniques. But it's different strokes for different folks. All women need is for you to really make love to them.

As one psychologist concludes: "Making love requires desire, feeling and sensitivity as well as technique... if men and women today stopped holding up such idealised models of sexual behavior, perhaps they would not be so demanding and would not feel the need to fake."

THE SPOT THAT GETS HER HOT

It's not always easy for a man to tell what turns a woman on, especially when she often doesn't know what she wants and expects you, the man, to know it all. So, men, here are a few facts and handy hints to help you hit the mark.

First, the clitoris (heralded by Kinsey in the '50s and Masters and Johnson in the '60s as the true source of the female orgasm). What counts is the way you manipulate this little button and that differs dramatically from woman to woman. It's important, too, to switch that stop-watch off — some women need, say, 45 minutes to warm up.

Even so, the latest research has it that you could be way off target. This could account for why, like Frank Zappa, "You poked and stroked 'til your wrist got numb but you just couldn't get that dynamo to hum."

The new hot spot is located deep inside the vagina and feels like a small bean to the touch. It's called the G-Spot, and is said to be the key to vaginal orgasm (Ladas, Perry and Whipple, authors of *The G-Spot* and instigators of a revived controversy over vaginal versus clitoral orgasm). So, your chances of hitting the mark are greater than ever before.

Remember, though, that it hasn't been proven yet that the G-Spot turns all women on, so don't despair if nothing happens. But it's definitely worth investigation, especially since surveys show that only about two-thirds of women come via the clitoris and that the rest come by vaginal stimulation.

In a nutshell, not all women are clitoromaniacs, so check out the G-Spot — it might just make her hot.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUTZ HILLER

CHAMPERS

martin gillam runs the river of bubbly to its source

VOLTAIRE is considered by the French to be not only one of their greatest men of letters, but also a man who knew a good drink when he saw one. So when he penned the following couplet about champagne in the 18th century, Frenchmen nodded in agreement:

This wine where sparkling bubbles dance,
Reflects the very spirit of France.

Of course, Voltaire wasn't talking about the "champagne" you can buy at the corner shop for $3.99. He meant the real thing — the sparkling, irresistible potion which comes from the Champagne region itself, about 100km north-east of Paris. So much mythology and magic has emanated from this tiny domain with its bubbly tradition. The wine from this little area (only 25,000 hectares) has been beguiling king and commoner down the centuries. Henry VIII of England owned vineyards there, and he was not the only foreign crown to fall under champagne's spell. King Wenceslas, Emperor of Germany, came to the Champagne capital of Rheims in 1398 to discuss affairs of state with France's Charles VI. The French courtiers, playing the perfect hosts, made sure that their visitor's glass was never short of champagne. History tells us that on this day, the German ruler signed "everything that was put before him". Why the fascination with champagne? The reasons are many. First, the uniqueness of the wine can be traced to the soil of the region. Less than a metre below the surface lies a vast belt of limestone chalk; the same one, in fact, which raises its head on the other side of the other side of the English Channel at Dover. This chalk is perfect for wine-growing, giving the grapes delicacy, lightness and that faint limestone character one can always smell from the moment the cork is popped. As for the grapes, only three types are allowed by

by law. These are the pinot noir (which gives body and long life to the wine), pinot meunier (which matures more quickly), and the classic white grape chardonnay (which gives lightness and delicacy). Most champagne is made by blending these varieties together to give the style the wine-maker wants. French law also dictates on quality by limiting the amount of grapes that can be harvested (13,000 kilos per hectare) and the amount of juice that can be used after the pressing (only the first two-thirds).

And all this before the wine-makers have even begun their work. That begins in earnest in the spring, following the harvest of the previous autumn. During the intervening winter, the grape juice has been allowed to ferment to a clear white wine. In the spring, the wine-maker locks himself in a room with examples of all the different wines his company has assembled from the various villages throughout Champagne. He tastes and re-tastes 20, 30, even 40 different still wines, deciding which ones he'll blend to give the style he wants. Once that blending has taken place, it's time to put the famous sparkle into the wine.

The blended wine is put into bottles — the same ones that will eventually arrive on dinner tables around the world. Before each bottle is sealed, some yeast and a little cane sugar are added to get a second fermentation going. The yeast have an insatiable appetite for sugar, and they attack it with gusto. Two by-products result — alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The alcohol is what gives the consumer a more pleasant outlook on life and the gas is what gives the wine its sparkle.

This second fermentation, which takes a few months, goes on 20 or 30 metres below ground, in the deep cellars dug from the chalk. Some were dug by the Romans in the days of the Caesars. And it's here the bottles will stay for another three to five years, while the wine matures. The work's not over yet, though. During the ageing period, a deposit collects on the inside of each bottle. (This is mainly dead yeast, poor creatures, who've drowned in their own alcohol.) While harmless, these deposits are not the thing one wants shooting out of the bottle during the wedding toast, so they have to be removed. The bottles are placed neck down in angled racks, forcing the deposit to slide slowly down the neck and collect on the cork. It's helped on its way by an amazing band of men known as *remueurs*, who move along the racks each day, giving the bottles a little twist, and tilting them more and more to the vertical.

When the deposit has collected on the cork, it's time for the *degorgement*, or disgorging. The neck of the bottle is placed in a freezing solution, the cork is popped and the deposit shoots out in a block of ice. Before too much pressure is lost, the empty space in the bottle is topped up with a mixture of old wine and cane sugar, and a new cork is put in. . . some wire is wrapped around the cork to hold it, a label is fixed on and the final product is ready for sale.

Despite the march of technology (there's an ever-increasing use of automation for processes like the *degorgement* and the *remuage*), the "champagne method" described here has hardly changed since it was developed and refined in the 17th century by a Benedictine monk at the Abbey of Hautvillers, in the heart of Champagne. The monk's name was Dom Perignon — a legend in his own time and famous now as the name on the finest bottles of the Moet et Chandon company, Champagne's biggest maker.

One might think that with each champagne company making its wine by this complex method (as the law requires), there'd be broad agreement between wine-makers, and that one bottle of bubbly would taste more or less like the next. Not a bit of it. Champagne-making remains an art, not a science, and given that the artists are French, there is all manner of difference between firms.

The first difference comes at the blending stage, described earlier. Each house has its own style of wine, developed over the decades, and in many cases, centuries. For example, the esteemed house of Bollinger (said to be Prince Charles's favorite) is renowned for its strong "meaty" style. That's because it uses a very high proportion (about 80 percent) of Pinot grapes for its blend. Other top companies, like Taittinger and Perrier-Jouet, make a lighter, more "elegant" style by using high proportions of chardonnay grapes. Some firms, like Ruinart and Salon, have won devotees by making wonderful fresh wines from chardonnay alone, while yet another group of famous names, such as Pol Roger, Veuve Clicquot, Moet et Chandon and Mumm's use more or less equal quantities of pinot and chardonnay in their top blends.

Champagne-making remains an art, not a science, and given that the artists are French, there is all manner of difference between firms.

Another point of argument, common to all wine, is that of vintage. But in Champagne, it's not just a question of whether one year's harvest is better than another, because not all champagne is vintage wine. In fact, most of it is "non-vintage", a blend of wines from different years to provide the balance that might be lacking from one single year. Non-vintage champagne is usually a little cheaper than vintage (which is made only in exceptional years). But some makers hold fast to the idea that a skilfully blended non-vintage wine can be just as good, perhaps better, than the vintage varieties. The great house of Krug, for example, has the non-vintage "Grande Cuvee" as its flagship. It's a blend of up to 50 different wines, from six different years.

Remi Krug, who with his brother Henri is now responsible for running the family company, says such a blend not only gives Krug buyers the guarantee of consistency, but also gives them a more complex wine.

"We use all three grape varieties," says Remi, "from both the great villages of the district, and the lesser ones. This makes our wine a symphony, not just a sonata."

Another house which has a similar idea is Laurent Perrier, whose top-of-the-range "Grand Siecle" is also a non-vintage wine from an equally complex background.

As a general rule though, most houses *do* produce vintage champagnes when the year is good enough (as indeed do Krug and Laurent Perrier). Recent fine years have included 1973, 1975, 1976 and 1978. The ones most likely to be on merchants' shelves at present are the '75s and '76s. And here we have another argument. Andre Lallier, head of the historic firm of Deutz, is a great fan of the '75s. He says they have more balance, and will definitely last longer than the '76s. It's a view generally shared by the makers, but the '76s still have their supporters.

Jean-Claude Fourmon, of the firm Joseph Perrier, rates 1976 "the vintage of the century", and Bollinger director Arnould d'Hautefeuille says he prefers the '76s for their warmer fruit flavor, brought on by the European drought of that year. Then there are companies like Louis Roederer, which with typical French individuality like to make vintage wines even in the so-called "poor" years, like '74 and '77.

Another area of friendly disagreement between makers is the relative merits of old and new methods. Nearly all the big houses — such as Veuve Clicquot, Moet et Chandon, Lanson and the like — use giant stainless steel tanks to store the wine during the first fermentation. Louis-Marc d'Harcourt, a director of Veuve Clicquot, says this benefits the consumer.

"For a start," says Louis-Marc, "it allows economy of scale, and saves on the expense of continually replacing wooden casks. There's much less evaporation or spoilage, and we don't have the problem of casks drying out and splitting during the summer. In short, it means a more reliable, slightly cheaper wine for the public, without loss of quality."

Remi Krug agrees that such advances have helped the bigger firms, but he remains a fervent believer in the role of wooden casks in making the very best champagne. "Fermenting in wood allows the wine to breathe," he says. "We use wood not to impart a woody taste — far from it. But the casks allow the wine to have an ever-so-slight contact with the air, and that gives it character. Comparative tastings we've done over the years confirm our belief."

Bollinger's Arnould d'Hautefeuille agrees. "We use old wood to give the wine an extra dimension," he advises. "The wine picks up a little tannin, which gives it longer life, and has the air contact to give it more character."

As with any wine, the final arbiter must be the consumer, who's best advised to try a range of champagnes to find his or her favorite. This may sound a trifle impractical considering most champagnes are in the $15-$20 price range which makes them a little expensive for everyday drinking. But if it's any consolation, they still rank as good value when compared with other imported wines. Top wines from Bordeaux and Burgundy now fetch twice the price of champagne. And you must remember that, unlike these wines, champagne has had to be "made twice", and stored for three to five years. It's made from the most expensive grapes in the world ($4 worth in each bottle), which have been grown on tremendously expensive land (worth more than $300,000 per hectare in some villages). There's also the insatiable world thirst for champagne, with demand far exceeding the average annual production of about 150,000,000 bottles. Add to this costs such as shipping and duty, and $20 starts to look reasonable, especially when you consider that bottles of some Australian chardonnays are now fetching more than this figure.

Some good news for champagne lovers is that 1982 was a record year — the equivalent of 290,000,000 bottles was made, and the quality was high. Until the last vintage, a string of small crops had threatened to cut supplies and push up prices. While reserves are still low in the Champagne caves, at least the worst seems to be over.

It's interesting to consider what the champagne makers think of Australian wines. Most are complimentary but they diplomatically avoid comment on our "champagnes". They say some of our sparkling wines are quite good but they *do* wish we'd stop using *their* name.

There's been a steady stream of champagne directors to Australia over the past few years, thanks to Australia now being one of the 10 biggest markets for champagne in the world. This has given them the opportunity of tasting the newer Australian wine styles, particularly the "cool climate" reds, and chardonnay. Both styles are winning praise, especially as they're more akin to the European style than some of the earlier "blood and thunder" reds.

The Champenois also have some kind words to say about Australian cuisine, especially seafood, and particular mention has been made of Melbourne's Clichy restaurant and Glenella at Blackheath, in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney.

3 GREAT OLD CHAMPAGNES

Everyone know that clarets and burgundies improve with age, but what about champagne? While in Champagne, I was lucky enough to taste three very old champagnes in the company of the firms who made them. And all three provided a very good case for the view that champagne can age with all the grace of any great wine.

Let's take them in reverse chronological order. The first was a 1955 wine, made by the tiny yet celebrated firm of Salon. So exclusive is Salon (it sells only 5000 cases of wine each year) that several people I spoke to in Champagne had never heard of the company. Yet in the 1920s, it became the house champagne of Maxim's in Paris. The firm's manager, Robert Billion, opened the bottle of '55 in the company's cellar. There were less than 80 bottles left, and they had not so much as a label.

As Salon is made solely from chardonnay, noted more for elegance than longevity, I wondered if the bottle might be a fading light of other days. I was wrong: it still had the full sparkle one might expect from a champagne 20 years its junior. And all the other qualities one could ask for in a great champagne — freshness, elegance, subtlety — were now enhanced by a great lusciousness of flavor and scent. Rather like a great white burgundy with bubbles. As Monsieur Billion explained, people are misguided if they think chardonnay can't last just because it's delicate. How true.

Now let's take a quantum leap backwards, and look at the 1928 Krug. I hate to drop names, but I drank this museum piece with Henri and Remi Krug, who justifiably could not conceal their pride in this old beauty. Well into the sixth decade of its life, the wine had lost a good deal of its sparkle, but still sent a steady stream of bubbles running up the glass. What it lacked in effervescence, it more than made up for with incredible depth of flavor, like some ancient nectar drawn from a deep well. Henri Krug calls 1928 the year of the century for champagne, and far be it from me to argue.

Certainly Henri and Remi's grandfather Joseph, who made the wine before any of us drinking that bottle were born, shared that view. The 1928 Krug had already become famous when the Germans marched into Rheims in 1940. Joseph, fearing what would happen to the hundreds of bottles of '28 he was keeping for his English clients, stored them with his own personal collection for safety.

As soon as the war was over, he cabled his English buyers with the happy news — "I still have the '28s!"

"Sorry," came the reply, "we think they're a bit old now. Could you send us something a little fresher?"

Understandably miffed about this, Joseph Krug kept the '28s in his private cellar, promising that he would drink the last bottle on his 100th birthday in 1969. Sad to say, he died in 1967, and so a few precious botttles remain, to prove how magnificent old champagne can be.

And should 1928 still be a bit recent to prove the point, let's go back further to another great year, 1921, and another great family company, Pol Roger. Christian Pol-Roger, grandson of the man who made this wine and a director of the firm which bears his name, is typically modest about the bottle that stands before him.

"I don't know if we should get too carried away with these old wines," he says. "Certainly they are very interesting to taste, but all in all they're a little like the Mona Lisa. We appreciate them not so much for what they are now, but for the masterpieces they were when created."

For an objective view, the chef of the restaurant where Christian has opened this bottle is called from the kitchen to sample a glass. "Perfect," breathes the chef, shaking his head in semi-disbelief. "Absolutely perfect." Perhaps the chef didn't know it, but his appreciation of old Pol Roger champagne put him in good company. Sir Winston Churchill was so enamored of the company that he drank a bottle each day, and even named his racehorse after the firm.

"We used to keep old stocks for Sir Winston in our cellars," says Christian, "and send them across the Channel when he called for them. He was still drinking the '47 when he died in 1964."

sheer invention

remember the inventors? steve bunk traces the fortunes of the top-rating tv show's winners

THERE ARE TWO great obstacles to invention and innovation in Australia. The first has its roots in intellectual snobbery. . . But probably the most serious obstacle is the widespread lack of faith in Australia's ability to generate inventions and innovations which can withstand competition from overseas. In view of Australia's record to date, this attitude is quite ridiculous.

G.A. Rattigan, CBE,
Former chairman of the
Industries Assistance
Commission, in an
opening address to an
Australian Academy of
Science forum, 1977.

Australians like to think of their ability to improvise as a national trait. The country's backyards are filled with better mousetraps, and some of them even snare the occasional mouse. But what happens to that rare individual who actually *can* produce something new and useful? Does he ever get a fair go, or does cultural cringe cold-shoulder him every time?

To find out, I talked to people who should be among the top independent inventors in Australia. They were winners of the ABC series *The Inventors*, which enjoyed a 12-year run from 1970 to 1981. Fans will recall that the gadgets demonstrated each week on the show were part of a season-long competition for Inventor of the Year.

Producers Beverly Gledhill and Paul Belfanti estimate that they travelled 20,000 miles annually to inspect inventions, many of which they first learned of via letters from viewers. By June 1975 the show was getting about 1000 letters a week and had about 750,000 TV sets tuned in weekly. Of the some 400 inventions Gledhill and Belfanti examined yearly, about 72 made it to the small screen. Most of them made it no further.

You don't see many fold-up pushbikes around, or seedling containers made of cowpats, or ceramic magnetised doorstops. Arthur Rackemann of Rockhampton probably is still using his cow coaxer though. It's a giant painting of a landscape that he puts inside a truck or the car of a train to coax his cattle up the ramp. This invention ensured a contemptible death to the carrot on a stick.

The Inventors died too, and although Gledhill still videotapes the odd creation, appears on *The Mike Walsh Show* to publicise them and brings new Australian products to the international competition in Geneva each year, she's not exuberant about prospects for independent inventors. "The little gadget man has gone back to his shed and it's very sad," she says, "because we're not going to see his things anymore."

Why not? Gledhill thinks it's because products are getting ever-classier, prices are going up, big business has triumphed over private enterprise. That is, it's triumphed in the area of innovation, which, in the lexicon of big business, means to successfully apply a new invention to industry. In other words,

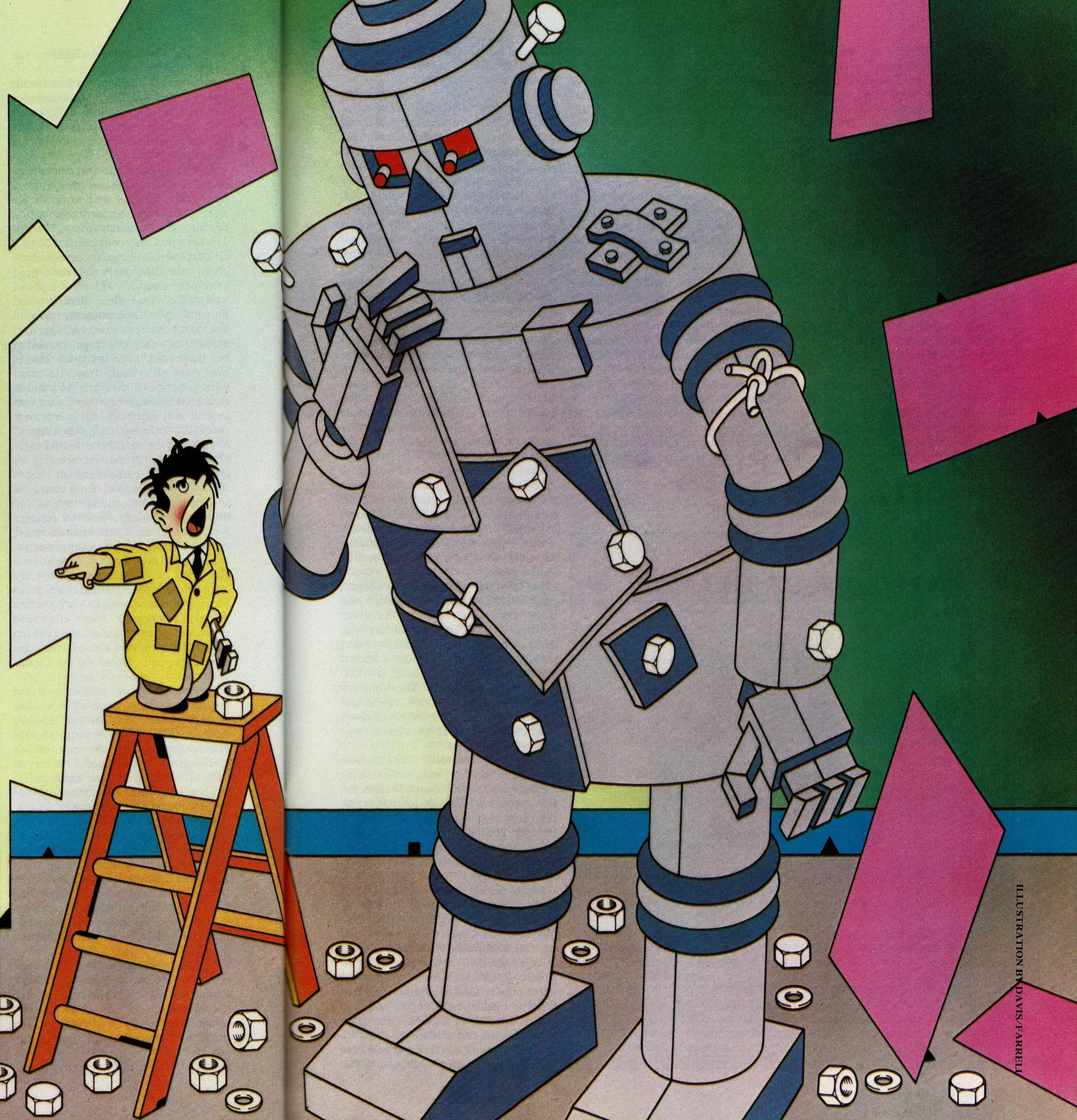


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

to market it. The little guy won't stop inventing. He just won't be able (or allowed) to reap most of the profits himself.

On the other hand, there are those brilliant optimists like Guy Coles (who we'll deal with later) who ignore the restraints to design, manufacture and successfully market their inventions.

One Fred Schaeffer, a Sydneysider who claims 200 inventions to his credit, once told a Sydney newspaper: "The biggest problem is to finance an invention into the market. The people who gain the most from an invention are those who do the least to develop it. They're the millionaires."

Nevertheless, inventors seem to be as resilient as they are resourceful. Commercial success is both a necessity and a yardstick to them, but there's something else that keeps them going. That something is the invention — *their* invention.

Of the dozen Inventions of the Year from 1970 to 1981, a third are commercial failures, another third are successful and the last third could be called "qualified successes" (see box). Some of the inventors have had other successes; some haven't.

Regardless of how these men have fared professionally, they have a number of things in common. Among them are: several creations each to their credit; staggering amounts of time and money invested in attempts to realise these visions; lay expertise in patent law, developed along with a deep distrust of most solicitors who specialise in those dealings; a history of problems with manufacturers; the experience of envy from friends or colleagues; probably no choice, by nature, but to continue inventing.

The two most celebrated Inventors of the Year most likely are Ralph Sarich, who devised the "orbital engine", and Michael Debenham, who invented the press top can (the one with the little circles you press instead of pulling a tab). Both were funded by Australia's largest company, BHP. Sarich recently suspended work on the original engine in favor of developing a marine two-cycle which will operate on the orbital principle. One estimate has it that he and BHP hope to make $800 million on the project. A third inventor, Angelo Notaras, has his own Atom Industries International, through which he markets his electric ignition starter. He left recently on a world tour to promote the item, which is now used in many types of engines.

The rest of the show's winners have had their hard times, and although the characters change, the plot of each tale has similar twists. Here are a few of those stories.

●

Undoubtedly, a lot more Australians could be trained to think and act like us, but what I'm faced with is a disbelief that we can do things like this better than corporations overseas can.

Jamie Farfor,
ABC-TV Inventor of
the Year and gold medal
winner, Geneva 1975

You might say Jamie Farfor has an axe to grind. It doesn't have anything to with Farfor's ferro-cement building panel, for which he won Inventor of the Year in 1975. That project died a grisly death. He's left it, and has a new battle to fight. Still, I wanted to know what happened, and over a cup of coffee at a Melbourne meeting place Farfor recounted the facts.

In 1972, he devised a process for making a panel that could be used for floors, walls or roofs of buildings. The advantages: it was thin, lightweight, strong and low-cost. The interlocking panels could be color-co-ordinated and the machinery could be adjusted easily to produce panels of different shapes. The shapes were the secret. Curved and folded in ways that enabled them to distribute stress more effectively than conventional panels, they also had decorative potential for the facades of buildings.

But Farfor came up with a better idea for their first market. His panels could replace the low-grade timber generally used for urban boundary fencing. "In 1978 alone," he recited, "the market was $68 million in Australia for fences. We could have made a $2 million inroad the first year, for a $1 million profit."

But "we" was where the problems began. After building a rough machine to make the first panels, Farfor went to Australian Portland Cement. They helped him with development costs for six months but then pulled out because of a conflict of interest with another subsidiary. Late in 1973, Farfor approached ACI. That company took the machine to Sydney, rebuilt and improved it, then suddenly closed down much of their Australian operations because of over-commitments.

Farfor was stranded until he won Inventor of the Year, went to Geneva for the international exhibition and became the first Australian (among 400 contestants that year) ever to win a gold medal. An ecstatic Beverley Gledhill told the press, "As a result, he has been swamped with offers from all over the world for manufacturing rights to the panel."

Farfor concedes there was "a fair bit of interest", but the fish that took the bait was his old employer, Rocla Industries (now Monier Rocla Concrete). Farfor, a civil engineer, had worked for Rocla developing — of all things — new products. For 18 months, Rocla underwrote the substantial start-up costs, then the company got into financial trouble attempting to take over cement factories in Canada. Once again Farfor was left partnerless.

Then followed a short romance with Blue Metal Industries, a subsidiary of CSR. Farfor called that one off. "It would virtually have been as if I were under their employ. The method of the partnership was unacceptable."

He estimates the project personally cost him $200,000 over the years, in cash, assets and time. "All these delays were costing a tremendous amount, so I've mothballed the entire project," Farfor said. The 40-foot-long, 16-ton concrete machine now sits dismantled in a yard in Dandenong.

And Farfor's gone back to a safe, regular nine-to-fiver? Not exactly. He sold his boat, skipped the home repairs and made something called a "flat-lapping machine". It was cheap — a piddling $35,000 to develop. The machine keeps the seals on petrochemical pumps operative by ensuring that they're flat to four-millionths of an inch. Farfor says his machine is not so much an invention as "an application of current technology to a new problem". For three years, Esso has been using his services for its Bass Strait operations, but Farfor isn't eating caviar yet. He has a couple of problems to solve first.

One is that the life span of the seals has expanded under his care from six months to four years. "The worn-out parts have now dwindled to a trickle and I'm slowly working myself out of a job," he laments. After his $35,000 investment, he's made a profit of $20,000 — but that's spread over three years. And what's worse: "I now have a machine that operates one day a month."

There's another problem, too. His competition has been successful so far in preventing Farfor from gaining new clients. This is despite his claim that he has to artificially bump up his price in order to make it less suspiciously cheap compared to the prices of his competitors. "I'm going through a very difficult time," he admitted, "but they won't force me out of business, if that's what they think." The day we talked, he had just come from knocking on oil company doors.

Farfor's an old hand at the frustration of it all. Holder of dozens of patents on eight inventions, he's had more than his share of pitfalls. One of his best ideas was a gadget that holds tennis balls, then picks them off the court like a vacuum cleaner and dispenses them again to the server. He called it a Ball Boy. "My friends," he said, "called it balls up." They were right. He probably never should have partnered with the roller skate importer who had 500 Ball Boys half-made, then went balls up when the wheels fell off the roller skate market.

Jamie Farfor has kept both his sense of humor and his determination intact. But he hasn't emerged unscarred. "I think there's a lot of talent here and, compared with the attitudes overseas, Australians are willing to have a go on the individual level. But on the corporate level they're a stodgy bloody lot — it's very hard to get backing. In America, the banks are willing to back a project on the basis that one in seven will succeed. And they're things that have been screened by bloody hard-nosed bankers. The banks take a big cut, of course, but here, it has to be a sure success before anyone will back it."

Farfor puts it down to cultural cringe. Is there any hope of change? "I think Ben Lexcen designing Australia II is the biggest thing that's happened in the past 20 years."

●

I really feel for the small inventor who works at a regular job and has no assets other than his home and car. He faces a very difficult task in Australia.

Dave Little,
ABC-TV Inventor of the
Year and gold medal
winner, Geneva 1978

The genesis of Dave Little's solar-tracking hot water system was contained in the pages of a now-defunct Australian girlie magazine called *Man*, reports our Brisbane Correspondent, Frank Robson.

Little was intrigued by a story (presumably fictitious) in which a South American soccer crowd became enraged by a referee's decisions against the home team. At the next game, when the hated ref again shows his bias, 20,000 fans produce pocket mirrors and employ solar energy to incinerate him on the spot.

In Australia. . . it's very hard to get backing. In America, the banks are willing to back a project on the basis that one in seven will succeed.

"That was in the early '60s," chuckles Little, now 42 and producing his multiple-award winning solar heating systems from a small factory in the outer-Brisbane suburb of Clontarf. "But that story really spelt the germination of my desire to find a solar device that would follow the sun. I had observed that plants could achieve this without electronics. There had to be a simple mechanical method of doing the same thing."

There was. Years after reading the *Man* story, while working as a copper-gouger in Mt Isa, Little purchased 150 hand mirrors (once called ladies' compacts) glued them around the lid of a 44-gallon drum and focused the thing at a cardboard box in his backyard. Like the referee, it burst into flames, and Dave Little, eldest of four sons born to an innovative Port Macquarie farmer, was on his way to becoming an ABC Inventor of the Year.

But it was some time later, when Little and his brother Adrian operated a small engineering business in the Isa, before the solar tracking device actually took shape. Then it lay about the workshop gathering dust. . . until an elderly uncle visiting from NSW spotted the gadget and, as elderly uncles will, became hugely excited by its commercial potential.

Within six weeks, Dave Little had appeared on *The Inventors* and won that week's segment. The next year — 1978 — saw him named Inventor of the Year, followed by a gold medal in the energy section at the International Exposition of Inventions in Geneva. Then Little picked up a further medal from the World Health Organisation for the device most likely to aid developing countries.

The Little brothers returned to Mt Isa with their many awards, expecting Australian companies to be shouldering one another aside in the rush to "take up our idea and run with it". It didn't happen. If it had, says Dave Little today, they would happily have sold a majority interest in the machine to any company willing to finance further research and development of the concept.

Instead — a familiar story — the copper gouger's brainchild became a commercial success only through the tenacity and determination of the remarkable Little brothers. There are four of them — Dave, Adrian, Walter and Laurence — together with long-time business associate Roger Eaton. By selling all their assets — several businesses, homes, cars, etc and surviving for an entire year without drawing salaries — the big-thinking Littles managed to overcome the odds and reach the stage where they retain a majority interest in the company — Solar Tracking Systems Australia — now turning out the machines at the rate of 20 each week.

In lay terms, the machine is a solar water heater that employs concentrating collectors to follow the sun and concentrate its heat on to a central tube in which water is boiled.

What makes the gadget unique in the world (among domestic water heaters) is that unlike conventional solar collectors — lying flat on the roof and reaching peak performance around noon — the Little machine swings to face the sun as soon as it rises and remains perpendicular to the sun all day, maximising performance. Other commercial applications, according to the inventor, are ventilation, refrigeration and solar cooking — again unique in that actual cooking can be done indoors quite separate from the solar collector or power source.

Dave Little estimates that about $800,000 went into the development of the machine — but he says the figure would be closer to $2 million if consideration were given to the thousands of man-hours expended and to the lost income potential of the businesses they sold to finance development.

Perhaps the most inspiring aspect of the Littles' slog to get where they are is how, only a few months ago, all of them and their families sold out in Mt Isa and shifted — a remarkable pilgrimage, involving dozens of people — to the Brisbane bayside suburb of Redcliffe, Clontarf's neighboring suburb.

ABC-TV's INVENTORS OF THE YEAR

NAME & CITY	YEAR	INVENTION	STATUS
George Willier, Adelaide	1970	Jiffy Clamp	Unmanufactured; backer withdrew
Vince Linton, Perth	1971	flow bin	Unmanufactured; no backer
Ralph Sarich, Perth	1972	orbital engine	Unmanufactured; but large payment from BHP
Mike Debenham, Melbourne	1973	Presto Can	In use worldwide
R.S. Kaye, Melbourne	1974	Fuel Kontrol	Unmanufactured; labelled ineffective by NRMA
James Farfor, Melbourne	1975	building panel	Unmanufactured; backers pulled out
Angelo Notaras, Sydney	1976	electric ignition starter	In use worldwide
Pat Williams, Ballina	1977	split nut	Unmanufactured; no backer
Dave Little, Brisbane	1978	solar heater	Manufactured; self backing
Dr F.R.N. Stephens, Sydney	1979	Tissue Perfusion Monitor	In moderate use; not currently being manufactured
Mirko Riha, Melbourne	1980	water sampler	In moderate use; occasionally manufactured
Bob Hansen, Sydney	1981	Golf Swing Trainer	In use in Australia; on order worldwide

All of them, that is, except Walter Little, who moved to Toowoomba (west of Brisbane) to set up an engineering shop specifically for the manufacture of small components used in the water heating systems.

Of *The Inventors* program, Dave Little says fondly: "Publicity generated by that show gave us all the advertising exposure we needed — that remains true up to date."

He says research funding from the Federal Government and development assistance from the Queensland Government — granted after the early years of near-poverty — constitute roughly half of the project's cash input.

"We have just sold marketing rights to the machine to a new company called Suntrac Hot Water Systems and it is in the process of selling franchise rights throughout Queensland," adds Little, a hefty six-footer with traditional Mt Isa paunch. "Franchise rights throughout Australia will be sold later, in step with production, which we anticipate will be 60 machines a week by the end of 1984."

Although Dave Little and his brothers represent — in the long run — one of *The Inventors* success stories, they too are critical of conservative attitudes towards inventions among corporate decision-makers in this country. "We were fortunate to have some business experience and resources, although limited in both areas," says Little.

The solar machine inspired by a soccer referee's sudden demise is now selling in all States except Tasmania (they prefer dams for energy) and test models are operating in New Zealand, South Korea and California.

●

A few detractors in medically powerful positions, knowing nothing about the subject, have been obstructive. . . . There's absolutely no opposition whatever in the top scientific level, so I'm up against orchestrated opposition from a few people. God knows why they do this.

Dr F.R.N. Stephens,
ABC-TV Inventor of
the Year and silver
medal winner, Geneva
1979

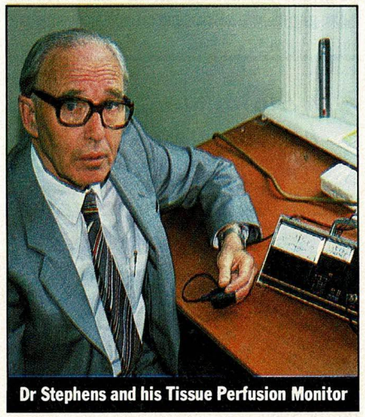
Dr F.R.N. Stephens, the 1979 Inventor of the Year and a silver medallist at Geneva, likewise has had problems with manufacturers — but that's nothing compared to the opposition he has encountered from the medical establishment.

Dr Stephens' invention, called a Tissue Perfusion Monitor (TPM), challenges the traditional methods of monitoring a patient's vital signs by demonstrating that the old ways are inadequate in some situations.

The usual methods of judging a patient's reaction to injury or an operation — such as temperature, pulse, blood pressure and electro-cardiogram readings — all are concerned with "checking the pump". Dr Stephens' method is different because it takes readings instead at the cell-capillary level, by means of attaching a probe to the finger, toe, even down the oesophagus, because capillaries are everywhere in the body.

When the body is going into shock or losing blood, the vessels that carry that blood will constrict. This has the effect of *sustaining* blood pressure and pulse rate. But if Stephens' probe is attached to, say, the index finger, the constriction of small blood vessels in the skin and other organs will be noted immediately, because it happens throughout all the capillaries of the body simultaneously. And that means problems can be detected sooner than by conventional methods, which allows doctors time to make corrective moves before it's too late. By giving doctors that extra, say, 30 minutes, the TPM can save lives.

A shocking case in point: a 57-year-old woman who entered a Sydney hospital for treatment of a fractured hip. The woman was on cardio-steroids, which meant



Dr Stephens and his Tissue Perfusion Monitor

restricted salt intake was vital to her well-being. During an operation on her hip, she was given an often-used substitute for blood plasma called Hartmann's solution, which was inappropriate in this case because of Hartmann's high saline content. The woman went into shock, and by the time conventional monitors showed what was happening, she couldn't be saved.

The sodium had gone to the capillaries, causing expansion of the fluid immediately surrounding the capillaries, which in turn caused them to collapse. Dr Stephens' device would have registered this change soon enough for the "waterlogging" to be rectified. Dr Stephens picked up the lady's death certificate. "That woman died by drowning," he said, his voice shaking.

The inventor and humanitarian is plainly vexed by what he sees as the intransigence of a few uninformed but powerful people in the Australian medical establishment. "Litigation and the attraction of the dollar make them change," he said, "and they see no reason to change unless there's something like that on the horizon."

Dr Stephens thinks one reason for the opposition is that the cost of his monitor could not be passed on to a patient as can services that produce something more concrete than a monitoring of vital signs.

He's the director of a research and development unit at Mater Misericordiae Hospital in North Sydney. He's also the inventor of a "universal vaporiser" and an anaesthetic machine, both of which are in use around the world. Of the latter, he revealed, "I didn't get a razoo out of it."

The 67-year-old Dr Stephens first struck upon the concept of a tissue perfusion monitor about a quarter of a century ago, when doctors started using anti-hypertensive drugs that were supposed to reduce activity in the arteries and thereby calm people down. That gave him the idea that such activity should be measured directly and immediately, rather than on the per-minute measure of the heartbeat, for instance.

With the help of an electronics engineer, he constructed the first "black box" in less than a month. There have been over a dozen new designs since.

He's spent two-thirds of his working week plus many weekends on this project since 1979, and his cash expense, including patenting for 26 countries initially, has been in the range of $200,000.

Dr Stephens has letters of praise and recommendation concerning his invention from hospital administrators, manufacturers of medical instruments, heads of foundations and medical associations, not the least of whom are the principal research scientist from the CSIRO and the top German expert in the field.

On the other side of the ledger, his opponents are people as influential as the chairman of the Committee To Investigate Deaths Under Anaesthesia, as well as union leaders.

The unions don't like the monitor because it has been used to prove cases of "industrial arm", an ailment that affects workers whose jobs require frequent use of the same muscles. For example, Dr Stephens gave me medical documents concerning a 42-year-old woman who operated a floor buffing machine. Vibration, compounded by a minor accident with the buffer, caused recurring pain in her wrist. The insurance company wanted to prove she was a malingerer. Dr Stephens put her on his machine and the attorneys made a $30,000 out-of-court settlement.

And so the good doctor continues his battle. Whether or not the praise of his supporters will be substantiated and the TPM *does* become standard equipment in hospitals the world over, remains to be seen. His patent applications for it have been granted in the USA, Canada, Australia and New Zealand but without the crucial support of certain colleagues the machine is not being manufactured.

●

The Australian inventor has got nowhere to go. Per head, Australian invention is phenomenal, but they've got no manufacturers and mostly small government grants. If you spend $15, you get $9 back.

Bob Hansen,
ABC-TV Inventor of
the Year and silver
medal winner,
International Exhibition
of Inventions and New
Techniques, Geneva
1981

The 1981 and final winner of *The Inventors*, Bob Hansen, agrees with Farfor about Australian investors but has taken a different tack with the problem. He avoids them.

"I was put a year-and-a-half behind by an Australian manufacturer," Hansen laments. He's switched now to a Japanese manufacturer for Japan and Europe and a Philippines outfit for the US, South America and Canada in hopes of getting better service and quality.

A 37-year-old former pro surfer and board-shaper who is now a professional tool-maker, Hansen insists, "I don't invent things, I just fiddle with them because I enjoy it."

At age 17, he went skiing at Perisher with a few friends, one of whom snapped his ankle on the slushy slopes. Hansen got to thinking, went home and developed a single ski that would minimise injury and work well in wet snow. They tried it next season, the local instructors loved it, and five years later one of Hansen's ski mates put almost the exact product on the market. From then on, Hansen started capitalising on his own ideas.

In November 1980 he got the idea for his golf swing improver. In five months he developed a prototype, won his heat of the TV show (and $3000), then worked from April to August perfecting the gadget before winning the finals of *The Inventors* (by then worth a total of $43,000 in cash and prizes). At the end of 1981, he took a silver medal at the Geneva exhibition despite not knowing the language and having no interpreter until an Australian diplomat finally offered the use of his aide toward the end of the show. Interested manufacturers at the convention filled 17 pages of foolscap with their names and addresses. By April of 1981 he was negotiating with a manufacturer and a year later — two years from the start of the project — the product was on the market.

It cost him $65,000 in attorney and patenting fees for 17 countries, plus $9000 in development costs. He's sold 3000 units in Australia to date, retailing at $195 each. After respective cuts taken by the manufacturer, distributor and his two partners, Hansen has just about recouped his personal investment.

There are orders for 10,000 units from the USA, 2000 from New Zealand, 700 from France, and 200 from The Philippines, none of which were filled by Hansen's Australian manufacturer, whom he hired on a 12-month trial basis. He says there is potential for 350,000 sales through Professional Golfers' Association Shops in the US, if the quality of the product is upgraded by the new manufacturers.

The Golf Swing Trainer, as he calls it, is not complicated, but the research that went behind it was. Hansen's original construction was a metal ring shaped like a cartwheel with a simulated golf club attached to it on rollers. Then he met John Bloomfield, a professor of human movement studies at the University of Western Australia, who changed the shape of Hansen's device. Bloomfield had studied the golf swings of Seve Ballesteros, Tom Watson, Jerry Pate, Tom Weiskopf, Graham Marsh and Greg Norman. Bloomfield had noted that the taller the player the more vertical the plane of his swing, but the variance among all was only about 3mm (⅛"). The path of each swing was actually the same: more of a corkscrew shape than a cartwheel.

Using high-speed photography and computer tracking, Bloomfield and Hansen re-designed the trainer and made it adjustable to players of different heights. Graham Marsh contributed more than 200

Eighteen-year-old Australian inventor Guy Coles: "If you get someone to back you, then there's no limit to what you can do."

hours of expert advice, Bloomfield spent about 400 hours on the project, and Hansen doubled the total of his two partners. Because the device builds up the right muscles and "trains" them in the proper swing path, Hansen also lowered his golf handicap from 12 to three.

After the Golf Swing Trainer is a solid success, Hansen plans to graft the swings of Bjorn Borg, John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors, John Newcombe and Rod Laver on to a tennis simulator, for which he already has launched provisional patents. Among his other inventions are a fishing knife that fillets, and a car theft protector — which is a bull bar that locks into place behind a parked car, preventing its removal. The latter should be on the market now. In his spare time, Hansen wrote a book called *How To Play Golf Without Any Technique*, which is being considered by a major publisher.

Will he do anything differently in developing the tennis swing simulator? "Yes — take it straight to the Yanks."

●

If *The Inventors* was still being aired in 1984, one enterprising lad who might well have been in the running for the top prize is 18-year-old Guy Coles. He designed a new type of spirit level which promises to make him a wealthy man before the year is out.

Coles failed his Higher School Certificate in 1982 but when it comes to his invention he has the same precision of thinking that characterises the Inventors of the Year.

One reason put forward for that failure is that Coles was spending too much time trying to solve the Rubik's cube puzzle — which preoccupation led to the inspiration for the spirit level.

In order to defuse his frustration with not solving the cube, Coles decided to theoretically round off its edges, hollow it out and make it into a harmless circle. He drew a diagram of this diabolical plan and suddenly something clicked. Coles had been working in a ceramic tile shop and had heard workmen complain of the difficulties they had in setting a straight "fall" in a shower, using a spirit level and a plumb bob. It occurred to him that if the fluid in a level were to float in a circular container, the flatness of an object could then be measured in degrees, rather than the standard way of a bubble being more or less "centred".

Working rapidly, he made three drawings in a row. "I was captivated by it, because with this I could fill a gap. I could see it had one hell of a future once the rough edges were removed."

Coles's father, a ceramic tile importer, thought so too. In fact, he sold his business to finance development of the level. Father and son did a patent search, took Guy's drawings to a design engineer who improved them and in turn referred the Coles to plastics and dye manufacturers. Guy and his dad worked for four months on a fluid which would not expand or contract in extreme heat or cold. "We came to a point where if we didn't find it very quickly, we'd go broke."

They found it. From concept to execution the project took about a year and cost the Coles $140,000. Their small factory in the Sydney suburb of Brookvale can churn out about 2000 spirit levels per day. At time of writing, they had a half-million dollars' worth of orders from around the world and had just begun to penetrate the US market, which consumes as many spirit levels as all other countries combined.

Among several other inventions on young Coles's drawing board is a "snow stick", which he describes as "a cross between a surfboard and a skateboard, but for the snow". He said there's something similar on the market but his gadget has an advantage in that it requires no skill or practice to ride. He plans to pursue work on it as soon as Rite Angle is an established name among spirit level buyers.

Understandably, this young man is optimistic about the prospects for inventors in Australia. "If you get someone to back you, then there's no limit to what you can do," he believes.

From the mouths of babes. . . . Are you listening, Australia?

The Boulders (continued from page 57)

"You don't know how many people died at that place," the cop said. "It's always been the same. . ."

souvenir card with The Legend printed on it. "You can get one of these from Graham McKenzie, the chemist. He knows all about it."

With the sergeant's unflagging co-operation, we laboriously assembled this list of dead young men:

16.9.59: DENNIS BUDDINGTON (no further details)

31.10.64: JAMES MAXWELL McKENZIE (no further details)

27.6.65: ANTHONY SALVATORE CANTARELLA (aged 17, from Mareeba, Qld. Died Devil's Pool)

24.12.67: GRAHAM RAYMOND McKEAN (aged 20, from Townsville. Died in The Shute)

7.8.72: DENNIS MALCOLM POOLEY (aged 23, from Kuranda, Qld. Died in The Shute)

19.7.78: JOHN WILLIAM DAVIES (aged 31, from New Zealand. Died in The Shute)

22.6.79: PATRICK JOSEPH McGANN (aged 23, from Yass, NSW. Died in The Shute)

30.1.80: NICKOLAS WILLS (aged 22, from Brisbane. Died in The Shute)

28.9.83: RICHARD FRANK DRASSER (aged 25, from West Levittown, New York. Died in The Shute)

"I understand," said Lauder, "that there were one or two drownings a year before the period our records cover, going right back to the beginning of this century, when Babinda was quite a thriving little town . . ." He sighed.

Outside, steam began to rise from the previous night's downpours. I imagined it gathering in clouds up around Mt Bartle Frere, ready to explode at sunset. Or perhaps it was already pouring up there — as Lauder surmises it had been on the day Nickolas Wills died, when the flash-flood consumed him.

"You don't know how many people died at that place," the cop said. "It's always been there and it's always been the same . . . in the old days, if people went up there and no one else knew and they drowned, well, we'd never know. They wouldn't come up again. Not from those caves and tunnels." He sighed again, feeling the heat. "No, we'll never know who is still sitting up there underneath those rocks." Perfectly preserved, I thought. Except for their eyes.

Lauder admitted, though, that he was no great believer in The Legend. "Most locals treat it as a bit of a joke," he said. "There have been drownings at other mountain streams around here, but The Boulders gets the publicity because it's got The Legend." But all those young, single men? "They're the ones who're going to take risks — what you might call the young and stupid. Except for Nickolas Wills — that poor bugger did nothing to precipitate his own undoing."

When I asked if The Legend had been tailored to suit the statistics, Lauder seemed confused. He said the chemist's printed version had emerged only recently as the result of some sort of co-operation between the Wonga sisters and a local councillor with the Mulgrave Shire, Shirley Harwood.

"Maybe the story of the princess was around before that, but perhaps not in its present form . . ." he mused. I asked him if, in The Legend, Oolana calls her victims by name. Lauder shook his head. "Evidently she just likes anybody. So long as you're the right age, single and the right sex, that keeps The Legend happy."

These fragments, like shreds of a bad dream, went through my mind as I dodged sugar trains en route to see the Wonga sisters. But why haven't they closed the place down? Simply shut off the carefully-maintained walking tracks from the safe pool, by the picnic area, to that otherwise inaccessible area where all the deaths occur. If they closed the track it would be overgrown in a matter of months. Impenetrable jungle, remember? And views to take your breath away. It was clear enough, even then, why they hadn't closed off The Boulders. And why everybody seemed so helpful . . . so strangely co-operative.

Ann and Nancy Wonga came out of their hot tin shack and stood coyly in the shade of some cane. Ann handed me two neatly-written pages: she had set down The Legend to save me time. But I had a few questions anyway. I asked them why they believe The Legend really is killing people. The sisters giggled and looked at each other. So I asked where had they first heard it — from parents or tribal elders? Nancy: "Well, no, actually, to tell the truth, I think it was actually Councillor Harwood . . . Shirley Harwood, that told us. But we knew that there was . . . you know, a story . . . and we thought it seemed strange that all these young men were getting drowned there . . ."

I mentioned that someone told me a photo was taken recently up there that is supposed to show Oolana's face in one of the boulders. Nancy: "That just happened recently. Somebody from Melbourne took the picture. We haven't seen it yet."

I told them that some people say all this is just to promote tourism in Babinda. Nancy: "I think to a certain extent it might be . . . you know, the way Mr McKenzie is doing it at the chemist shop. I think it will always be a tourist attraction."

I asked if they thought the princess will go on taking victims. Nancy: "Hmm. Yes."

And then whether or not they really believed The Legend. I had sensed some scepticism.

Nancy: "Well . . . we're about half and half, you know. If the young men didn't go there, it wouldn't happen. Perhaps they're curious, or perhaps they just don't believe in it. The last fella, that American, they said he laughed at the warning signs and just jumped into the water . . ."

In a back room of Babinda's largest and most luxurious retailing outlet — Mellick's, a department store — Peter Mellick scoffed at a suggestion (raised by Max Menzel, the local MLA) that The Boulders could be dynamited to change the flow of the stream and make it less dangerous.

"Nooo," he said. "Everything that looks a bit different, people want to try . . . I'd leave it the way it is! It's beautiful. For every 10 sane people who go out there, there's some *nut*, right? . . . if anyone wants to go out there and destroy himself, well, that's his bloody funeral!"

This made me think of a building I passed near the railway line. A tiny, run-down place with a sign: BABINDA FUNERALS — DAY OR NIGHT.

Mellick is solid, dark-haired, in his late thirties. Born here, he has intense, boisterous charm. He gave me his printed version of The Legend (briefer than the chemist's) and produced a Devil's Pool T-shirt from his stock: art work by Ann Wonga. Mellick admitted *he* had almost died while sliding down The Shute at the age of 13. "A friend cut a bit of lawyer cane and pulled me out with that . . . it's an enormous place to go swimming you know! The beauty is un-believ-able!"

Coloring, he hunched forward. "You could never see what we locals know . . . places under rocks where you can squizzle in and sit under ledges . . . and watch the water *rushing* down — *enormous!* . . . you sit down there and the *magic* of it sorta draws you and you just want to *jump* into it!"

When he was in his twenties, he says — his voice thick with excitement, his face contorting with overlapping emotions — they held bucks parties at The Boulders. "And mate (confidentially) they were *wild*. With a capital bloody W! We'd go there all sweaty from twistin' and jivin' at dances, with a cold carton, and we'd swing out on ropes over those pools — in total darkness — and ZUNK! it'd just swallow you up! And nobody ever got killed. And boy — did we *test* it! Anyway, The Legend says you gotta be a visitor to drown. Did you read it?"

I nodded, wondering which version he meant. His? McKenzie's? The Wonga sisters'? Councillor Harwood's? Then Mellick allowed how incredible it was that all the victims were single males from out of town.

"FRIGHTENING!" he said, eyes wide. "UNBELIEVABLE!" It certainly seemed heartfelt, but something told me Mellick had used this evocative routine on reporters a time or two before; he had set the mood so well I half-expected a flash-flood from the direction of manchester and soft-furnishings. Vindicating these suspicions, Mellick said: "Radio 2UE rang from Sydney the other day and asked me to tell them The Legend in 10 seconds or less. 'BEHAVE!!' I told them. Ten seconds or less! We get enough bloody mugs from Sydney up here now!"

Over the road at the chemist shop, Graham McKenzie proudly admitted to having given 12 media interviews in the past three weeks — the last with someone who rang on behalf of the Melbourne *Sun-Pictorial*. "They gave us a full page," he said, businesslike. "Quite often they do make mistakes with names, and another thing that annoys me is that they don't send you a copy."

(The chemist keeps a scrapbook of stories about The Boulders. The mood of the articles reflects a gee-whiz acceptance by journalists of everything they have been told. Over the phone, of course.)

McKenzie: "The reason I've given so many interviews recently is because of the American's death. It probably takes something like that to bring it back to light."

I had to ask if the chemist was providing a warning of Oolana's appetite for young men, or promoting tourism in Babinda? "A bit of both," he replied. "It's mainly promotion . . . it's not here today, but usually I have a model electric car out the front. A copy of the first Ford ever made. That really gets the people in." McKenzie mentioned the photo in which Oolana's face is supposed to appear, admitting it could be a trick of the light. "But if it's not, that photo could be really *something*.

"I've done so many interviews and gathered so much material that we hope eventually to produce a small book. The ABC rang this morning and they want to do a bigger film than the one you saw on the video — say for *A Big Country*.

"I think it's a good Aboriginal legend," continued the chemist firmly. "They believe in it. The general feeling of most people is, yes, it's a legend, and they're entitled to it . . ."

McKenzie seemed surprised and, yes, downright offended when I suggested it was macabre to make a tourist attraction out of so many deaths. "I don't think that comes into it at all," he said. "The tourist beauty is here anyhow. Our job is to provide them with warnings."

Warnings that Richard Frank Drasser apparently did not take seriously. Perhaps he got the idea the whole thing was a publicity gimmick. Perhaps he wasn't the only one. I had a feeling that Peter Tibbs, the professional diver brought in from Cairns to recover the last four bodies, might see things a little differently.

"Do you want the *real* story," he said when we met, "or what they tell the tourists?"

Despite my research so far, I wasn't prepared for what followed. We sat in the sun beside the swimming pool Tibbs manages in Cairns and he told it all: how for five years (or three victims in Babinda time) he had

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been trying to stop "this tragic waste of human life".

Bear-like and bearded, in his late thirties, Tibbs spent five weeks and five days searching for the body of Pat McGann in 1979. Day after day — when the stream wasn't flowing too fast to enter — working mostly by feel, he probed an eight-metre deep shaft at one end of The Shute. A certain smell in the water told Tibbs he was looking in the right area.

"Finally we cut through a telegraph pole-sized log that had wedged in there, and winched it out, and the body floated out from underneath. A couple of the earlier bodies recovered had been very skinny, with little natural buoyancy. But it was impossible to tell with McGann what he'd looked like ... when we got him out, he'd lost his skin."

Almost the whole town turned out during the search. "It was like a bloody picnic. And some of them got cranky when I wouldn't dive on certain days — half an inch of rain can make it too dangerous. You'd hear them saying: 'Ah, the bastard can't dive!' And I'd say, 'Want to borrow the tank? Here, you take it!' They never did."

Tibbs, in his work, has become accustomed to bodies. "For some reason you even joke about them. How they stink and how the arms fall off. But not at The Boulders. You realise there was a whole family that loved that person ... then it takes on a new aspect. Such an incredible waste! What price that life? How many tourist dollars has the township reaped at the expense of one life every year or 18 months? That so-called Legend, and the way it's being promoted, almost invites people: COME AND SEE THE DANGEROUS AREA!"

He laughed — a sort of bark — and shook his head. "I find that very, very irresponsible. I can understand certain people being concerned for their incomes ... but that's a human trait we shouldn't be too proud of."

The year he found McGann, Tibbs was so disgusted he went to a local newspaper and proposed an editorial campaign to the effect that The Boulders should be made a non-issue. "I suggested they should get the danger signs torn down, close the bloody road if they have to — at least stop promoting the place in a positive way. Nothing was worth the toll of lives. This was in 1979 and the newspaper left me with the impression they would do it. They went to Babinda to get more statistics, and somebody there — realising it would affect the lifestyle of the town — came up with The Legend. And that's the story the paper used: COME AND SEE THE DANGEROUS AREA!"

The diver seemed relieved to get it off his chest. "You know," he added, "people talk about The Boulders being *spooky*. But it's just plain, bloody *dangerous!* It's a *horrible* place! Every year we go up there to pull some poor bastard out the rocks are ground differently. The force of that water is like an emery wheel, grinding out 18 inches of solid granite in a year. It should be closed. It *must* be closed — and if they don't do it, somebody else will. Blow those boulders so high they'll never find the creek!"

Driving back to Babinda next day to talk with Councillor Shirley Harwood, I remembered what Tibbs had said about earlier victims. Babinda old-timers told him how US soldiers, often with a skinful, had drowned there during World War II.

"In wartime," Tibbs said, "it was either suppressed or disregarded or put down to something else. We can never know how many have died there."

A few kilometres outside Babinda, the blue skies above Cairns gave way to sheets of rain and low swirling cloud. Thunder rolled in the mountains. And then the signs: SEE THE BOULDERS. SPECTACULAR ROCK FORMATIONS. TURN RIGHT THROUGH BABINDA.

Shirley Harwood drove for 45 minutes from her home on a cane farm at Bartle Frere to meet me in the Babinda Hotel lounge. A plump and homey woman, she has represented her division of the Mulgrave Shire Council for 10 years. Above screams and howls from the public bar, Harwood said she had known about The Legend for a long time.

"When the deaths started to mount I went down to see the Wonga sisters and asked whether they felt it would help if The Legend was brought out, written about. Some people are superstitious — I'm not myself — but for them it might be a little warning, not to go too close to the rocks or dive in or do ridiculous things."

Nancy Wonga had told her,"It really wasn't a proper story." Nonetheless, Harwood wrote it all down. "I didn't like to think," she explained, "that people would be afraid to go out there." For years she couldn't interest any of the local service clubs in doing anything with The Legend.

"Then there were a couple more drownings (John Davies, 1978 and Pat McGann, 1979) so I went to the council and told them about The Legend. I asked whether we should do something about printing this little story." The council agreed. Or, as Harwood put it: "The council said, 'All right, if you like to do it, we'll get it done, if you can do it.'"

And Shirley Harwood did it. Now, as she says: "When tourists are on their way to The Boulders, Mr McKenzie advises them to buy a copy, and then they've got The Legend there with them."

And as for the council's opinion about all those deaths? "People should be protecting themselves," said Harwood. "And we've just put up a brand-new sign." (It shows, in red paint, "extreme danger areas" while another sign warns: "Persons entering this reserve do so at their own risk.") The council had also moved the track to The Boulders away from the creek a little and erected a small viewing platform (at precisely the spot where Nickolas Wills was hit by the flash-flood).

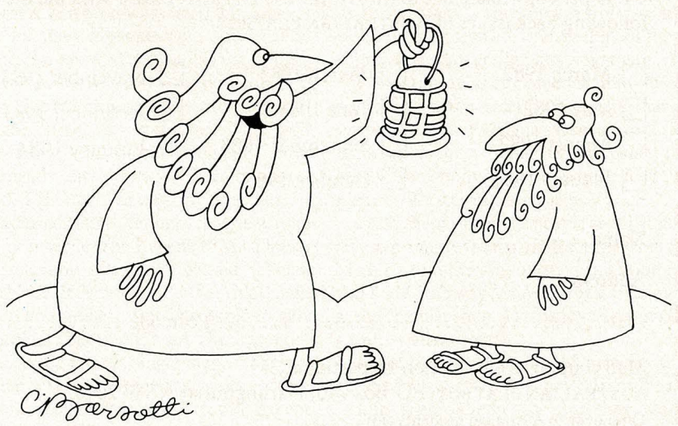
"We don't think we can do anything more," she concluded. When I lapsed into silence, Shirley Harwood gave an animated review of other local tourism wonders, including a "tropical swamp" — a thing whose potential for tragedy fills me with dread. When she mentioned, in a reverent tone, *The Thorn Birds* and its author, I had to leave — thinking of Conrad's Mr Kurtz and his dying vision: "The horror! The horror!"

And there he was, back in the public bar, swirling his ice. The black man all alone in a white jungle; Mr Kurtz in reverse. I spoke to him at last and (of course!) he was a Wonga. A sombre Wonga. He knew what I had been doing — it was as if he had been waiting for me to go through all the steps.

"They can't stop it now," he said. "This place will go on killing people. I told my sisters (Nancy and Ann) not to take part in that nonsense — now it will go on and on."

Then, angrily: "How can they stop it now?"

We swirled our ice. The rain sounded as if it could continue for ever.



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AIR VANUATU

Stewart Roache Watson

FEET FIRST

fashion editor vitek assembles a good-looking line-up of the latest in men's footwear

TOP ROW FROM LEFT: Italian canvas and leather slip-ons by Campanile ($160); plaited leather shoes by Goar of Italy available in 12 colors ($130); ripple leather casuals on rubber sole by Senso of Italy ($109). (All from Cavalli, Pitt Centre, Sydney.) Black and white fine plait shoes by Tosoni ($119); broad plait by Kona of Italy ($99). (Both pairs from John Burton Shoes, Strand Arcade, Sydney.)

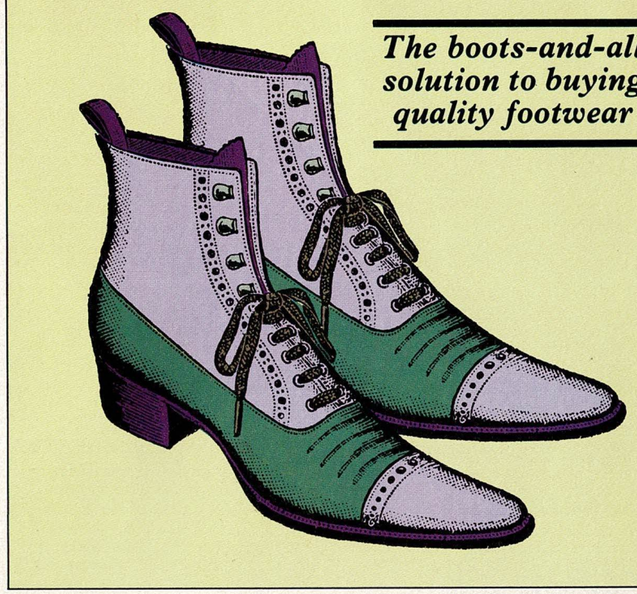
MIDDLE ROW FROM LEFT: Grey shoes with moulded front available in 15 colors ($96) from Mister Figgins, Sydney; black chisel shoes with twisted leather front panel by Aquila ($91); closed leather sandal ($89) available Australia-wide from Aquila; ankle-length slip-on with side zip ($60).

FRONT ROW FROM LEFT: Thigh-length suede boots made to measure from Gentry Cobbler, King Street, Sydney (from $300); ankle boots in leather and rubber by Campanile from Cavalli ($119); closed sandals from Aquila ($90); low-cut slippers by Antinoro of Italy ($89); leather and canvas combination by Paciotti from Aquila ($140); leather, rubber and canvas combination by Paciotti from Aquila ($169); open flat Italian lace-up sandals from John Burton shoes, Strand Arcade, Sydney ($99).

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT BUTCHER

WELL SHOD

The boots-and-all solution to buying quality footwear



For most of us, buying dress shoes is something we do between a quick lunch and our two o'clock appointment. "The average guy," observes a veteran shoe salesman, "allows himself maybe five or ten minutes not only to decide what shoes he wants, but also to be fitted for them. Within minutes he'll be out the door with a hundred-dollar-or-more purchase that he'll very likely regret the next day." Unfortunately, it's not that simple. Not if you want a pair that look good, fit well and will last more than a month. Below, a thumbnail guide to buying fine shoes that fit your feet.

WHERE TO SHOP

First, pick a reputable store. Chances are, if the store is a good one, so too are the shoes it sells. A good store will stand by its merchandise. Though you need not spend a fortune on your feet, it's very likely that the shop with a window full of shoes at "below rock-bottom prices" isn't going to provide the same service or quality as a higher-priced competitor.

A good salesman is also absolutely essential — someone with taste who knows his merchandise. He'll take the time to explain the difference between one pair of shoes and another as well as advise you on styles. Watch out for the salesman who always has a pat answer, who tries to push aside any problems you mention and who has his eye on the next customer.

Then ask yourself *why* you are buying these shoes. To wear with a sports jacket and cords or with that three-piece pinstriped suit? Your profession should influence your choice. A banker, stockbroker or lawyer will want something more conservative than a real estate salesman, retail store manager or advertising copywriter, all of whom generally have more flexibility in their dress.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

Lace-ups (oxfords) or slip-ons (loafers)? Calfskin or cordovan? Lace-ups offer greater support for your feet than loafers. One leading chiropodist we consulted told us: "Lace-ups are usually better for people with foot problems, because they afford more room, but people with normal feet can wear almost anything."

Stick with genuine leather. While synthetics may be less expensive, they'll feel like it too. "They're as strong as concrete," admits one salesman, "but they also feel like concrete on your feet." Calfskin and cordovan (horsehide, originally from Cordoba, Spain, and usually more expensive than calf) are heavier and sturdier than such pliable leathers as kidskin. While the latter may feel like a million bucks, it can scuff and tear. Elephant, hippopotamus, antelope and even wildebeest are also good sturdy leathers, but you'll pay a lot more for them.

What other details signal a well-made shoe? Check the stitching — on the soles and around the eyelets and any ornamentation. Quality here is hard for the untrained eye to judge, but be sceptical of shoes with noticeably sloppy stitching (chances are the rest of the shoe is also poorly made.) More expensive shoes often have leather linings, which absorb moisture and perspiration; linen linings may tear or unravel. Whatever lining you have, we suggest adding a rubber corner to the heel if it isn't already there. Since the heel is usually the first part to go, that tiny triangular wedge can prolong the life of your shoes.

You should know something about welting. The welt is an extra layer of leather stitched between the sole and the upper, designed to extend the life of the shoe as well as give greater support to your foot. Explains the manager of one leading Sydney shoe store: "If you have a lighter-weight shoe where the stitch goes directly from the sole to the upper, it will probably not withstand as much wear and tear as one with welting." Many manufacturers glue on a welt, so check that it's true stitched welt.

Make sure, too, that details such as buckles, gold chains, or tassels are well stitched to the shoe. Run your fingers along the inside to check that there are no irregularities to irritate your feet.

DOES IT FIT?

First, tell the salesman what styles you've previously worn comfortably. Mention any foot problems you have — or had. That way, he can immediately exclude certain makes and styles.

Always have your feet measured. Don't just assume that since you always *have* worn a 10C you always *will*. Besides, manufacturers cut their shoes differently, and you may need a size larger or smaller depending on style and make. Since one foot is often a little larger than the other, you should usually buy the larger size. (You can add a tongue pad if one shoe slips too much.) Ask the salesman to measure your feet while you're standing, rather than sitting.

A good shoe will fit snugly at the heel (to avoid blisters) with enough room at the toe so it doesn't pinch (½" between your big toe and the end of the shoe when you're standing). Never assume that a shoe will "stretch out" in a couple of days. "A shoe should feel comfortable immediately," advises the same shoe store manager. "The idea that it will stretch out to fit better is rubbish. While *you* may become used to the fit, good leather should *not* stretch."

Of course, a salesman can help you tell if a shoe fits, but he can't tell you if it's going to be comfortable. What's more, it's virtually impossible to determine comfort on the basis of a three-minute walk around the store. The solution? Some quality stores will allow you to take new shoes home and wear them on a carpeted surface for a few hours. As long as they aren't worn outdoors and the soles haven't been damaged, you're free to return them. And you should.

Finally, to extend the life of your shoes don't wear the same pair more than three times a week; use a shoe horn; buy wooden shoe trees and polish footwear often but carefully.

Don't economise: you've got only one pair of feet! — RICHARD DAVID STORY

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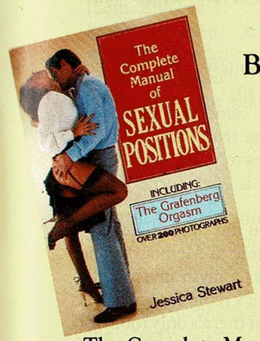

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HINCH (continued from page 40)

I'd like to see Hawke as President of the Republic of Australia, in a social democrat sort of way.

make comebacks. But Mal must have some redeeming features because Tamie is a nice lady.

PLAYBOY: What redeeming features does Bob Hawke have?

HINCH: A 70 percent popularity rating in the polls right now. He's amazing. Hawke's one of the toughest people in the world to interview, and he's getting tougher, because he has that knack of challenging your question, making you answer your own question before he does, and you've got to become very careful. I do ask opinionated questions, and I've got to have the opinion right. Hawke is a charismatic man. In one way — and I'm not going to say this as an endorsement of Bob Hawke because I don't like what he's done, although there are some things I do like — he reminds me of Bobby Kennedy. They're both tiny men, physically very frail and very slight, yet they project an image. Joe Blow, who's never met Bob Hawke, would think he's a big guy. And I guess that's one yardstick of charisma; he appears to be a big man. I believe he is sincere. I like the fact that he can cry. In fact I said on air, "Jesus Christ, I wish more of 'em could cry." Richard Nixon didn't cry in public. He went and bombed Hanoi.

PLAYBOY: Are you a close friend of Andrew Peacock?

HINCH: Yes. He was best man at my wedding. Funnily enough, after I said I'd love to have him as my best man, the elections were announced and he asked me if I wanted him to withdraw as best man. He thought he might somehow taint me. I thought it would be the other way around. I like Andrew, however he claims that on air I give him a harder time than I do Bob Hawke. This is partly true because you don't want anybody accusing you of playing favorites. Someone you know personally, you work on harder. But I met Peacock through the program, and I bumped into him on occasions at various places and we both just drifted into a friendship. We gave each other some pretty good advice on personal relationships.

PLAYBOY: What advice did he give you?

HINCH: Oh, wait a second, I'm married now and so is he. Uh, I think we both went through some of the same pressures. He had that image of being a playboy and to a degree so did I. I've abdicated that to George Negus — I let him wear that now. But it's an unusual situation. I said to a reporter, "You keep your fucking nose out of my address book." Every time I had lunch with somebody he'd try to build it up into the love affair of the century. Those sorts of things are hard. So Peacock and I found fairly sympathetic ears on similar situations.

PLAYBOY: You've switched a little from journalism to showbusiness. Ten years ago you might have assigned that same journalist to follow up that type of story.

HINCH: Yep.

PLAYBOY: So has showbusiness changed your attitude to journalism?

HINCH: There are some things I did as a cub reporter I'm not proud of.

PLAYBOY: What about what you did as an editor?

HINCH: I busted my gut on the Sydney *Sun*. I think it's probably regressed now. But we had a whole campaign to clean it up and I defy anyone to try to find a phoney poster that I put out while I was editor. I lie. There was one. We thought it was legit, about Prince Charles and Princess Marie Astrid of Luxembourg. We'd been assured by the London *Daily Express* that it was true, and it wasn't. So to answer your question: it's not a matter of changing your mind when you're suddenly the target. It's just that when you get a little older you think you don't have to do some of those things.

PLAYBOY: How would you label yourself politically?

HINCH: My politics are eclectic. I scream on social issues but I drive a Rolls-Royce. I don't know. Left on some issues, right on others. I think the President of France once said if you're not a communist at the age of 30, you had no soul. If you weren't a conservative after the age of 30, you had no sense.

PLAYBOY: Which Australian politician do you admire most?

HINCH: I had 10 years out of Australia, so a whole chunk of my life is missing from here. I was away through all the Vietnam years, and until March last year I'd never lived under a Labor Government. I'd hate to give anyone the stamp of approval. I like a lot of the things Hawke stands for. I'd like to see him as President of the Republic of Australia, in a social democrat sort of way, without the excesses of the socialist left. I couldn't support the Labor Party because I can't stand some of the maniacal fringes of the left who would rather be right than be in office, and even then they're wrong.

I couldn't be a Liberal because I can't stand the born-to-rule image of it, and the bluff that Menzies pulled on Australia for more than 20 years. I couldn't be a National Party person because they've got as much bullshit on their mouths as they have on their boots, so that takes care of them. The Democrats have some good ideas but I've got a gut feeling, although I was wrong last election, that they are probably a spent force in Australia because Bob Hawke has grabbed all the middle ground Don Chipp had. Chipp is a decent bloke in a lot of things — you forget all the years he was a Liberal minister. But he never used to swear at press conferences. Now he's decided it's a prerequisite, which I find a little unusual. So I don't know what my politics are. I'd grab bits and pieces of whatever. I also never vote.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you vote?

HINCH: I don't vote for two reasons. The ideological one is that I think it's undemocratic for voting to be compulsory, and I know the answer to that is that people wouldn't vote. Well, then you'd get the government you deserve. During the last US Presidential election 55 million voted out of 100 million who could. Ronald Reagan was actually elected by 27 percent of eligible voters. But voting is not compulsory in many Western countries. My main argument as to why I don't vote is that I wouldn't as long as I'm doing the job I'm doing. I can look Fraser or Hawke or Peacock or Chipp in the face and nobody can say I voted for them and nobody can say I voted against them. I might bring any issue up but it's not for any political thing of mine. I don't endorse parties.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you fall into the category of an anarchist?

HINCH: [*Laughs*] No-o-o. I don't think I'm a reactionary either. It's just that journalists voting worries me. I don't know if Negus votes or not. If Negus is talking to Hawke and Fraser on the same program I'd like to know he hadn't voted for either of them. So I'll pay the fine.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever run as a political candidate?

HINCH: Hmmm. When I became an Australian citizen one of the reasons for it was that I thought that maybe one day I would run politically. As an independent in the Senate one day perhaps, that's all. I don't think I could become a member of the Labor Party or the Liberal Party or the National Party or the Democrat Party, so it doesn't leave me much.

PLAYBOY: About your radio career: you've insulted just about every other radio personality. . . why?

HINCH: I have?

PLAYBOY: Most definitely. There's not many you missed, if any.

HINCH: When I first came to Melbourne, Bernard King told me that whatever I do, don't attack Bert Newton. He said, "Bert Newton is God. He is Melbourne. Don't attack him."

PLAYBOY: Which you did immediately!

HINCH: I had to. I came to Melbourne and said Bert Newton was a myth invented by *Reader's Digest*. There's room for both Bert and I in this town, but there's only room for one person on top, and I thought my form of radio was more relevant than his form of radio. I had a tough time when I first arrived here. I'd spent one day in Melbourne in my life, didn't know the town, didn't know the people. I was working on a rock'n'roll station squeezed in between the bubble gum ads at 3XY, so I was the wrong man in the wrong town with the worst voice in radio and I'd just had a failed magazine. It wasn't a most auspicious start to a career in radio. But have I insulted them all? Well, they gave me a pretty hard time you know. I mean I've copped a lot. I don't do it gratuitously. If somebody stuffs up, I have a go at them.

Now I've got a good job, and I've bounced back from being virtually bankrupt five years ago to having a good lifestyle again. I've been rich and I've been poor and I prefer the former. But back then I had to change cities, I had to leave the town I loved and change professions.

PLAYBOY: You seem thrilled about your recent trip to China. Why China?

HINCH: Nobody had done it. Broadcasting live from Beijing (Peking) for the first time, before anyone else had done it, would rate as one of my best radio jobs.

PLAYBOY: How did the Chinese react to talk-back radio, to Melbourne people talking to you live in Beijing?

HINCH: They didn't understand it at all. I wanted to go in 1972 when Nixon went. I read up on China and I was fascinated but then Nixon didn't take any foreign correspondents with him. We were no use to him. A report in the *Biloxi Bugle* was better for his re-election than a report in Australia or London. Two years ago I thought maybe I should try and go to China. Last year I took a month off the booze, decided to be creative and decided to go to China and broadcast live. I was told it couldn't be done and in my case if someone says it can't be done, I try and bloody well do it. And we did it. When we opened the microphone and said, "Good morning Australia, from Beijing *live*," I nearly cried. It was *amazing*. We took talk-back calls from Melbourne and did interviews and I was critical of the people that were critical of the Chinese. But the Chinese were fascinated by talk-back because they couldn't conceive it. They thought talk-back meant a dozen people coming to the studio and sitting around a table while you handed a microphone to them. But I said, "No, they call from their house or their car or their office or wherever," and they said, "But how do you know the questions?" which implied, "How do you know the answers?" They were just fascinated by it.

PLAYBOY: Could you give us some thoughts on the state of the press in Australia.

HINCH: We don't do enough investigative stuff here. Watergate couldn't happen here because of the libel laws, but here you have the *Melbourne Herald* which doesn't campaign for anything unless it's free pies at the footy. The *National Times,* on occasions, has done some great investigative stories but, oh shit, the frustrations. When I was editor of the *Sun* I knew there was corruption in the NSW police force, you knew about police getting pay-offs from madams, you knew about the people who got named years later in Royal Commissions, but you couldn't crack 'em. One of the best days in tabloid journalism I ever had was the day of Norm Allen's funeral. I had to go into the city for something between editions, and I stood anonymously in the city as the parade of policemen on horses went past, and the hearse, and all the civil dignitaries. They all went by and on every street corner they passed there was a *Sun* poster about a scandal at Darlinghurst police station where the cops had raped two women and got away with it until the women came to us. The only way those police were finally caught was that one of the victims had the sense, when she knew she was going to be detained in the cells, to throw an earring under the seat of the police cruiser. I saw that poster on the street corner, and I know this sounds perverse, but I thought this is a newspaper doing its job. I started out on tabloids. I was a tabloid scrapper and I'm not selling them out: they gave me the best training I ever had. But there was a level of dishonesty in tabloids that brings home that you're not there for some altruistic reason, you're there to make money for the owners. But I believe passionately in newspapers. The smell of that very first issue off the press and it's yours, and it's still hot, well that's a buzz I don't think radio or TV will ever give.

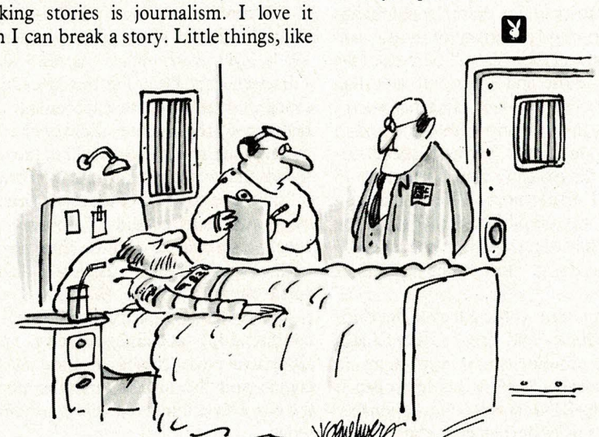
PLAYBOY: How do you perceive yourself now — as a showbiz person or a newshound?

HINCH: The easy way out is to use the line that I've used many times before. I'm just a country boy trying to make a buck in the big city. That's the easy way out, but I don't know. I'm probably one of the 200 best-known people in Australia, I think that's fair. I'm in *Who's Who*, that area. I get asked for one autograph for every one thousand somebody in *Sons And Daughters* gets asked for, and I accept that too. But I'm still a journalist. Busting your gut on air and running the risk of somebody knocking you off, that's not showbiz that's journalism. Breaking stories is journalism. I love it when I can break a story. Little things, like breaking the fact that the *Don Lane Show* was closing and having it first, before any other TV writer in the country, is a buzz. I sometimes worry, not often, and I don't talk about it to, say, *Scene* magazine, because it becomes a page-one-Hinch-horror-shock-probe thing, but I sometimes worry that somebody might knock me off. If you fight with the painters and dockers, and you ask the secretary if it's a prerequisite to carry a gun or have a criminal record to be a member of the painters and dockers executive, that's not basketball.

A lot of journalists live, as do war correspondents, with the belief that that funny little thing called "Press" on your hat is actually a steel vest, that this funny little Press thing makes you inviolate and so we live in that sort of Noddy-land. We run around in jeeps saying press, press, press and we get killed. Without putting too dramatic a line on it, without being too heavy, I would say it crosses my mind. It crosses my wife's mind that I could walk out into the courtyard at six in the morning and. . .

PLAYBOY: Final question — what do you think about the future of the world?

HINCH: Oh yeah, a quiet question to ask at the end of a luncheon. What do you think of the future of the world? I don't fucking know. But I get grim. I get very down. On the one side you've got the bloody free enterprise system and we're all makin' more money than we ever made before, even the people who are deprived are not as deprived as they used to be deprived. We keep inching the level up, but day after day more people are asking for more money for more charities. And I don't think we're a better world than we used to be. But I don't think on these lines very often, otherwise I'll think, stuff it, I won't go on air tomorrow. You get things like .05 and talking to the mothers or fathers of the kids who were killed, I've talked to a mother who smothered her baby, I have talked to pensioners who have eaten dog food and I don't get so cynical anymore. . . I get bloody depressed.



"Sorry Warden, he's still got the sniffles. He won't be healthy enough to execute for at least another week."

MOTORING

Europe's Audi 100 leaves the jaws of Aussie road rules gaping in its wake

You live in Australia. You drive a car at more than 120km/h on a superhighway or deserted outback road. You are a monster, a nut-case, a lethal fool. You are Public Enemy Number One.

You live in West Germany. You drive a car at more than 120km/h on an autobahn. Sometimes at 160km/h . . . 200 km/h . . . 250km/h . . . often for hours on end, traffic conditions and general safety guidelines permitting. You are a perfectly normal everyday motorist. So what's the difference? Blacktop is blacktop anywhere in the world, and our new multi-lane superhighways are up with Europe's best.

The cars? Most of the good stuff we import, still in the original European factory wrappers. The rest we put through the Xerox and clone-off our own copies, like Falcon (Ford Europe Granada) and Commodore (GM Opel). That leaves the drivers. Bit of a problem there because most Australians might as well have got their licences out of cornflake packets for all the training/inspection they've had. But Europe is also filled up with a conglomeration of nationalities, only some of whom actually teach their sons and daughters to drive.

The difference then — the *real* difference — is simply the rules. Without groping too deeply into the politics surrounding "revenue-based road safety", let's just say that the West Germans do actually rely on real-live statistics. For example: autobahns account for only 1.5 percent of the nation's road system, yet they carry 25 percent of the volume of traffic and contribute less than six percent of all accidents. In other words, if all roads in Germany were converted to multi-lane highways without speed restrictions, the road toll could be cut by 75 percent. Furthermore, West German authorities have established that of all the accidents that occur on their roads, 0.003 percent occur at speeds in excess of 130km/h.

More important is the effect on development of vehicles and drivers. The Yanks introduced absolute speed restrictions in the '50s. The vehicles America developed in the following 20 years were unquestionably the worst vehicles developed in the world in that period.

At precisely the same time, over the sea, with unrestricted super-highways in almost every European country, automotive technological development experienced its greatest surge of development in the history of the automobile. This was the era that produced the "impact absorption" technology of car design — non-deformable passenger cells ensconced between extremities designed to "progressively deform". Every car in the world built today is compelled by international legislation to comply with such safety requirements. And there are dozens of other items — from disc brakes to variable ratio steering systems and burst-proof doorlocks — produced in Europe, and notably West Germany.

So here we are in 1984, living in Australia, in an automotive world of the 1950s, yet with ready access to the European cars built for this decade. We thought we'd try a little experiment: take a real up-to-the-minute Euro-tech automobile and drive it in Australia at the sort of speeds that would represent its everyday life in Europe in the sort of locations that were safe equivalents of the European experience. So we started with the European Car of the Year for 1983 — the Audi 100. It's a small capacity vehicle (2.2 litres) which pushes a large capacity body (seats five comfortably) at high-capacity speeds (200km/h-plus) courtesy of an efficient engine and the lowest aerodynamic drag factory ever engineered into a production sedan.

It's pretty closely aligned with current European thinking in all the key areas of design except that it has this funny odd-number engine (five cylinders) which surprises everyone by working as smoothly and efficiently as those with nice even numbers. The car is totally equipped for luxury and comfort and comes in five-speed close-ratio manual with optional auto and sells complete for a starting mark of $32,495 (manual model, plus on-roads).

We kicked off our test in Adelaide and hiked to Sydney up the back way through the Hay Plains. This meant we could spend the maximum amount of mileage on deserted outback roads. We toured legitimately on the high-surveillance superhighways, frequently pacing the patrol cars for company.

Even so, the log book did turn up some pretty interesting entries. One entry for a 450km section showed an average speed of 189km/h at which the vehicle returned 18.2L/100km (15.4mpg) which may be taken as the worst consumption you might expect. Another leg of 380km produced an average of 158km/h for a ticket at the pumps of 14L/100km (20.1mpg).

Such speeds were not achieved on the super-highways which were liberally dotted with patrolling "bears". Risky? Well, on the two-lane section of roadway on which we achieved the highest touring average, we drove for an hour and 20 minutes without sighting another moving car. On a 450km section of roadway we encountered a total of 38 vehicles on the open road, and for the purposes of keeping this experiment within sensible confines, we generally abated our speed appropriately, usually approaching or overtaking other vehicles at or near the approved speeds limits (100-110km/h).

A good deal of the time we just set the vehicle cruise control at a suitable speed and got on with the job of steering the thing. Now, none of this is hot news for either Europeans or those Australians acquainted with European driving. We can't recommend that you go out and do the same but why simply accept that a 100km/h blanket speed limit on a straight, deserted, well-surfaced and untrafficked country road or Australian super-highway has anything to do with road safety?

— ROB LUCK

LENNON

(continued from page 44)

"Ono has spent more than $1,000,000 on personal protection in the year since Lennon's death."

leave by a specified time. On that date, the locks are changed, but Green has not yet moved out, so he immediately sues. Rather than appear in court, and fearing for the materials in the loft, Ono settles for a payment of $30,000 to Green. Havadtoy and Warmflash go downtown to inspect the loft and realise Green has not yet moved all of his belongings out. On a desk, Havadtoy sees a pile of typewritten papers: it is a chapter of a book Green is writing about the Lennons, which will be published as *Dakota Days*. Havadtoy scans the manuscript and finds that, while living free of charge in Ono's apartment, Green has been writing a book that charges that she is, among other things,a neurotic, a practitioner of black arts and the destroyer of Lennon's talent.

In Central Park one afternoon, Sean is accompanied by his bodyguard, MacDougall. His responsibility is to stay close to Sean at all times. With Ono looking on, the boy wanders out of MacDougall's sight. Ono gets angry at MacDougall, who stiffens. "If you don't like the way I do my job," he states, "I quit." Sean has become used to MacDougall, but Ono feels he has become lax and is trying to bully her. She accepts his resignation. She will hire a new chief of security, New York police detective sergeant Dan Mahoney. Things are now getting nasty and she is being tested. A couple of old friends have turned on her and new people are around. The level of tension around the Dakota rises perceptibly.

NOVEMBER 1981

In a London newspaper, Ono reads that Julian Lennon has entered a recording studio intending to record some of his father's last unreleased songs — the ones intended for the *Double Fantasy* sequel. Ono is dumbfounded. "How could he have gotten John's songs?" she asks aloud.

Seaman is sitting nearby in the Lenono offices. He shakes his head sympathetically. "Didn't I tell you Julian was a bad seed?" he says.

Ono calls Julian in England and asks him about the songs. He explains that Seaman gave him a cassette. Ono is confused but tells him that his father intended the songs for his own album. Julian apologises.

There is a call a day or two later from MacDougall. Mintz takes the call.

"I'm owed back pay," he tells Mintz.

"Yoko will take care of it," Mintz replies.

"Well, I'm holding some stuff until I get my money."

MacDougall says that when he quit, he took with him for safekeeping some expensive electronic equipment, a dozen cassette tapes, two Swiss army knives, a pair of Lennon's glasses and a love letter from Lennon to Ono including the original version of his song *Dear Yoko*. He'll be glad to return the items when he gets the pay he feels he is owed. Mintz takes MacDougall a cheque and retrieves the items.

Ono grows more puzzled by Seaman's behavior. Like MacDougall, Seaman is showing signs of arrogance, of sloppiness in his work, almost as if he is tempting someone to reprimand him or even fire him. Ono wants to leave well enough alone; she is too close to Seaman's aunt Helen and uncle Norman to make trouble for Fred.

In truth, Seaman has become more and more engrossed in Project Walrus and is beginning to see the end of his double-agent role at the Dakota. He decides, in fact, it is time to act more boldly, and so, according to his diaries, he and Dufay sneak into Ono's apartment while she is out and steal a large haul of audio equipment, including a costly amplifier Lennon used to keep by his bed. Seaman has previously taken rehearsal tapes of Lennon songs to Rosen's apartment, and Dufay is a professional musician, so there is plenty of use for the equipment.

The next day, someone notices that a couple of stereo components are gone. Seaman says it was probably the air-conditioning repairmen, who were there. Ono nods. She mentions it to Mintz, who is coincidentally taking an inventory. Mintz, who is now on Ono's staff, discovers that, in fact, much more than the stereo amplifiers has been taken, and informs the new security team. Methodically, the guards interrogate people and report to Ono that it can only be an inside job.

It is now nearly a year since Lennon's death. There have been the confrontations with employees, the burglary, and now there are stories that books are being planned by people other than Green. It is rumored that Lennon's ex-lover, May Pang, is writing her memoirs. And there is also word that Albert Goldman, biographer of Elvis Presley and exposer of drug orgies and panty fetishes, is negotiating for a seven-figure advance toward a book on Lennon. Even Rosen is moved to write in his journal, after hearing the news about Goldman, "God help John Lennon."

It is several days later that two men are stopped inside the Dakota. They say they have business with Yoko. Pressed, they begin to run. One gets away, but the other is tackled by a bodyguard. Before he is taken away by police, the obviously deranged man shouts that he has come to "get" Yoko and Sean.

Security is further tightened. Ono has spent more than $1,000,000 on personal protection in the year since Lennon's death.

DECEMBER 1981

As the New York weather turns colder, Seaman throws caution to the winds. Although his use of the Lenono petty-cash fund to pay off Rosen has not yet been discovered, there is plenty of comment about his use of limousines to take him to restaurants and clubs — which he promptly charges to Lenono. Other expense-account discrepancies crop up. At an office Christmas party Ono throws at Windows on the World, the spectacular restaurant atop the World Trade Center, Seaman shows up wearing one of Lennon's scarves. Ono spots it and confronts him.

"Isn't that John's scarf?"

"No, Yoko," he says, "it's mine."

The lie is so brazen Ono is shaken. Later on at the party, Seaman approaches Ono and admits the scarf may be John's after all. Ono does not know what is going on with Seaman, but it soon becomes clear: while using the Lenono Mercedes-Benz for personal business, something employees are forbidden to do, Seaman gets into an accident. The repair bill is $12,000. Finally, some time later, Ono goes into her private bathroom and finds Seaman taking a bath during working hours. He will be fired and given $10,000 severance. Seaman writes defiantly in his diary, "My immediate regret is that I won't have any opportunity to go through the files and avail myself of 'research' material." The thefts — entire file folders, manuscripts, journals, even a *novella* by Lennon titled *Skywriting By Word Of Mouth*, which Rosen in *his* journal pronounces worthy of James Joyce — have not been discovered. In the six apartments owned by the Lennons, no one is quite sure where things are kept.

JANUARY 1982

Living with Lennon's diaries, typing all day and night, deciphering Lennon's abbreviations and codes, is beginning to get to Rosen. It is claustrophobic working in his tiny apartment and, he writes, "I'm worried about Seaman. It is imperative I have leverage to force him to give me credit and pay me my full share. Possession of the journals are [*sic*] my best leverage."

But he does not want to keep the original journals indefinitely. "It's going to be like having the Lost Ark. Don't want my apartment raided by Indiana Jones."

Rosen's worries about Seaman are well founded. Seaman has been under the care of Dr Francis DeBilio, a psychotherapist whose practice is in Brooklyn and who apparently has not had the sort of contact with glamor and fame and intrigue that Seaman talks about. The doctor introduces Seaman to another patient, Norman Schonfeld. A retired diamond merchant, Schonfeld becomes as excited as DeBilio about the potential in Project Walrus and agrees to finance the enterprise. It is just what Seaman needs, since now his salary

and perks are gone. Seaman tells Rosen they have an angel and the three of them get together over drinks to discuss terms. For half an interest, Schonfeld will pay salaries and all expenses. The plan devised by "N$", as Seaman refers to Schonfeld in his journal, is to set Seaman up as the real inheritor of Lennon's artistic and social legacy and to spread as much misinformation about Ono as possible. The "black widow" is to be discredited by whatever means possible, so the world can receive what John Lennon left behind through his anointed messenger, Fred Seaman. And, incidentally, the world will make the messenger and his helpers rich.

The only problem is, there are too many helpers. Dufay is not an active participant, but DeBilio and Schonfeld persuade Seaman that Rosen should be cut out. It doesn't take much persuading. Rosen, who shows signs of being worn out, is sent on a "vacation" paid for out of the project's funds. With Rosen safely in the Caribbean, Seaman records in his diary what happens next:

> Norman [Schonfeld] and I decided to take all the stuff out. Hung out in Bob [Rosen's] apartment, smoked a joint and then absconded with his copy of the journals, the Bermuda tape [of Lennon singing] and anything else we could carry out. A few days later we returned with a rental car and proceeded systematically to remove everything that I had given him.

Upon his return, Rosen finds his apartment emptied, reports it as a burglary to the New York Police Department but then gets a call from Seaman admitting that it was he who had done it. What is Rosen going to do about it? What *can* Rosen do about it?

DeBilio continues to counsel Seaman on their grand strategy. Seaman writes:

> The more I tell [DeBilio] about Julian, the more convinced he grows that we can't rely on him. . . . He explains Julian might consider himself the protector of his father's reputation (on which he's riding) and he doesn't want to explode the myth. So now we have to think about a way we can legitimise my "ownership" of the diaries so we have a fighting chance in court, or, alternatively, find some way to prevent y.o. from making a stink.

Oblivious, Ono makes plans to record a new album. Proposed title: *It's Alright.*

". . . And over here you've got your view of the park and your air-conditioner and your color tv and. . ."

AUGUST 1982

Rosen, broke and depressed after being cut out of the scheme, tries to sell his story to publishers and magazines, including PLAYBOY. He has salvaged his own journals and some other material, including tapes, from Seaman's raid, and represents himself to publishers as having a photographic memory. When he discovers that no one will touch the story without documentation, he has a friend call Mintz and suggest that "certain materials" will be returned for a price. Mintz threatens to call the police, and so at last, Rosen decides to come in from the cold.

By now, Havadtoy is running interference for Ono, and it is he who negotiates with Rosen. What Rosen has said about Seaman and some missing diaries is enough to convince Havadtoy that Ono herself should meet Rosen. A meeting is held at the Lenono offices, and there Rosen spills it all — the thefts, the conspiracy, everything.

Rosen, dubbed the John Dean of the affair by Mintz, is grilled over the next several days by Mintz, Havadtoy, lawyers representing Ono and, in the end, the New York District Attorney's office. Since he has come forward voluntarily, Rosen is not charged with anything at this time (and maintains he was basically a dupe of Seaman's). Because Rosen claims to fear for his life and to be flat broke, Ono pays for him to stay at a hotel, at which point he hands over copies of his own diaries, which incriminate him and the others.

The extent of the plotting and the length of time it has been going on stun Ono, making her feel both foolish and hurt. The mass of material that has been stolen is staggering: entire filing cabinets full of papers, manuscripts, love letters, private photographs, Lennon's clothing and, worst of all, his diaries.

Havadtoy attempts to smoke out Seaman privately. Of paramount concern is that Seaman not destroy the material. Calling on Seaman's uncle and aunt, Norman and Helen, Havadtoy attempts to get a message through, asking that Fred return the documents and turn himself in. Norman relays a message back from Fred: "Let Yoko sue me; it will mean a million dollars in free publicity."

The following day, Seaman himself calls Ono at the Dakota. He says it is true that he has the diaries and that he took them to make certain Julian read them first. Nervously, he says, "If you don't do anything rash, the journals might find their way back." The conversation, recorded by Mahoney, ends with a flat statement by Seaman: "I wouldn't want anything to happen to you and Sean."

Later that night, Ono sinks back into a chair and says to Havadtoy, "What did we *do* to him to deserve this?" She decides that this time she will not be driven back into her bedroom and determines to continue working on her album. But because of what she heard in Seaman's voice, she orders even more security for herself and Sean.

Havadtoy continues to use Norman Seaman in attempting to negotiate with Fred. Norman is one of Ono's oldest personal friends, going back to her days as a conceptual artist in Greenwich Village. Several days after the call from Fred, Havadtoy is saddened to discover that Norman is covering for him.

"Fred *did* do it for Julian's sake," Norman says to Havadtoy. "I saw John give Julian his diaries back in 1979. I was there when he did it."

"Norman," Havadtoy points out, "we know the diaries were kept up through 1980. How could he have given Julian the diaries in 1979?"

A call to Julian in England confirms the point. Havadtoy is in the apartment discussing Norman's lie with Ono, when there is a buzz from the receptionist downstairs: a man identifying himself as Willie Wilson has arrived at the Dakota carrying a box full of papers, talking about John Lennon and some diaries.

Havadtoy rushes downstairs to meet Wilson, a shabbily dressed black man who promptly opens the box and allows him a peek at the contents. Immediately apparent is a photocopy of one diary in Lennon's handwriting, dated 1980, and three hardbound volumes that appear to be original diaries.

"Where did you get these?" Havadtoy asks.

"A junkie in Harlem," Wilson shrugs.

"How did you know to bring them here?"

"Didn't take too much brains to know where the stuff came from," says Wilson.

Havadtoy suspects that Wilson is fabricating the story about the junkie and threatens to call the police and charge him with extortion. Wilson quickly offers to retrieve more stolen material from the same source in Harlem if Havadtoy will keep the police out of it. Wilson says it will cost him $5000 to get the rest of the diaries. Havadtoy naively agrees to pay Wilson. The man takes the cash, walks out of the Dakota and is never seen again. To Havadtoy's chagrin, it turns out that, aside from the 1980 photocopy of the Lennon diary, the other journals are not by Lennon but by Fred Seaman.

Once the embarrassment of having paid for the wrong journals has passed, Havadtoy realises that having Seaman's diaries provides an unexpected bonus. Upon examination, the scope of the conspiracy becomes evident when clues from Seaman's diary are put together with references from Rosen's diary. From their reading of the diaries, they decide it is likely that Schonfeld, as the financier of the caper, has possession of the journals. He has, after all, advanced $33,000 to Seaman, if the conspirators' diaries are to be believed. Havadtoy calls Schonfeld.

The wealthy diamond merchant agrees that he may know how to retrieve the Lennon diaries — for "compensation". Ono and Havadtoy confer and agree to pay the man off. "We had no choice," Havadtoy says later. "If we had simply called the police, the diaries would undoubtedly have been destroyed." And so, for "expenses" of $60,000, Schonfeld agrees to procure the safe return of all of John Lennon's original diaries.

At the appointed time, Schonfeld arrives with a bag full of documents. There are file folders of material from the Lenono offices, photographs, letters, the *novella* — and four hardbound *New Yorker* diaries filled with John Lennon's handwriting. Schonfeld smiles as he hands Havadtoy an envelope he says is a "present for Mrs Lennon". It is a drawing by Lennon.

There is no 1980 diary however. Since Havadtoy has seen Willie Wilson's photocopy of it, he knows it is potentially the most valuable to history; it was filled in through the day of Lennon's death.

"Where is 1980?" he asks Schonfeld.

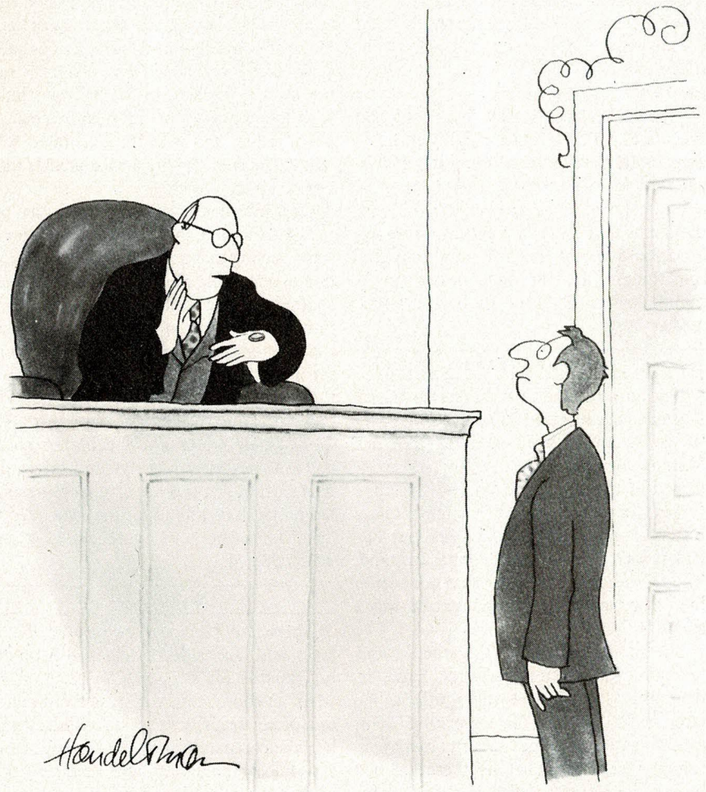
"I don't know anything about a 1980 diary," he says.

After more discussion, Schonfeld insists he has met his part of the bargain, has no knowledge of the missing diary, and departs.

There the matter rests. The original 1980 diary never surfaced, and there is even evidence that the earlier diaries were tampered with. Mintz says after examining them that there appear to be entries in a different hand, and there is a chilling entry in Fred's journal that is discovered later: "We [DeBilio and Seaman] have intense talk about doctoring diary to show Lennon's setting me up to write book. . . to build up to great intimacy." Lennon's diaries were in the possession of the Project Walrus gang for more than a year.

SEPTEMBER 1982

Last spring, Sean asked to have a friend from school, seven-year-old Caitlin Hair, spend the weekend with him at Cold Spring Harbor. His nanny, Helen Seaman's granddaughter, Tanya, also joined them. While they were playing, Caitlin apparently fell. Now comes the news that Caitlin's mother claims Caitlin was injured and is suing Ono for $1,050,000.



"That's the law for you; you never know what the outcome of a trial is going to be. In this case it's tails, and you're guilty."

Like the bodyguard before her, the nanny had received specific instructions from Ono on caring for Sean. Among them was the order that, on that particular weekend, no visitors be taken out to the Cold Spring Harbour estate. When Ono, upset over the lawsuit, asks Helen why her orders were rescinded, Helen explains that Caitlin and her granddaughter showed up at the Long Island estate unexpectedly. She couldn't very well turn them away, could she?

In fact, as Ono finds out later, Helen chartered a limousine for the children, billed it to Lenono and had them picked up in New York and delivered to Cold Spring Harbour. That tears it for Ono; she's had enough of the Seamans. For disobeying instructions and then lying about it, Helen is fired and given a $10,000-a-year pension.

OCTOBER 1982

If she feels that people in her personal life are letting her down, Ono has at least one friend in the business world who has stood by her. Eddie Germano, owner of the Hit Factory studios, where she and Lennon recorded *Double Fantasy,* has given her solace and advice through the months. In fact, when she finally parts ways with Geffen, it is Germano who suggests that she talk with a close friend of his at PolyGram Records, who is extremely interested in her work. Since she cannot trust the fact that other people's recommendations will be disinterested, she meets with PolyGram executives, who offer her an excellent contract.

Germano calls to tell her that the executives at PolyGram are highly enthusiastic about her proposed album *It's Alright* and that, in gratitude, they want to pay him a finder's fee of roughly $50,000. Even though he told her he was getting no money for this, does she mind if they pay him something? Fine, she says, pleased that a friend can profit from an honest intermediary role.

FEBRUARY 1983

Ono is informed that her close friend Germano has received $600,000 from PolyGram as an advance against Ono and Lennon albums, plus a royalty on every record of their music to be sold by PolyGram. Ono feels he has not only taken unconscionable advantage of her but has lied to her. It is a final betrayal for Ono. "Eddie was one of the closest people ever to me," she says. "I truly thought he was a friend."

She sits in her white "Egyptian" room (complete with a genuine sarcophagus in the corner), sipping tea and shuffling her tarot cards. "Why is this happening?" she asks a visitor. Whether it is the money or something else about her life, there does not seem to be any letup now on thrusts from the outside. The mail keeps pouring into the Dakota — in 1981, there were more than 250,000 letters — and most of it is admiring of her and Lennon. But now the psychos seem to be picking up the pace. Ono opens one letter in front of the visitor and reads it. It says, in part: "To fulfil the prophecy, I am going to kill you. You were not supposed to have survived." Cigarette shaking slightly, she dials Mahoney. Another investigation.

Just a few days later, another threatening letter arrives, and this one is not handled so routinely. For a number of months, someone in Florida has been sending letters announcing the existence of a Mark Chapman Fan Club, ending with the salutation "Death to Ono". In this letter, however, which is accompanied by a record album riddled with bullet holes, the writer announces that he has come to New York with his brother to kill her.

Mahoney, who has worked in New York's elite career criminal division, intensifies security around the apartments. He tells Ono that he cannot guarantee her security at the Dakota and for a day she moves into a midtown hotel. She realises she cannot do that forever and tells Mahoney she is moving back into her own home, fearful or not. Mahoney and the other guards, all of them off-duty police officers, beef up their patrols in the hallways of the Dakota.

The Mark Chapman Fan Club brothers have been spotted, tailed and lost. To anybody visiting Ono during this period, the scene is incongruous: Ono, Sean and Havadtoy huddled in the kitchen, as their cook slices vegetables for *sukiyaki;* just beyond the kitchen, in the hallways hung with photographs of John and Yoko at peace rallies, and with the celebrated WAR IS OVER poster, heavily armed guards walk warily up and down.

One afternoon, while Ono is at the recording studio, there is a call from downstairs, saying that a man fitting the description of one of the Florida brothers has been spotted lurking near the Dakota. Mintz puts on a bulletproof vest and approaches the man and asks him for the time. When the man looks at his watch his jacket is pulled up and Mintz notices the butt of a gun sticking up from his belt. He immediately walks away, calls the police and watches as they arrive and arrest the man. Although the other brother remains at large, the man will admit they intended to "get" Ono, and he is apprehended — and later released.

MARCH 1983

There are precious few people left to trust, and Ono is depending mostly on her bodyguards for any sense of security. So when an anonymous call is received saying one of her security men is working against her, the paranoia around the Lenono offices is almost palpable. No matter that Mahoney assures her of his complete trust in his staff, the idea that someone in her own home may kill her has been planted. She begins sleeping badly again. In discussions with Havadtoy and Ono, Mintz wonders if the threats and calls can be part of a conspiracy. Not only is there Seaman, who is running around spreading poison about the "black widow", but there are all those disaffected aides and retainers . . .

What also fuels the dread is the fact that she is involved in monumental business battles that include unresolved Apple and Beatles affairs, and there are tens of millions of dollars at stake. Could any of the parties in that war be so desperate?

The rumors and the threats continue. One night, Ono leaves her bedroom to find her gentle assistant, De Palma, sitting on a chair by the bedroom door, with a handgun tucked into his belt. Astonished, Ono asks what he is doing. De Palma tells her he is at his "post". "You don't know how big this thing is!" he cries. "The people who are doing this are too big to fight!" Some time later, De Palma will resign with Ono's gratitude for his loyalty.

Fear is running rampant in the Dakota, and the odd sequence of events in the next few days does nothing to dispel it: there are two mysterious break-ins at the apartment; a set of keys is left inside a bedroom door that was left securely locked; when the family and staff attend De Palma's farewell party, they return to find the doors locked and bolted from the inside; and Mahoney's home is burgled — and only the files pertaining to the Florida gunmen are taken.

Even more upsetting is the discovery soon thereafter of listening devices planted in the Lenono offices and in Ono's apartment. Mahoney cannot determine the source of the bugs, but he knows how to find them and remove them. Several days later, he sweeps the offices again as a precaution — and finds that some of the bugs have been replaced. Mintz, who has been trying to pull all of this together, comes to the conclusion that the threats and break-ins and wire taps are part of a plot to discredit both Ono and Lennon's memory. He has his suspicions but will not divulge them other than to say he believes Ono's enemies to be "extremely powerful".

APRIL 1983

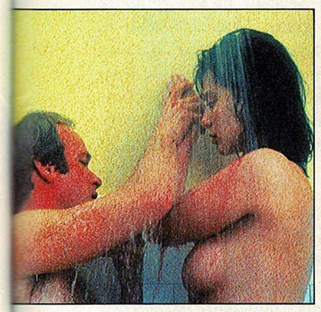
Ono hears the news that Fred Seaman has landed a book contract with Simon & Schuster, reportedly for a $90,000 advance (with a third going to a ghostwriter). In their naivete, Ono and Havadtoy thought that catching Seaman with all the diaries, possessing copies of his own incriminating journals, having paid more than $65,000 to assorted partners and accomplices, having done all of this entitled them to believe that Seaman, at least, would be out of their lives. It now appears that he is going to publish a book defaming Lennon's memory and Ono's character, or so the rumors have it. There is also word that former security man MacDougall is cooperating with Seaman, and other disaffected employees may be involved, too. But the strongest rumor is

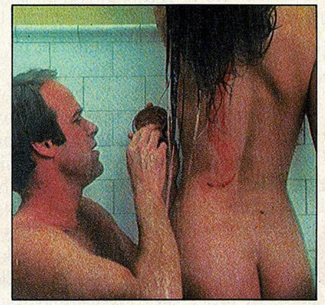
(continued on page 128)

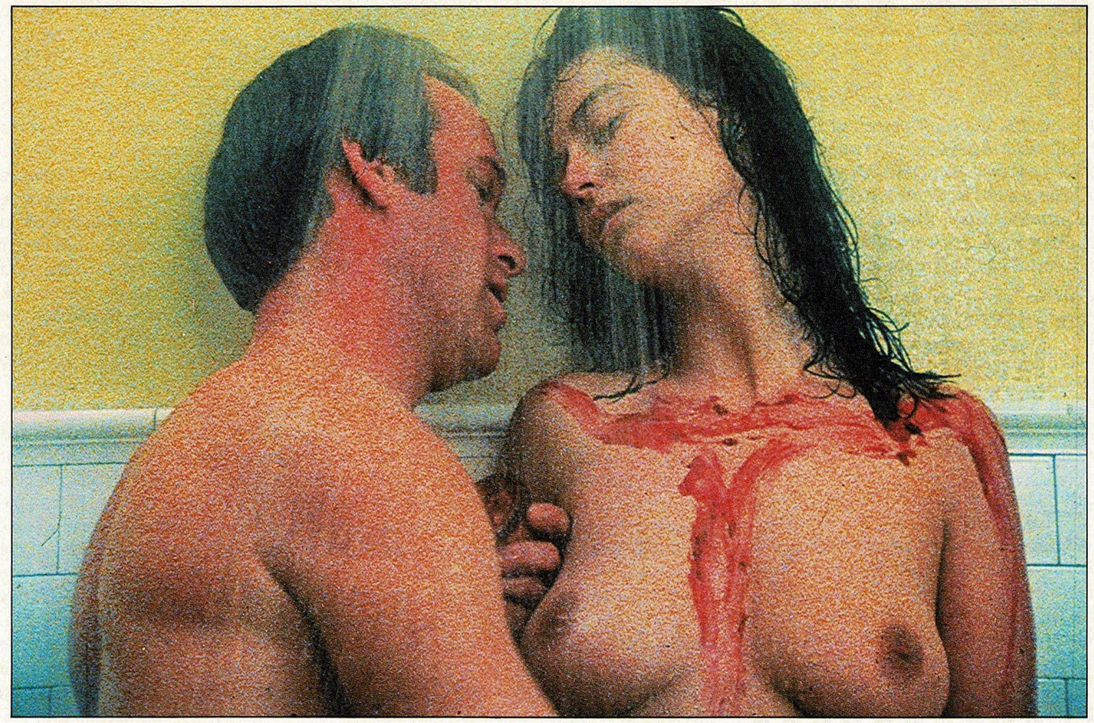
ROVING EYE

Rachel Ward's first flash of movie talent prompted a shower of accolades

There is a certain class of cult films that deserves recognition. Fans of Jackie Bisset revere the lovemaking scene in *Secrets,* Jane Fonda's admirers debate the politics of *Barbarella* but remember its opening, as well as the scene with the orgasmatron. Devotees of Brooke Shields slobber over video cassettes of *Pretty Baby.* The latest entry in this genre is *Night School,* a gem of a horror film that first hit the theatres in 1981. It marked the screen debut of Rachel Ward, certainly one of the world-class women of our time who's attracting extra attention Down Under as Bryan Brown's missus. Now, if the Japanese had any sense, they would give computers her voice. *Night School* had originally been cast with D.D. Winters. When she left the set, the producers held an open casting call in New York. Ward, who hitherto had been a model, showed up and the rest is history. Burt Reynolds saw the film and signed her for *Sharky's Machine.* Steve Martin asked her to star in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid,* in which she sucks bullets and has her breasts adjusted. Those parts led to a major role in the TV dramatisation of Colleen McCullough's novel *The Thorn Birds.* Film buffs will recognise the tribute to Alfred Hitchcock in the scene shown here. Rachel plays a student in love with a professor of anthropology. He surprises her in the shower and dabs make-up blood over her body as a prelude to passion. Rachel's character is so in love with the professor that she is insanely jealous of any woman he looks at. You can also catch Rachel soon in a new film, *Against All Odds,* with Jeff Bridges and James Wood. Otherwise you may spy her around the Sydney suburb of Whale Beach where she and Bryan occupy a beach house. The Browns are recently back from India where Bryan completed his role for the film of Rudyard Kipling's *Kim.* Meanwhile, Rachel admits she's more than happy with her latest leading role as "an Aussie housewife".







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LENNON *(continued from page 126)*

Seaman will admit to friends that the smears are meant to "discredit Ono at all costs".

that the book will be based largely on the private diaries of John Lennon.

It is time to stop the in-house detective work and call in the real thing. At Ono's request, Havadtoy calls the police and Seaman is at last arrested on charges of grand larceny. After the arrest, police search Seaman's home and a storage room he has leased and find some of the stolen electronic equipment. Seaman then turns over photocopies of the Lennon diaries, as well as tapes and slides. Although there is a photocopy of the 1980 Lennon diary identical to the one Willie Wilson delivered, there is no trace of the original.

MAY 1983

It looks as if it will be the summer of the trashing of John and Yoko. The first of a slew of books, long rumored, is out: *The Love You Make,* by former Apple insider Peter Brown and collaborator Steven Gains. "Don't worry about it," Havadtoy tells Ono. "No one takes this trash seriously." But by midsummer, the book is a best seller and is being excerpted in newspapers everywhere beneath banner headlines proclaiming "HOW YOKO STOLE JOHN AWAY FROM HIS WIFE."

John Green's book, *Dakota Days,* follows shortly. Green, crediting his "fine memory," reconstructs several hundred pages of conversations between himself and John and Yoko, depicting Ono as an irrational dragon lady jealous of Lennon's talent. He represents himself as the mastermind behind Ono's business success and claims to have given Lennon the idea of using his househusband status as a cover-up for "losing his muse".

And on the heels of Green's book comes May Pang's book, recounting her affair with Lennon during his separation from Ono. In *Loving John,* which will be used as the cover story for *Us* magazine, Pang describes Lennon as a vicious alcoholic tricked into returning to Ono by being lured to a smoking cure, during which she hypnotised him. It, too, will receive considerable media attention.

Havadtoy, who has more than once admitted that it is hard having a relationship with a woman whose idolised husband stares down from every wall, is put in the position of defending the sincerity of John and Yoko's love: "For whatever reasons, all these people are trying to prove the relationship was bad, but it just wasn't true. Their music proves it, if nothing else. Their love was the single most important thing in their lives."

Ono and Lennon were not shy about sharing that love with the public, occasionally even in photographs. But that, too, turns out to have a sordid side. One evening, the telephone rings upstairs and Havadtoy takes the call. The *New York Post* wants a comment from Ono on a report that some nude photographs of her and Lennon are the cause of a bizarre murder plot in New Orleans. It seems that a man who claimed he found a carousel of photographs in a garbage can (they had actually been under the care of Fred Seaman when he worked at the Dakota) was angered over a girlfriend's intention to return them rather than sell them to a magazine, as he wanted to do. In a rage, he plotted to kill her and was caught by the police. The photographs, which are not explicit, will be nonetheless published by *Swank* in August.

On May 27, Seaman pleads guilty to second-degree grand larcency and is sentenced to five years' probation. His plea is contingent on his agreement not to reveal what is in the Lennon diaries. In return for not going to prison, he is reported to have agreed to cooperate in the investigation of others involved.

Contacted to tell their sides of the story, DeBilio and Dufay are not available; Schonfeld spits into the phone that he knows nothing about John Lennon, Fred Seaman or any diaries; and Rosen says, "I probably knew deep down that the journals were stolen, but I never admitted it to myself — I didn't want to know."

JUNE 1983

People magazine is preparing a story on the rash of kiss-and-tell books it refers to as the "SELLING (OUT) OF JOHN LENNON." Since Seaman still has a contract to write a book, though presumably without reference to the Lennon diaries, *People* decides to include Seaman in its roundup. On their way to lunch one afternoon, Ono and Havadtoy are walking through Central Park and happen onto a photo session for the magazine: there is Seaman, silhouetted against the Dakota, posing for a *People* photographer. Ono's eyes meet Seaman's, but no words are exchanged.

Nonetheless, Seaman's obsession has clearly become manic. He calls a reporter at odd hours saying only, "How does it feel to be useless?" Then calls the Dakota with the same enigmatic message. He spreads stories about Ono's wickedness —that she is a drug addict, that she was having affairs before Lennon died, that she had McCartney arrested in Japan for possessing marijuana. Seaman will admit to friends that the smears are meant to "discredit Ono at all costs". Havadtoy's former room-mate,

(continued on page 132)

DEEK IN LA *(continued from page 59)*

There is a sudden realisation no records will be broken, just finishing will be a major challenge.

minutes 50 seconds. When Ikangaa finished second to de Castella in the Brisbane Commonwealth Games, he and fellow Tanzanian Shihanger completed the first five in 14.45, but Salazar's world record split is 15.12. Ikangaa is now a much stronger and more disciplined runner, whose style it is to lead the pack but who may be, even at this early stage, holding back a little in reserve for the last 10.

Certainly, the positioning of the Africans is a matter of some concern to the supporters of both Salazar and de Castella, who come through the first five in 15.09 and 15.12 respectively. Between them and the Africans is the Japanese group, through in 14.58. De Castella's camp knows that the Australian runner will soon have to make some strategic placement decisions. Clearly, Deek doesn't want to get involved in a duel with either of his major rivals, Seko or Salazar, but he also cannot let Ikangaa draw away too much further. He has to put on some speed in the second five without causing too much concern to Salazar, just a few metres ahead.

For Salazar the situation is equally difficult. He has tended to fade in the last half of his recent marathons, so he must keep his head for the next 15 kilometres and store energy. However, he has Deek breathing down his neck and doesn't want to allow him the psychological boost of passing. Already, the field is dividing into a series of cat and mouse games.

Bundy Drive winds into the more exclusive residential and country club northern fringe of the Santa Monica district, and there is some relief from the afternoon sun when the route turns into San Vicente Boulevard, which runs past the Riviera and Brentwood country clubs and down to the sea at Pacific Palisades. Here the road is wide and tree-lined, and with the sun getting lower over the ocean there is alternate shade and blinding glare as the runners head west.

At the 10-kilometre mark the Africans still lead, although their second 5km split is back to 15.07. Ikangaa feels relaxed and confident now, having settled into a pace which he believes he can sustain. In Brisbane de Castella had almost caught him on the second five, when he dropped an alarming 41 seconds. This time he is setting his own pace and dictating the flow of the race.

Of the Japanese, Seko is beginning to show his superiority over the brilliant but erratic So brothers. They are still running as a group but at the 10km drink stop it is evident that Seko is gaining strength while the Sos, notably Shigeru, are beginning to feel the effects of the dry Los Angeles heat.

Further back, Salazar and de Castella have held position within a few metres of each other but both have reduced the gap to the Japanese and Africans. De Castella's time for the second 5km split is 15.09, which he regards as about right for victory, all things being equal. He knows that the second half of the race, heading east away from the ocean breeze with the late sun at their backs, will be the time for testing, the time when there is a sudden realisation by several of the frontrunners that no records will be broken today, and that just finishing will be a major challenge.

The field further spreads as the route follows the Santa Monica beachfront south to Venice, Marina Del Rey and the spectre of the Los Angeles International Airport in the grey beyond. The huge crowd which lines both sides of the beach road is not exactly American partisan, which is just as well, considering that Meyer is way, way back and only the Cuban-born Salazar is placed for American gold. Rather, the crowd is representative of the incredible racial mix that the Los Angeles basin has become, and while the new Los Angelinos are eager to be thought of as Americans they are equally proud of their ethnic origins. Therefore the Japanese-Americans are shouting for Seko and the Sos, the Hispanics for Salazar, Gomez and Lopez and the roller-skating, 'lectric-dancing, jiving boardwalk blacks of Venice Beach would like nothing so much as to see the Africans hold position and clean sweep the medals.

But spectator support is a factor that Australia's de Castella had taken into consideration in his race preparation. The world champion knew that his invincible record in 1983 would ensure him some support from the home crowd, but that if it came to a shoot-out with Salazar then the cheers for him would evaporate. Deek had practised switching off, and as the runners head inland at Marina Del Rey his thoughts

THE FRONTRUNNERS*

*All race times are current up to February 1, 1984.

SALAZAR, ALBERTO, born 1958, best time 2:08.13 — Holds world's fastest marathon performance run in New York on point-to-point course. Rated No 1 in 1981-2; however he lost to de Castella in Rotterdam and did not contest World Championships. Has been injured but is back in solid training again with sights set firmly on Los Angeles.

DE CASTELLA, ROBERT, born 1957, best time 2:08.18 — Beat Salazar in their Rotterdam clash, then easily won World Championships. His fastest time was set on an out-and-back course of Olympic standard. Has beaten all leading contenders in the past 18 months with the exception of Seko.

SEKO, TOSHIHIKO, born 1956, best time 2:08.38 — Won '83 Fukuoka but almost half a minute slower than Deek's time in '81. Avoided World Championships, preferring to train with LA in view. Often injured but still a tough competitor who was equal favorite along with de Castella for Helsinki World Championships.

DIXON, ROD, born 1950, best time 2:08.55 — Won '83 New York in only his second marathon, after declaring that he would run under 2:08. His 4-minute-miler speed and tough competitiveness make Rod a big threat for LA.

LOPES, CARLOS, born 1947, best time 2:08.39 — Portuguese track runner who pushed Deek in Rotterdam until the final few hundred metres but has failed to finish in several other marathons. His 10km speed is still a major factor if he is among the challengers at the finish.

CIERPINSKI, WALDEMAR, born 1950, best time 2:09.55 — Olympic champion in 1976 and 1980 who is always a contender in the big ones. Took third in Helsinki World Championships and will certainly be looking for another medal in LA.

BALCHA, KEBEDE, born 1951, best time 2:10.27 — Consistent around the 2:11 mark and one of the best from Africa, Balcha was silver medallist in Helsinki and only 24 seconds behind de Castella.

IKANGAA, JUMA, born 1957, best time 2:08.55 — Silver medallist to Deek in Brisbane Commonwealth Games and regarded as best in Africa, but perhaps races too often. Won Big M in Melbourne '83 and runs almost anywhere and anytime he is invited. Still a proven competitor who pushed de Castella in Brisbane to the finish.

SO, TAKESHI, and twin brother SHIGERU, born 1953, best times 2:08.55 and 2:09.5 respectively — Takeshi is the younger by a few minutes of the Japanese twins, who back up Seko to give Japan a terrific 1-2-3 punch against Deek and others. They, too, did not compete in Helsinki, maintaining LA training schedules.

GOMEZ, RODOLFO, born 1950, best time 2:09.12 — Rated No 3 in 1982 behind Salazar and Deek and is a most consistent performer with excellent racing speed for close finishes.

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

are on time and position. Nothing else.

The 20km mark is on the Marina Freeway, closed off all the way to the San Diego Freeway junction for the race and, right on five o'clock, causing one giant headache for Los Angelinos returning from a day at the beach. For Juma Ikangaa, still well in the lead and through 20km in an hour and 28 seconds, the freeway is a headache of a different nature. It represents the starting point of growing heat fatigue — an eventuality he, an African from a hot climate, hadn't planned for — and his first inkling that Toshihiko Seko is making a break.

In fact, Seko is already way ahead of the Sos and closing on the two Ethiopians, who have dropped behind Ikangaa. Seko is well aware of the Tanzanian's ability to hold on, clearly remembering how close he came to taking the Fukuoka last December. On that occasion Seko took the lead only in the last 100 metres, not as safe as his race plan had suggested. This time the Japanese is determined to grab the lead somewhere between 30 and 35 kilometres, and increase it in the final stages of the race. Having carefully studied Los Angeles weather patterns, quality of air and the heat retention of the asphalt on the last inland section, he believes, like de Castella, that the last five kilometres will be purely survival stuff.

Meanwhile, further back in the pack there are also position changes along the freeway. Salazar breaks away from Deek to get close to the Sos, but he looks uncomfortable, sweating just a little too freely. Deek, on the other hand, looks incredibly relaxed although he is now a good 45 seconds behind Ikangaa and at the front of a group which includes Gomez, Lopez and, somewhat surprisingly, Waldemar Cierpinski, coming on like a steam train. Deek recalls only too clearly the pack strategy of the Brisbane race, when he stayed with the pack in the middle stages and gave Ikangaa as much as 55 seconds, a lead that many believed unbeatable.

But that was Brisbane, where humidity was the enemy. Here he is content to hold back just a little longer, knowing that Ikangaa rarely takes a drink at the refreshment stops and that his dryness will begin to take its toll soon. Salazar too seems to be trying too hard too early and seems likely to follow the pattern that became his undoing in 1983. Deek believes that his toughest opponent over those last miles will be Seko, an intelligent, adaptable runner for whom Olympic gold has become an obsession.

Speaking of which trait, Deek has only to look sideways to see obsession personified. Waldemar Cierpinski, sweating, heaving but coming on strong despite a mournful recent race record. He is a possible dark horse threat in this marathon, governed by the heat and the smog. And, of course, Deek could not afford to write off either Gomez or Lopez, who seem capable of all kinds of surprises.

At the 30-kilometre mark, Ikangaa's lead is barely five metres, but he has been successful in warding off two Seko challenges to it. The strain shows in the Tanzanian whose normal rhythmic action has become a little disjointed. At the International Broadcast Centre, race commentators watching close-ups of the leader are almost certain that he is favoring his left leg. Can he go the distance? His last five kilometres were completed in 15.49, against Seko's 15.47, but even Ikangaa is beginning to have doubts about his stamina for the last quarter of the race.

The So brothers have also lagged, and have now formed part of the large pack behind Salazar. At the front are Gomez, Cierpinski and de Castella, with the New Zealander Dixon now coming into contention from a slow start.

Deek is still feeling relatively happy with his position and his fitness, although Salazar's continued good pace is a minor thorn in his side, and the air is beginning to feel sulphurous in the back of his throat. Oh, and it's bloody hot. He knows from messages passed on by his support crew that Ikangaa is flagging. The difference between the Tanzanian and the Australian is down to less than 40 seconds. At the same stage of his Brisbane battle with Ikangaa, Deek had given him 58 seconds. Now, however, it would be Seko whose lead he would have to watch.

At 35 kilometres Seko takes the lead when Ikangaa makes an elongated drink stop — only his third for the race. He steals almost eight seconds on the Tanzanian and makes his break along the long, slow gradient to the Coliseum with renewed confidence. Salazar is next, 22 seconds behind Seko, with de Castella now slightly ahead of the main pack and 34 seconds behind the leader.

At the head of the pack, some 40 seconds behind Seko, Gomez and Cierpinski, Dixon and a renewed Shigeru So look the only dangers. For the first time in the race, Deek is beginning to think he may have underestimated Salazar's staying power. Although the world record holder has appeared to be stretched for at least the last 10 kilometres, his split times tell a different story. Between 30 and 35 kilometres he has recorded an impressive 15.35, and Deek, only 65 metres behind, can see him striding powerfully along the straight Exposition Boulevard, to the wild cheers of the Latin inner-city dwellers.

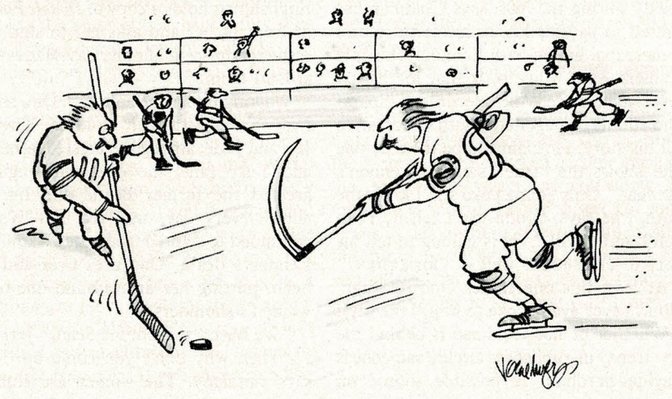
The time has come, earlier than Deek had hoped but still late enough for him to go the distance. The Australian steps on the gas and immediately widens the gap between him and the large pack. At 37km he is getting very close to Salazar, and both are within striking distance of Ikangaa. The slight uphill gradient and the dry heat make acceleration difficult but both Deek and Salazar switch on a spurt that will give them this 5km split in roughly 15.05, an amazing time considering weather and time of day. Seko too is pouring on the pace, although it is becoming clear that no records will be broken today, with the exception of Cierpinski's 2:09:55 Olympic record, and even that may stand.

It is becoming equally clear, as the grounds of the University of Southern California and the Exposition Park become visible in the grey haze ahead, that this Olympic marathon, watched by half the population of the world, is developing into a three-way tussle between the world's best marathoners.

At 40km Salazar and Deek are neck and neck and have passed Ikangaa, who appears to have nothing left for the fight. Both are closing on Seko. The lead is down to under 10 seconds. Deek is flying. He knows he has to shake Salazar right now and go after the leader. He nudges ahead, and can feel Alberto stirring his last reserves.

As he enters the Los Angeles Coliseum, with 400 metres to go and a mere handful of seconds on his side, Seko braves a last look over his shoulder. What he sees is frightening, even for a plucky Japanese who has never succumbed to fear in his running career. What he sees is Robert de Castella and Alberto Salazar neck and neck — sprinting for God's sake! — and bearing down on the entrance tunnel like men possessed.

He slips into the tunnel with his heart in his mouth and his feet barely touching the tarmac.



LENNON

(continued from page 128)

"That's really the $900,000 obscenity. At what price do you rob a child of his dreams?"

hairdresser Luciano Sparacino, adds more harassment by trying to inveigle money from him so he will not be forced to sell unfavorable stories to the media. Sparacino will then sell the tabloid press an account of how Lennon had planned to divorce Ono before he died, and that Ono and Havadtoy had secretly married in Hungary. (Demonstrably false, Ono says.)

The stories, circulating wildly around New York, take their toll. So do the continuing "unexplainable events" around the Dakota: passports are found to be missing and then turn up days later on the kitchen table; lyrics to new songs disappear and then just as mysteriously reappear; collages by Lennon that were being admired disappear and then reappear in unexpected places. It is beginning to sound like the movie *Gaslight,* in which a woman is made to feel she is going crazy.

AUGUST 1983

There is good news at last. Simon & Schuster have dropped their plans to publish Seaman's book. The editors apparently found too many of his claims unsubstantiated, and the rights to the material are returned to him.

As quickly as the relief is felt, it is shattered. There is talk that Seaman has agreed to cooperate with Albert Goldman, rather than try to publish his own book. Goldman is known to be a talented writer but shrewd in his assessment of reading tastes: scandal sells, and the dirtier the better, as he found out with *Elvis.* This time, with a $900,000 advance, and with sources reluctant to speak to him because Ono has made her feelings known, he is on the spot — he must produce. So there are reports that he has hired a couple of women to approach anyone who has dirt on Lennon and propose to sign them up exclusively for payment. At least one person, Tony Manero, a musician who knew Lennon briefly during the '60s, says Goldman has offered to pay for his exclusive story of a homosexual liaison with Lennon. The only problem, says Manero, is that the liaison never took place. And hairdresser Sparacino admits he negotiated with Goldman to sell his story. He claims to be the only one who knows the "true" story of Lennon's last year. "Only John, Yoko and I know the truth," he says. "John can't tell it, Yoko won't and I will." He is willing to tell his story to PLAYBOY as well — "for a price".

At least this one causes Ono to laugh. "John never even spoke to him," she says.

Whether or not Goldman is behind the new frenzy in publishing circles, someone is playing hardball. A possible source on Lennon's private life who has refused to sign an exclusive agreement to tell his story in a forthcoming book found that his house was burgled shortly afterward — and only material pertaining to Lennon was stolen.

Goldman maintains that his book on Lennon will be different from the sensationalistic biography of Elvis because he has "intense respect" for Lennon, and he denies offering to pay anyone for his stories. "I never do that," he says. He did, however, collaborate with a major source on the Elvis book, Lamar Fike, with whom he shares a copyright credit and royalties.

When questioned, Goldman denies that he will be using material from Seaman but acknowledges that he sees certain things from Seaman's viewpoint — charging that Ono manipulated the New York District Attorney's office ("She went after Fred with the avid cooperation of the D.A.'s office") and that Simon & Schuster caved in to pressure from Ono ("Yoko's lawyers put so much heat on the publisher, they decided to squirm out").

"On their own, the books are irrelevant," Mintz sums up. "Who reads yesterday's papers? These books come and go. Yoko can deal with them after everything she's been through these past three years. But in 10 years, Sean will be 18 and he may want to read some of this stuff to see what his father was like. What impact will it have on him? That's really the $900,000 obscenity. At what price do you rob a child of his dreams and his heritage?"

OCTOBER 1983

Sean and John Lennon were born on the same date. Ono and Havadtoy go out shopping for Sean, stop in Little Italy for lunch, then return to the Dakota. As their limousine pulls up, there is a group of fans gathered who become excited. They are the loyalists, the ones who know when Sean's birthday is, who follow Yoko's travels. An Englishman holds a copy of *Double Fantasy* in front of her and asks her to sign. In a scene reminiscent of other days, fans swarm around them.

Walking under the archway, Ono notices two women with their children. They are Jeri and Jude, among the most loyal of John and Yoko fans, the ones who regularly greeted the former Beatle and his wife almost every day since the mid-'70s and continued to stand outside the Dakota after Lennon's death. Ono goes over and says hello, putting her arm around one of the women's shoulders.

"We have a present for Sean," Jeri says.

"Then why don't you come up?" Ono says suddenly. The women are stunned. They have never been closer to the Lennons' home than the archway. They totter after Ono and Havadtoy, following them with their children in tow, as the deskman at the Dakota looks on suspiciously.

Struck silent, they can only look around as they ascend in the elevator and enter the apartment. Ono keeps up a light chatter about Sean. "He's grown, you know. You'll be surprised."

Sean is called out, the women give him their present and Ono invites them to the dining room for tea. And there, as if they have been waiting three years to tell someone, they begin to tell the story of the last time they waited to see John Lennon. It comes out haltingly at first, then in a rush, as Ono sits, mute and pale.

It was December eighth, and although Jeri had to stay at home, Jude was at her post outside the Dakota, as always. She noticed the young man from Hawaii who had been there once before, among the regulars. He recognised her and came up to show her the brand-new copy of *Double Fantasy* he was going to try to get Lennon to sign. Since it didn't seem that Lennon or Ono would appear any time soon, he asked Jude to have lunch with him and she accepted.

They ate across the street at a coffee shop. He spoke pleasantly to her about his home in Hawaii. Jude said, "I'd love to see Hawaii, but I'll probably never get to see it."

The man admonished her, "Don't think that way. You can accomplish anything you truly believe in!"

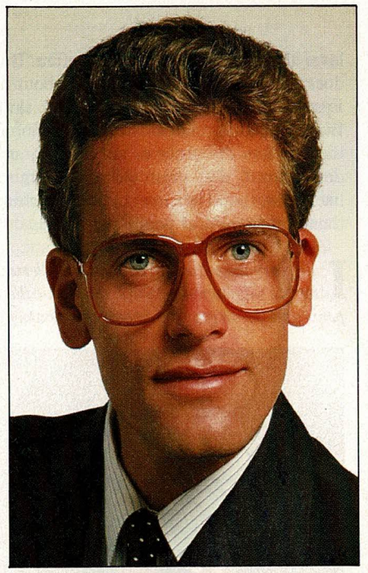
Around four pm, Jude had to leave. She tried to convince the man that he should give up waiting for Lennon and come back another time. It was so cold! But the man stayed.

At 11 pm, Jeri heard that John Lennon had been shot. Some time later, when his death was announced and the name of the man who'd murdered him was flashed on the television screen, Jude realised he was the man with whom she'd had lunch.

Ono says nothing but thanks them for coming. At least she feels good about having invited them up. It may well have been the most important day of their lives, sharing these moments with Sean in John Lennon's home. Once upon a time, the Dakota was that kind of place: a couple of teenaged fans could break into the offices and find themselves hired. A touch of old times.

The next day, on Sean and John's birthday, as friends and children have come for the party, fans have gathered outside the Dakota again, some holding up posters and photographs. They begin to sing John Lennon songs. Ono is upstairs and hears the voices. She is interrupted by an intercom buzzing. She answers it. It is the doorman downstairs. A man, asking about Yoko Ono, has slipped into the building.

LOOKING GOOD



set your sights on fashion frames and lenses

Poets may like to describe the eyes as mirrors of the soul, but the equally cliche'd expression "windows on the world" is a far more accurate description. It is through these complex sensory organs that the brain receives 75 percent of its information about the outside world. Optimists may choose to blur the harshness of life by looking through the proverbial rose-colored glasses, but, for a clear view of reality, 50 percent of Australians need visual assistance in some form or other.

Repairing faulty vision is essential. The brain is a strict taskmaster and if your eyes do not function properly they are made to compensate by working extra hard. This results in eye strain. Because the entire nervous system is heavily dependent on the eyes, continued eye strain causes fatigue, irritability and nervousness. Good eyesight is an invaluable asset to well-being.

These days, glasses frames are viewed as fashion accessories by both men and women. Some youthful executives even purchase uncorrective glasses just to make themselves look more mature or authoritative. In America, optical dispensing companies have special advisory services to help people choose the right frames. This trend has been taken up in Australia by major optical dispensers such as OPSM, who are also showing men and women that glasses can be great appearance enhancers, not just medical necessities.

The choice of glasses frames is always a question of personal taste. You may have a vague idea of what you want but you can't make a firm decision without trying on a selection of frames. There are no immutable guidelines but there are general rules of thumb to consider before wading through the vast array of shapes, sizes and colors now on the market.

THE AVIATOR LOOK: Myriad variations of this shape have become very popular, mainly due to the fact that the basic style is suitable for almost every facial type. If you are proud of your aristocratic, aquiline nose or want to "draw in" widely set eyes, choose frames which have greater width near the nose. If you think that a rather flat, pug nose is fine for a boxer but not for you, select a frame with a high bridge to make it look more outstanding.

HALF FRAMES or PINCE-NEZ: Even if you have an IQ in single figures, this style automatically makes you look intelligent. They are particularly suitable for short-sighted men with good noses, but look unattractively "Pickwickian" on anyone with "apple" cheeks. They tend to focus people's eyes on the lower half of the face and are a marvellous choice for men with perfect lips and teeth.

OVAL FRAMES: If you look like Robert Redford these are the frames for you, but then what frames wouldn't be? Oval frames do not detract from a good facial configuration and look impossibly glamorous in metal. For the guy with good, but not film star, looks, brown or tortoiseshell are more acceptable.

SQUARE FRAMES: Chesty Bond square jaws should steer well clear of this type but it is a good choice if you have been hiding a narrow or round chin behind a beard and now want a clean shaven look. They are also good for spacing out close set eyes.

HORN RIMS: This type of frames creates three looks — old-fashioned, professional and unsophisticated. They are an excellent choice to round out a conservative image or thin down a podgy face. They can also look devastatingly attractive on devastatingly attractive men who favor classic fashions.

RIMLESS: In spite of the name, this type doesn't mean that you have to make do with two unsupported glass lenses. The frame is barely discernible and therefore throws strong cheek-bones into sharp relief. Kirk Douglas chin clefts are also singled out by rimless frames. Men with plump, round faces should give them a wide berth as they accentuate roundness. If you are blond and Nordic looking, they can make you look like a recruiting poster for the Waffen S.S. But if you are after a steely cold look as a psychological ploy, by all means go ahead.

GOGGLE LOOK: Although this type sounds masculine and adventurous, it is not a style that suits many men. If you have a thin face or a receding hairline, forget them completely. However, they can disguise "crafty looking" close set eyes or emphasise the masculinity of broad, flat faces, and shrink a too-large nose. The most important consideration is not to be sucked in by their machismo. For many "normal" men they look over the top and remember, too, that Elton John or Edna Everage-style extravaganzas are only suitable for superstars.

In general, if you are pale-complexioned select metal, clear or light-colored frames.

Contact lenses used to be prohibitively expensive in comparison to glasses. These days, however, the situation is dramatically different. The price of the average glasses frames is now much higher than it was several years ago and therefore contact lenses are not automatically ruled out because of expense. Although glasses genuinely suit many people, many women consider a man's eyes to be one of his most potent attractions. Viewed in this light, contact lenses — tiny plastic discs which rest directly on the eye surface — not only often give better vision than glasses, but they do not obscure looking directly into the eyes.

Contact lenses have improved immensely over the years and today almost anyone can wear them. There are three main types — hard, soft and haptic. Hard or corneal lenses cover only the irises of the eyes and are tougher, easier to insert and cheaper than the soft variety. Soft or hydrolens lenses cover a larger area of the eye around the pupil and around the iris. They feel more natural to the eye and are therefore much more comfortable. However, they are more difficult to handle and keep clean. Haptic lenses are made from perspex and cover the whole visible eye area.

Getting used to contact lenses requires a little time and patience. The keys to success are perseverance and routine. These virtues are amply rewarded by the many pluses contact lenses have over glasses. Lenses give you full field vision unobstructed by frames. They move with the eye and therefore peripheral vision is not distorted, and because the lens covers the eye, vision is more accurate.

Soft lenses, which are becoming increasingly prevalent, require a few minor changes in your daily grooming routine to make things even more clear. During sleep the corneas of the eyes can become swollen due to lack of oxygen. If you allow 20 minutes to elapse before inserting your lenses in the morning, they will slip in with the minimum of difficulty. Soft lenses are also sensitive to aerosols so always spray on deodorant prior to inserting your lenses.

— CHRIS JACKSON

SEX • BETTINA ARNDT

Print this I dare you! And it'll be the first time that I've read an article that favors a large flaccid penis. In your November Sex column, I read yet another propaganda article to boost the morale of smaller-hung men.

Now as a possessor of a flaccid six-incher that rises moderately to eight, I would like to argue in favor of having a big dangle:

1. It looks good, sexy and provocative (why are girls so fond of stallion horses?).
2. It doesn't slip out of an enlarged, wet, writhing vagina so easily.
3. It boosts self-satisfaction and ego which boosts performance confidence.
4. It allows for more variety of copulating positions.
5. If the guy mistimes his ejaculation, a penis that doesn't shrink much allows him to keep going until she climaxes.

So there! Why haven't these points been made before?

— G.L., SA.

Relax, we're not running a conspiracy against large penises. Naturally there are advantages. Bigger *can* be better. But we can just as easily produce points for a "small is beautiful" campaign. Consider the following:

1. Easy to park and more manoeuvrable.
2. Useful for getting into nooks and crannies.
3. Less likely to get caught in zip.
4. Does not drag along the ground.
5. Creates no problem when tying shoelaces.
6. Less risk of inadvertent pole-vaulting.

Seriously, I don't think the subject deserves prolonged debate but I doubt if the attraction of stallion horses has much to do with penis size. It's much more complex than that, quite apart from the obvious advantages of that lovely rubbing feeling against a girl's crotch. For centuries, psychologists have speculated about the joys females experience in having power over such a massive male beast; one twitch of your thigh and he changes direction. Heady stuff that — no wonder we like it!

Okay, you are less likely to slip out and you probably do have more choice of positions. It just means a smaller guy has to be a little more inventive and that's my point. From talking to other women, I have the feeling that the bigger-the-better brigade, all too often are content to rest on their laurels. There can be a little too much self-satisfaction and ego and not enough emphasis on developing skill, finding out what the woman wants and learning to give it to her.

I take your point about the occasional mistimed ejaculation but with a good male lover that shouldn't happen too often. If it does, he can easily do something about it. Ejaculation control is an acquired skill. Even a small flaccid penis can do the job *if* the guy has the sense to keep going, and don't forget that most women are more likely to respond to direct clitoral touching than any amount of penile thrusting.

I am very interested to read the many letters sent to you by males concerned about their penis size. I was once asked by a doctor after a medical examination, "Do you feel inferior because you have a small penis?" I answered, "No, I haven't thought about it." And up to that point I hadn't.

All things small and beautiful; hot spots

Although the length of my circumsised penis when flaccid is only about three inches and about six when erect, I still find that I have a satisfactory sex life with my wife. I also manage to receive stares from females at the beach and pool when they notice the shape of my penis and testicles in my swim briefs. This helps to dispel any fears of inferiority as I am really not one to show off. It also dispels the theory that "big is beautiful" and enhances the old saying that "It's not quantity but quality that counts."

— S.P., NSW.

It's nice to hear from a male who remains immune from the insecurities which plague other less confident men. I must say your doctor's insensitive comment couldn't have helped much. Congratulations on having the sense to ignore him. I can understand why you have a satisfactory sex life. Comfortable, confident men like you are usually wonderful bed partners as the confidence rubs off.

I'm a 30-year-old female who has never climaxed during intercourse with a male (and I don't fancy females). I've experienced both clitoral and vaginal climaxes with the aid of a vibrator, but only as a response to clitoris stimulation.

My marriage of eight years recently broke up with one of the many causes being my inability to climax during intercourse. I'm now in a relationship with a man of vast sexual experience who tries desperately to give me the attention during intercourse that I have been without for the past eight years. I want desperately to climax — for both of us.

— J.B., WA.

Orgasm in intercourse is modern woman's Waterloo. You are one of the many thousands of women who torment themselves, feeling abnormal because they need direct clitoral stimulation to climax. Yet you may well form part of a majority: research shows *most* women need this direct stimulation and only a minority can climax during intercourse without direct touching of the clitoris. It really doesn't matter how you climax provided you enjoy yourself. It's all too easy to miss out on pleasure by wishing for things that aren't happening rather than enjoying the things that are. There was a wonderful cocktail party scene in Woody Allen's film *Manhattan* where a sad-looking girl says to Woody, "I had an orgasm last week but the doctor said it was the wrong sort." Woody replies, "Gosh, I'm sure I've never had an orgasm that wasn't right."

What you have to do is convince both yourself and your friend that you can't have an orgasm that isn't *right*. The fact that he has had a lot of experience does not mean he will necessarily have learnt much about how to help women climax on coitus. Many women fake orgasm in intercourse rather than admit to needing clitoral stimulation and he may assume it's normal to climax in this way simply because his previous partners have not been honest with him. So talk to him about this possibility and try not to set up coital orgasm as a goal you *must* achieve.

I've never experienced oral sex but am anxious to know more about it. Do both sexes practise it and is it very common? If a woman performs such an act to a man, how far does she go? Right to the point of ejaculation? If so, isn't that pretty nasty? I would be very grateful if you could answer these queries for me.

K.Y., SA.

Yes, both sexes participate in oral sex. It is a very popular lovemaking technique and one which frequently features in male and female sexual fantasies. In fact, it is probably true that many males and females would enjoy far more oral sex than they manage to obtain. I mentioned in an Australian PLAYBOY article last year that research on sexual fantasies by American psychologist Sandra Kahn showed both males and females list oral sex as their number one sexual preference. The recent PLAYBOY Sex Survey showed approximately 95 percent of the males and females surveyed perform oral sex during lovemaking.

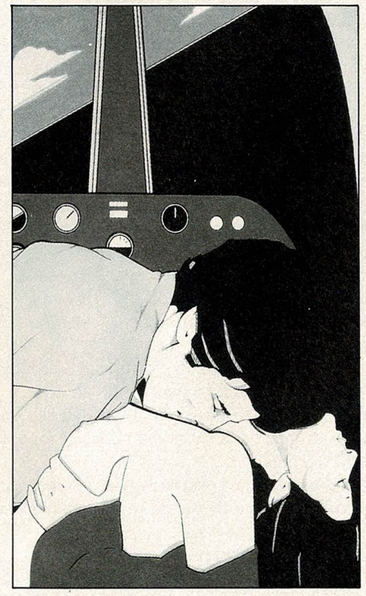
There are still many men and women who would like to experience oral sex but are unable to persuade their partners to perform the activity. Shere Hite conducted two large surveys on male and female sexuality and found both men and women complained that their partners were uncomfortable about the idea of touching genitals with the lips or mouth. Women commented that while men were often happy to let the woman go down on them (this is called fellatio), they weren't keen on reciprocating (cunnilingus). So in answer to your questions, both sexes can perform oral sex. In fellatio, the woman kisses, licks and sucks the penis, usually inserting it into her mouth and moving rhythmically up and down, using her tongue and lips to provide extra sensation. Cunnilingus involves a man kissing, and sucking the genitals, particularly the clitoris. Some women are happy to allow the man to ejaculate inside their mouths, others prefer to bring the man to the point just before orgasm and then switch to manual stimulation or intercourse.

The taste of semen is also a matter of individual preference — it actually varies a great deal from man to man and from occasion to occasion. Nasty? To some perhaps; others find it delicious. It certainly can't cause you any harm, apart from the odd calorie or two. Weight-watchers beware!

FOR MANIACS ONLY

For news about the international world of sex, there's nothing like the fascinating annual production *The Sex Maniac's Diary*. Published in England, the diary was started some years ago by an extraordinary woman called Tuppy Owens. Tuppy Owens is a great sexual innovator. In the 1970s she was involved in a series of sexual publishing ventures which brought her a certain notoriety but she is probably better known for the establishment in 1979 of *The Outsiders' Club*, a London-based club designed to cater to the sexual and emotional needs of the disabled. The Outsiders' Club claims over 1000 members ranging from a 17-year-old boy to an 82-year-old lesbian.

"About half the members are actually physically disabled," Tuppy points out.



Spray-on sex appeal; new diary for sex maniacs

"The others are isolated, emotionally stranded, too shy to go out or have inferiority complexes. The club runs social events and helps find sexual partners for disabled people."

Publication of the diary consumes a great deal of Tuppy Owens's time and the results are impressive. Not for the sexually squeamish, it is always crammed with bawdy humor plus extraordinary information, and the 1984 version is no exception. Take the sexual events of 1984: an erotic Valentine's party in New York, the May Sex Industry's World Fair, a Swingers' Conference, the Annual Erotic Film Festival Awards and the 10th Annual Lifestyles Convention. Melbourne's Hookers and Deviates Ball in March also rates a mention.

A glance at the diary is always a good way of finding out what's happening in your home town. Erotic hotels are listed for Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane, while details are given of Sydney's swingers' clubs, brothels for women, gay S and M clubs, even clubs offering erotic enemas.

Still, Australia's sexual scene is pretty dull compared with the delights available overseas. In Los Angeles there's a Tickling Society for compulsive gigglers, while Gilded Nipple Enterprises in Jersey City offers piercings and bondage. If you are into S and M, everywhere you travel there seems something new on offer. In Berkeley, California, you could attend workshops such as The Art And Technique of Dominance, Submission For Men or How To Find A Dominant Partner. In New York there's a new club, Les Scenes, which offers crosses, spanking blocks, a hitching post, horses and a nude Marie Osmond doll.

SEXCESS IN A SPRAY

Heaven Scent! The secret of Sex-cess. The spray which gives you a heady start when it comes to the mating game. It's a copywriter's dream come true. An odorless scent based on those magical pheromones we've all heard about — the chemicals produced by the body which affect the way we react to each other. An Australian company is now promoting a his and hers pheromone kit, Aeolus 65, which contains combinations of pheromones designed to produce instant spray-on sex appeal.

Aeolus 65 is the sequel to the original male-oriented product, Aeolus 7 which was designed exclusively as women-bait and received extensive scientific testing at the time of its launch three years ago.

The his and hers kit presents even more fascinating possibilities. It includes a bottle of the basic Aeolus 65 pheromone scent and you then add a small vial of either Aeolus 7 if you wish to attract women or Aeolus 5 to attract men. Get the point? I'm sure you could think of some suitable Aussie bloke to whom you could give the kit. Then all you have to do is swap labels on the vials, douse his clothes and send him for a walk up Sydney's Oxford Street! (Aeolus 65 is available by mail order from Olner Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 56, Seaforth, NSW 2092.)

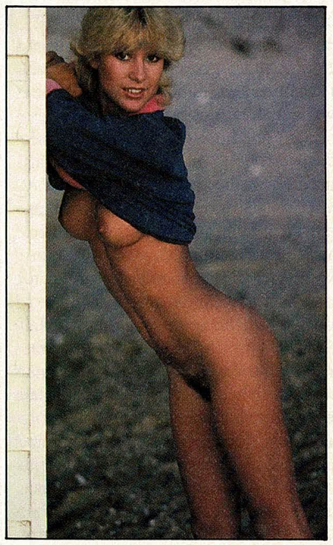
— BETTINA ARNDT

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010.

NEXT MONTH

THE HOTTEST ROCK'N'ROLL BANDS IN THE WORLD! ANTHONY O'GRADY CATALOGUES THE OZ-ROCK PHENOMENON AND THE REASONS BEHIND ITS RISE.

A. TIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE: IS THE CUTTING EDGE OF COMPUTER RESEARCH REALLY CAPABLE OF RENDERING THE HUMAN BRAIN OBSOLETE? PLAYBOY REPORTS.



PLAYMATE MARGARET BAILEY IS A MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY STUDENT WITH AN EDUCATED INTEREST IN THE SUBJECT OF SEX.

WINNING SQUASH: TIRED OF BEING THE MUG WHO ALWAYS GETS FLOGGED IN THE SOCIAL SLAM-A-THON? STUART COUPE SERVES SOME EXPERT ADVICE.

SUMMER

(continued from page 97)

His cut twisted him far enough around for me to bring my blade across and open the back of his neck.

blade went deep into his tribesman's side. I dove out from under the dead man as the enraged M'ddrrgg yanked his blade free. He slashed down but I was just out of reach. His cut twisted him far enough around for me to bring my blade across and open the back of his neck.

He grabbed his wound and I sliced the front of his neck. He took a last feeble slash at me as he collapsed.

I stood, the first time I'd been off my knees since slipping on the moss. I felt none of the elation that lifts a man after surviving an attack. There was only a cold sickness and it wasn't from cheap wine. The M'ddrrggs and I had no quarrel. This was between me and Fadab — *Witana.*

Perhaps I flew; suddenly I was peering through the turret window. Witana's wrists were bound to a chain link high on the wall. Torn clothes hung from her hips. Fadab was using a flat strap — a whip would have cut into the merchandise. His face was as red as the outrages on her back. He was cursing like a deranged squirrel and kneading himself through a stained loincloth.

The blind musician's head came up sharply as my sandal scraped on the window ledge. I burst through the ivory lattice. Fadab dropped the strap and shrieked for his M'ddrrggs.

I dropped their spirit-knives at his feet and drew the one they'd given me. Fadab cringed against the wall.

"I didn't tell them to. I feared you'd run, after. . .after our talk," he babbled. "Couldn't sleep — sent a M'ddrrgg to your terrace, found Witana there crying — you must — I didn't — only told those two savages to *bring* you — I'd never —"

I pressed the cutting edge low against his gut. "Two lives we must answer for. They doubtless thought you meant to watch them carve me. A quick death was their parting gift. Savages wouldn't suspect it wasn't revenge you had in mind but a trade. I give you my services; you give me your wife's."

Cadaverously white lips drew back. "You learn swiftly."

"Pray, bottomless belly of Jemot," I hissed. "Set a price with your greediest god."

Behind me Witana moaned, *You swore. . .*

I looked at Witana's back, then at Fadab. He whimpered.

I cut Witana loose, supporting her carefully. I turned her towards Fadab and offered her the hilt of my spirit knife.

"No!" She stumbled to Fadab, huddled against his bulk.

A phantom earthquake: I felt the floor tilt and buck though neither it nor I moved.

"Witana. . .?"

She lowered her head.

"Look at me," I said as quietly and angrily as I have said anything in my life.

Witana raised her eyes. Those eyes. "I am the daughter of the Kytrarch Witanor. I cannot break his pledge. . . and I will not live as a vagabond."

Some unknowable time crawled by. It was Fadab who finally spoke, with calm satisfaction. "Now, dear Daq, you have three choices. A fool would take the satisfaction of killing me. He, and the miserable tribe that spawned him, would be hunted down and destroyed. An ordinary man would simply run, hoping he was not worth the expense of finding. A fighter would accompany us to Chogo where he would enjoy my protection and, as you so charmingly put it, Witana's services. As a sign of my forgiveness, *k-huk*, she would be yours alone."

I looked into enormous green-grey eyes gone empty. "I have been a man to you. And yet you cling to that."

"The world," she uttered with finality, "is full of men."

I don't know what I meant to say. An animal howl came out. Witana matched it as I plunged the spirit knife at Fadab's face.

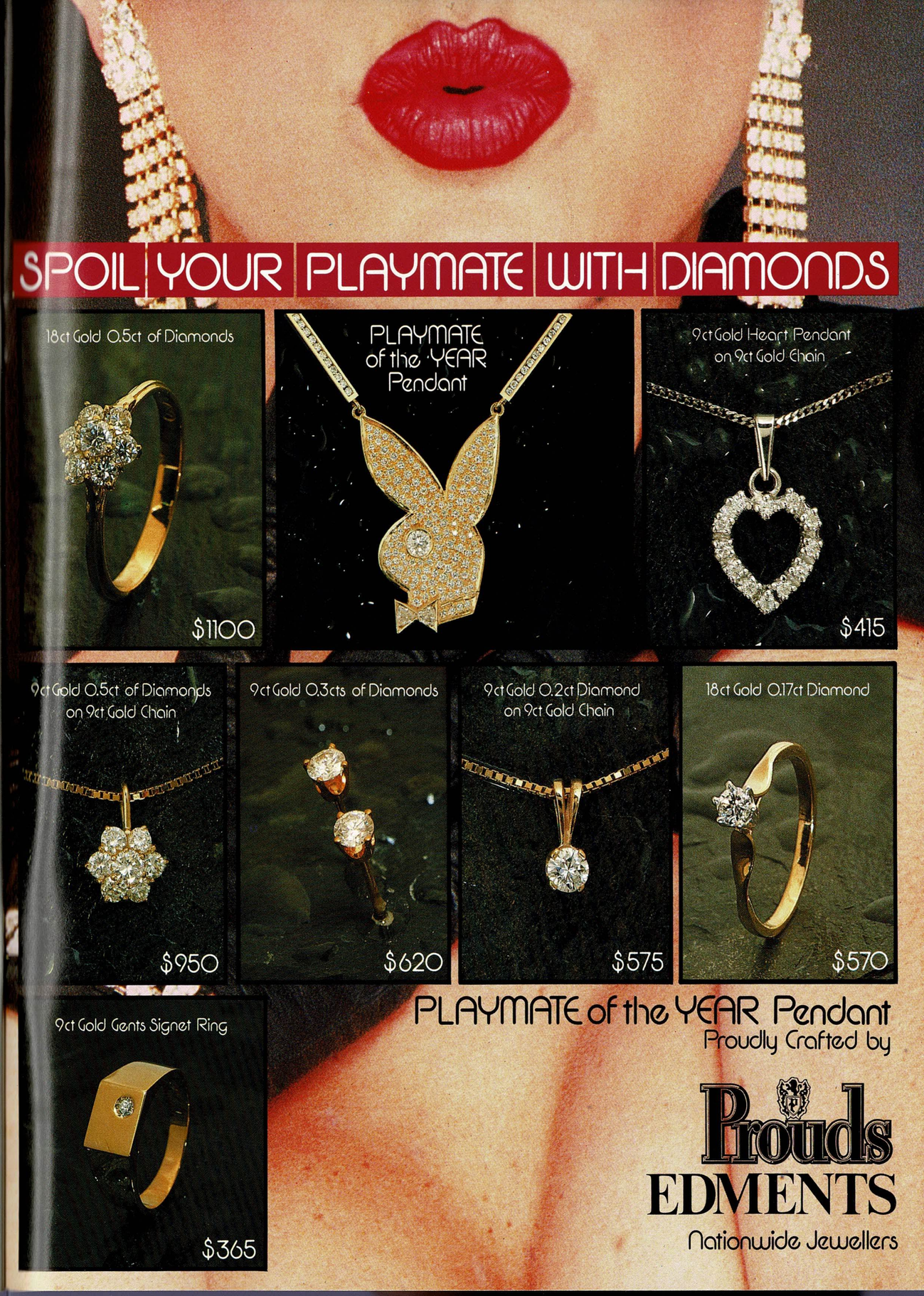
I angled the blade past him and buried it in the wall alongside his ear. Fadab broke wind and fainted, pinning Witana beneath him.

"Help," she gasped, tugging with her free arm at the soft load spread across her. I retrieved my spirit knife. "When your husband comes to," I told Witana, "tell him he forgot to mention I had a fourth choice."

Frightened, imploring, green-grey eyes — I quickly turned away. I went back out the window. The sun was peering over the edge of the valley as I walked away from the villa. I heard a melancholy piping and looked back. A blind man stood in the broken window, playing a tune for Daq Jaddarra.

At Jemot I purchased a horse, provisions, weapons. I rode to the western end of the valley, where trails branch off in three directions. I took the one to Chogo, where once every 10 years a man might be Selected for enough wealth and power to shatter another man's dreams. Enough to hold even the most desirable of women. Where, Selected or not, a man could purge his errors in blood.

Thus ended my sixteenth summer, when I discovered the things I did could become expensive.



John Player Special

Some things in life have a special quality

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